

THE WORKS OF HENRY VAUGHAN

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

THESE volumes are intended to supply the need for an accurate text of Henry Vaughan's works, preserving the essential features of the original editions. Long 'f' and such purely typographical devices as 'ū' for 'um', 'VV' for 'W', have been discarded, errors of spacing, wrong founts, and turned letters have been silently corrected, otherwise all departures from the original texts are recorded in the foot-notes.

Different copies of each of the early issues have been collated with one another, and the early texts with modern editions. I have made no attempt, however, to record all the modern variants, which have often arisen from disregard of seventeenth-century usage, or sometimes even from insufficient scrutiny of the original texts. But the more important readings and conjectures of Vaughan's editors have been noted. Differences of punctuation, but not of spelling, in the small portions of Vaughan's works that were printed twice during the seventeenth century are also recorded.

I have altered the punctuation in a few places, where it seemed to me that inconvenience would have been given to a contemporary reader, but I have altered it with a respect for seventeenth-century conventions, and as seldom as possible. Thus, I have purposely left untouched the numerous instances in the poems (and particularly in *Silex Scintillans*) where, at the end of a line, the comma or

semicolon demanded by the sense seems to have been thought unnecessary

The main object of the notes at the end of Volume II is to throw some fresh light on Vaughan's literary affinities, particularly with earlier and contemporary authors. It has seemed unnecessary to point out once more his obvious anticipations of later poets. Explanatory notes, too, have been kept within the smallest possible compass. I have tried, not, I regret, with complete success, to find a source for all the quotations in Vaughan's original work, except those from the Bible, which are so numerous, and sometimes so involved, that to annotate them would only obscure matter of more real interest. His quotations from patristic and other Latin writers do not always imply a first-hand acquaintance with them and, wherever possible, I have given the actual rather than the original source of his knowledge. Further, I have attempted to distinguish between what is original in Vaughan's work and what is directly borrowed or translated. It has long been known that in *Silex Scintillans* he was indebted to George Herbert for a large number of thoughts and phrases, and in the citation of correspondences with *The Temple* I have added little to the labours of earlier editors and critics. But Vaughan's appropriations of the work of certain other writers are sometimes even more remarkable, and as most of these seem not to have been noticed before I have devoted considerable space to their illustration. Again, it has been taken for granted that his translations followed their originals closely, and that where he mentions no source his work is not immediately derivative. But the facts are less simple. It will be seen, for example, that the translations from Nieremberg in *Flores Solitudinis* are frequently interrupted by insertions which must be of importance in any

estimation of Vaughan's distinctive qualities, and that the *Life of Paulinus* at the end of that volume is almost entirely a translation from a work that he did not find it necessary to mention. The notes, it must be added, do not claim completeness in this respect, but only record his longer or more characteristic departures from his originals.

I wish to thank all those who have assisted me during the preparation of this edition, and particularly to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr D Nichol Smith for the encouragement and advice which he has always generously imparted. Other valuable help has been afforded by Professor G S Gordon and Mr Percy Simpson, who have read different parts of my proofs and made important suggestions, by Professor E Bensly, who has found sources for several obscure Latin quotations, and by Sir James Murray, who has kindly allowed me access to the unpublished material of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. I am also indebted to Mr John Ballinger, of the National Library of Wales, who, from time to time, has verified on separate points my collation of the Aberystwyth copies, and to the members of the Clarendon Press staff for the care with which they have checked and improved my work.

It remains to point out that a list of errata will be found on page 708.

L C MARTIN

LEPPING, *June 1914*

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LIST OF ORIGINAL EDITIONS,

WITH BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

(The original title pages are reproduced literatim in the present edition, without correction of the misprints)

- 1 *Poems, with the tenth Satyre of Iuvenal*, 8°, 1646 Text from British Museum copy (12304 a 24) Collated with the other two British Museum copies

MS alterations in an early hand are found in the British Museum copy (12304 a 24), and are given in the foot-notes below

- 2 *Silex Scintillans*, 8°, 1650 Text from British Museum copy (238 b 8)

See note on No 6

- 3 *Olor Iscanus*, 8°, 1651 Text from Bodleian copy (Art 8° M 5 BS) Collated with those in the British Museum, Dyce Collection, South Kensington , National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth, and with the copies of 1679 mentioned below

A list of errata is usually to be found at the end of this volume One of the mistakes ('faith' for 'fate' page 76, l 5 below) is silently corrected in the text of the Dyce copy, which contains the list of errata, and the British Museum copy, which omits it

- 4 *The Mount of Olives*, 12°, 1652 Text from Bodleian copy (I g 124) Collated with that in the British Museum

- 5 *Flores Solitudinis*, 12°, 1654 Text from Bodleian copy (Th 8° F 2 BS) Collated with those in the British Museum, National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth, Christ Church Library, Oxford, New York Public Library

In different copies there is variance as to the relative order of the Epistle Dedicatory, the Address to the Reader, the poem (page 218 below) and the second title-page (p 219 below) Of some half-dozen copies which I have seen, no two are alike in this respect

- 6 *Sulex Scintillans*, 8°, 1655 Text from British Museum copy (11626 b 52) Collated with that in the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth, and with the copies of 1650 there and in the British Museum

In this reissue of the edition of 1650 with new introductory matter and a second part (beginning on page 481 below) only pages 19, 20, 21, and 22 of the first part were set up afresh. In those four pages (represented by page 407, 75-page 410, 22 in the present edition), besides changes of spelling and punctuation there are alterations of sense and phrase. The edition of 1655 has been used as a basis for the present text, but the four pages in question having been reprinted somewhat carelessly the readings of 1650 have been preferred in a few places. Apart from those four pages '1655' in the foot-notes indicates the readings of both editions¹. The two parts are printed together in the present edition.

- 7 *Hermetical Physick*, 12°, 1655 Text from British Museum copy (E 1714 (1)) Collated with that in the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth

- 8 *Thalia Rediviva*, 8°, 1678 Text from Bodleian copy (Antiq f E 4) Collated with that in the British Museum

The 'Remains' of Thomas Vaughan, mentioned on the first title-page, follow Henry Vaughan's poems with a separate title-page. Two or three MS alterations in an early hand are found in the Bodleian copy, and are given in the foot-notes below

- 9 *Olor Iscanus*, 1679 A reissue (not a reprint) of the edition of 1651. The two copies that I have seen (*The National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth*, and *Cardiff Public Library*) contain all the original misprints as well as the list of errata. The new title-page is reproduced

¹ The apparent reading of the British Museum copy of 1655 'fee' for 'see' (*The Retreat*, l 4) may be a press correction, also its 'infufed' (?) for 'infused' (*Repentance*, l 4)

O L O R I S C A N U S.

A COLLECTION

Of some SELECT
POEMS,

Together with these Translations following, *viz*

- 1 Of the benefit wee may get by our *Enemies*,
- 2 Of the diseases of the mind, and of the body Both
written in *Greek*, by that great *Philosopher Plutarch*
- 3 Of the diseases of the mind, and of the body, and
which of them is most pernicious, written in *Greek* by
Maximus Tyrus
- 4 Of the praise and happiness of a Country Life,
written in *Spanish* by *Antonio de Guevara* Bishop of
Carthagena

All Englished by *H Vaughan, Secretary*

L O N D O N

Printed, and are to be sold by *Peter Parker*,
at the *Leg and Star* in *Cornhill*, against the
Royal Exchange, 1679

MODERN REPRINTS COLLATED WITH THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS

- 1 *The Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations of Henry Vaughan with a Memoir by the Rev H F Lyte* (William Pickering, 1847)

This was the first edition of a complete work of Henry Vaughan to be published since the seventeenth century. It was reprinted in 1856 (Boston, U S A), 1858, and 1883 (the last is the Aldine Edition), and contains *Siler Scintillans* with the Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations from *Thalia Rediviva*. The text of the 1847 edition presents an appearance, not wholly delusive, of fidelity to the original editions, but it embodies several unacknowledged attempts to improve Vaughan's work, and in the subsequent 'corrected' versions these were not all removed.

- 2 *The Works in Verse and Prose Complete of Henry Vaughan, Silurist, for the first time collected and edited by the Rev Alexander B Grosart, In four volumes Printed for Private Circulation 1871* [The Fuller Worthies Library] This is in no sense a trustworthy edition. A number of unnecessary emendations are contained in it, and inadvertent mistakes, including the omission of several lines, are still more common. The spelling and punctuation are altered here and there in accordance with modern conventions and the use of italics is discarded.

- 3 *The Poems of Henry Vaughan, Silurist, edited by E K Chambers, with an introduction by H C Beeching London Lawrence & Bullen, 1896 &c* [Two volumes]

The text is based on the original editions, but modernized. It contains several unintentional departures from what Vaughan wrote, notably in *Olor Iscanus*, where the list of errata was not used.

- 4 *The Mount of Olives and Primitive Holiness set forth in the Life of Paulinus Bishop of Nola By Henry Vaughan, Silurist Edited by L I Guiney London Henry Frowde 1902.*

Many of the mistakes in Dr Grosart's text were corrected in this modernized edition.

- 5 *Siler Scintillans by Henry Vaughan Silurist With an introduction by W A Lewis Bettany Blackie and Son Ltd London 1905*

The text of other small editions and books of extracts is often based on or influenced by one or other of the above-mentioned reprints.

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LIST OF SIGLA USED IN THE FOOT-NOTES

The original editions are referred to by their dates of issue, the above-mentioned reprints by the letters *L*, *G*, *Gu*, *C*, *B*, respectively *M* indicates the present editor. Other sigla, in the separate volumes, are as follows

In *Poems* (1646), *MS* = the alterations mentioned in the bibliographical note above

„ *Olor Iscanus*, *Er* = the list of errata (See bibliographical note above)

„ *Olor Iscanus*, *Ct* = *The Plays and Poems of William Cartwright*, 1651 (See note to page 55 below)

„ *Olor Iscanus*, *El Opt* = *Elementa Opticæ* by Thomas Powell (See note to page 93 below)

„ *Flores Solitudinis*, *Vita* = *Vita Divi Paulini* (See note to page 337 below)

„ *Silex Scintillans*, *WR* = *Wit's Recreations* (See note to page 434 below)

„ *Thalia Rediviva*, *KP* = *The Poems of Katherine Philips* (See note to page 597 below)

P O E M S,
WITH
The tenth SATYRE of
IUVENAL
ENGLISHED.

By *Henry Vaughan*, Gent.

——— *Tam nil, nullâ tibi vendo*
Illade ———

L O N D O N,
Printed for *G Badger*, and are to be sold at his
shop under Saint *Dunstons* Church in
Fleet-street. 1646.

To all Ingenious Lovers
OF
POESIE.

Gentlemen,

To you alone, whose more refined Spirits out-wing these dull Times, and soare above the drudgerie of durty Intelligence, have I made sacred these Fancies I know the yeares, and what course entertainment they affoord Poetry If any shall question that Courage that durst send me abroad so late, and revell it thus in the Dregs of an Age, they have my silence only,

Languescente seculo, liceat ægrotari ,

My more calme Ambition, amidst the common noise, hath thus exposed me to the World You have here a Flame, bright only in its owne Innocence, that kindles nothing but a generous Thought , which though it may warme the Bloud, the fire at highest is but Platonick, and the Commotion, within these limits, excludes Danger For the Satyre, it was of purpose borrowed, to feather some slower Houres , And what you see here, is but the Interest It is one of his, whose Roman Pen had as much true Passion, for the infirmities of that state, as we should have Pitty, to the distractions of our owne Honest (I am sure) it is, and offensive cannot be, except it meet with such Spirits that will quarrell with Antiquitie, or purposely Arraigne themselves , These indeed may thinke, that they have slept out so many Centuries in this Satyre, and are now awaked , which, had it been still Latine, perhaps their Nap had been Everlasting But enough of these,—It is for you only that I have adventured thus far, and invaded the Presse with Verse , to whose more noble Indulgence, I shall now leave it , and so am gone —

H. V.

To my Ingenuous
Friend, *R W*

When we are dead, and now, no more
Our harmles mirth, our wit, and score
Distracts the Towne, when all is spent
That the base niggard world hath lent
Thy purse, or mine, when the loath'd noise
Of Drawers, Prentises, and boyes
Hath left us, and the clam'rous barre
Items no pints r'th' Moone, or Starre,
When no calme whisp'ers wait the doores,
To fright us with forgotten scores, 10
And such aged, long bills carry,
As might start an Antiquary,
When the sad tumults of the Maze,
Arrests, suites, and the dreadfull face
Of Seargeants are not seene, and wee
No Lawyers Ruffes, or Gownes must fee
When all these Mulcts are paid, and I
From thee, deare wit, must part, and dye,
Wee'le beg the world would be so kinde,
To give's one grave, as wee'de one minde, 20
There (as the wiser few suspect,
That spirits after death affect)
Our soules shall meet, and thence will they
(Freed from the tyranny of clay)
With equall wings, and ancient love
Into the Elysian fields remove,
Where in those blessed walkes they'le find,
More of thy Genius, and my mind
First, in the shade of his owne bayes,
Great *B E N* they'le see, whose sacred Layes, 30
The learned Ghosts admire, and throng,
To catch the subject of his Song
Then *Randolph* in those holy Meades,
His Lovers, and *Amyntas* reads,

Whilst his Nightingall close by,
 Sings his, and her owne Elegie ,
 From thence dismiss'd by subtile roades,
 Through aerie paths, and sad aboads ,
 They'le come into the drowsie fields
 Of Lethe, which such vertue yeelds, 40
 That (if what Poets sing be true)
 The streames all sorrow can subdue
 Here on a silent, shady greene,
 The soules of Lovers oft are seene,
 Who in their lifes unhappy space,
 Were murther'd by some perjur'd face
 All these th' enchanted streames frequent,
 To drowne their Cares, and discontent,
 That th' inconstant, cruell sex
 Might not in death their spirits vex 50

And here our soules bigge with delight
 Of their new state will cease their flight
 And now the last thoughts will appeare,
 They'le have of us, or any here ,
 But on those flowry banks will stay,
 And drinke all sense, and cares away
 So they that did of these discusse,
 Shall find their fables true in us

Les Amours.

Tyrant farewell This heart, the prize
 And triumph of thy scornfull eyes,
 I sacrifice to Heaven, and give
 To quit my sinnes, that durst believe
 A Womans easie faith, and place
 True joyes in a changing face
 Yet e're I goe , by all those teares,
 And sighs I spent 'twixt hopes, and feares ,
 By thy owne glories, and that houre
 Which first enslav'd me to thy power , 10
 I beg, faire One, by this last breath,
 This tribute from thee after death
 If when I'm gone, you chance to see
 That cold bed where I lodged bee .

Let not your hate in death appeare,
 But blesse my ashes with a teare
 This influx from that quickning eye,
 By secret pow'r, which none can spie,
 The cold dust shall informe, and make
 . Those flames (though dead) new life partake 20
 Whose warmth help'd by your tears shall bring,
 O're all the tombe a sudden spring
 Of Crimson flowers, whose drooping heads
 Shall curtaine o're their mournfull beds
 And on each leafe by Heavens command,
 These Emblemes to the life shall stand
 Two Hearts, the first a shaft withstood ,
 The second, shot, and washt in bloud ,
 And on this heart a dew shall stay,
 Which no heate can court away , 30
 But fixt for ever witnesse beares,
 That hearty sorrow feeds on teares
 Thus Heaven can make it knowne, and true,
 That you kill'd me, 'cause I lov'd you

To Amoret.

The Sigh

Nimble Sigh on thy warme wings,
 Take this Message, and depart,
 Tell *Amoret*, that smiles, and sings,
 At what thy airie voyage brings,
 That thou cam'st lately from my heart
 Tell my lovely foe, that I
 Have no more such spies to send,
 But one or two that I intend
 Some few minutes ere I dye,
 To her white bosome to commend 10
 Then whisper by that holy Spring
 Where for her sake I would have dyed,

22-4 The reading of C 1646 has

O're all the tombe a sudden spring
 If Crimson flowers, whose drooping heads
 Shall curtaine o're their mournfull heads

3 sings, GC ' sings 1646 5 thou] thon 1646

Whilst those water Nymphs did bring
 Flowers to cure what she had tryed ,
 And of my faith, and love did sing

That if my *Amoret*, if she
 In after-times would have it read,
 How her beauty murther'd mee,
 With all my heart I will agree,
 If shee'le but love me, being dead

20

To his Friend

Being in Love

Aske Lover, ere thou dyest , let one poor breath
 Steale from thy lips, to tell her of thy Death ,
 Doating Idolater ! can silence bring
 Thy Saint propitious ? or will *Cupid* fling
 One arrow for thy palenes ? leave to trye
 This silent Courtship of a sickly eye ,
 Witty to tyranny She too well knowes
 This but the incense of thy private vows,
 That breaks forth at thine eyes, and doth betray
 The sacrifice thy wounded heart would pay ,
 Aske her, foole, aske her, if words cannot move,
 The language of thy teares may make her love
 Flow nimble from me then , and when you fall
 On her breasts warmer snow, O may you all,
 By some strange Fate fixt there, distinctly lye
 The much lov'd Volume of my Tragedy
 Where if you win her not, may this be read,
 The cold that freez'd you so, did strike me dead

10

Song.

*Amyntas goe, thou art undone,
 Thy faithfull heart is crost by fate ,
 That Love is better not begunne,
 Where Love is come to love too late ,
 Had she professed hidden fires,
 Or shew'd one knot that tyed her heart
 I could have quenck'd my first desires,
 And we had only met to part ,*

4 *Where I ove is come to love*] whose pure offering comes MS
 5 *professed*] profess'd her MS 6 *one*] y^t MS

*But Tyrant, thus to murther men,
 And shed a Lovers harmles bloud,* 10
*And turne him in those flames agen,
 Which he at first might have withstood
 Yet, who that saw faire Chloris weep
 Such sacred dew, with such pure grace,
 Durst thinke them fained teares, or seeke
 For Treason in an Angels face
 This is her Art, though thus be true,
 Mens joyes are kil'd with griefes and feares ,
 Yet she like flowers opprest with dew,
 Doth thrive and flourish in her teares* 20
*This Cruell thou hast done, and thus,
 That Face hath many servants slaine
 Though th' end be not to ruine us,
 But to seeke glory by our paine*

To Amoret,
Walking in a Starry Evening

If *Amoret*, that glorious Eye,
 In the first birth of light,
 And death of Night,
 Had with those elder fires you spy e
 Scatter'd so high
 Received forme, and sight ,
 We might suspect in the vast Ring,
 Amidst these golden glories,
 And fierie stories ,
 Whether the Sunne had been the King, 10
 And guide of Day,
 Or your brighter eye should sway ,
 But, *Amoret*, such is my fate,
 That if thy face a Starre
 Had shin'd from farre,
 I am perswaded in that state
 'Twixt thee, and me,
 Of some predestin'd sympathie

14 *such pure*] such a *MS* 18 *kil'd with*] kill'd by *MS* 23 *Though*
th' end be not] Your aim is sure *MS* 24 *But to seeke glory*] seeking your
 glory *MS* 7 *might*] may *MS* 8 *Amidst these golden glories*] w^h
 rolls those fiery Spheres *MS* 9 *And fierie stories*] Thro' years &
 years *MS* 18 *Of some predestin'd*] There w^d be perfect *MS*

For sure such two conspiring minds,
 Which no accident, or sight,
 Did thus unite ,
 Whom no distance can confine,
 Start, or decline,
 One, for another, were design'd

20

To Amoret gone from him.

Fancy, and I, last Evening walkt,
 And, *Amoret*, of thee we talkt ,
 The West just then had stolne the Sun,
 And his last blushes were begun
 We sate, and markt how every thing
 Did mourne his absence , How the Spring
 That smil'd, and curl'd about his beames,
 Whilst he was here, now check'd her streames
 The wanton Eddies of her face
 Were taught lesse noise, and smother grace ,
 And in a slow, sad channell went,
 Whisp'ring the banks their discontent
 The carelessse ranks of flowers that spread
 Their perfum'd bosomes to his head,
 And with an open, free Embrace,
 Did entertaine his beamy face ,
 Like absent friends point to the West,
 And on that weake reflection feast
 If Creatures then that have no sence,
 But the loose tye of influence,
 (Though fate, and time each day remove
 Those things that element their love)
 At such vast distance can agree,
 Why, *Amoret*, why should not wee

10

20

A Song to *Amoret*

If I were dead, and in my place,
 Some fresher youth design'd,
 To warme thee with new fires, and grace
 Those Armes I left behind ,

8 streames GC streames 1646

24 wee] wee ? GC

A Song to Amoret.

9

Were he as faithfull as the Sunne,
That's wedded to the Sphere ,
His bloud as chaste, and temp'rate runne,
As Aprils mildest teare ,
Or were he rich, and with his heapes,
And spacious share of Earth, 10
Could make divine affection cheape,
And court his golden birth
For all these Arts I'de not believe,
(No though he should be thine)
The mighty Amorist could give
So rich a heart as mine
Fortune and beauty thou mightst finde,
And greater men then I
But my true resolved minde,
They never shall come nigh 20
For I not for an houre did love,
Or for a day desire,
But with my soule had from above,
This endles holy fire

An Elegy.

'Tis true, I am undone , Yet e're I dye,
I'll leave these sighes, and teares a legacye
To after-Lovers , that remembring me,
Those sickly flames which now benighted be,
Fann'd by their warmer sighs may love , and prove
In them the Metempsuchosis of Love
'Twas I (when others scorn'd) vow'd you were fair,
And sware that breath enrich'd the courser aire,
Lent Roses to your cheekes, made *Flora* bring
Her Nymphs with all the glories of the Spring 10
To waite upon thy face, and gave my heart
A pledge to *Cupid* for a quicker dart,
To arme those eyes against my selfe , to me
Thou owest that tongues bewitching harmonye
I courted Angels from those upper joyes,
'And made them leave their spheres to heare thy voice

19 But my true resolved] But with my true steadfast *MS.* 20 They never
shall come nigh] None can pretend to vie *MS*

I made the Indian curse the houres he spent
 To seeke his pearles, and wisely to repent
 His former folly, and confesse a sinne
 Charm'd by the brighter lustre of thy skinne
 I borrow'd from the winds, the gentle wing
 Of *Zephrus*, and soft soules of the Spring
 And made (to ayre those cheeks wth fresher grace)
 The warme Inspirers dwell upon thy face

20.

Oh ! jam satis ———

A Rhapsodis.

Occasionally written upon a meeting with some of his
 friends at the Globe Taverne, in a Chamber painted
 over head with a Cloudy Skie, and some few dispersed
 Starres, and on the sides with Land-scapes, Hills,
 Shepheards, and Sheep

Darknes, & Stars i' th' mid day ! they invite
 Our active fancies to beleeeve it night
 For Tavernes need no Sunne, but for a Signe,
 Where rich Tobacco, and quick tapers shine,
 And royall, witty Sacke, the Poets soule,
 With brighter Suns then he doth guild the bowl,
 As though the Pot, and Poet did agree,
 Sack should to both Illuminator be
 That artificall Cloud with it's curl'd brow,
 Tels us 'tis late, and that blew space below
 Is fir'd with many Stars, Marke, how they breake
 In silent glaunces o're the hills, and speake
 The Evening to the Plaines, where shot from far,
 They meet in dumbe salutes, as one great Star
 The roome (me thinks) growes darker, & the aire
 Contracts a sadder colour, and lesse faire.
 Or is't the Drawers skill, hath he no Arts
 To blind us so, we cann't know pints from quarts?
 No, no, 'tis night, looke where the jolly Clowne
 Musters his bleating heard, and quits the Downe
 Harke ! how his rude pipe frets the quiet aire,
 Whilst ev'ry Hill proclaimes *Lycoris* faire
 Rich, happy man ! that canst thus watch, and sleep,
 Free from all cares, but thy wench, pipe & sheep

10

20

A Rhapsodis.

I I

But see the Moone is up, view where she stands
Centinell o're the doore, drawn by the hands
Of some base Painter, that for gaime hath made
Her face the Landmarke to the tipling trade
This Cup to her, that to *Endymion* give,
'Twas wit at first, and wine that made them live
Choake may the Painter¹ and his Boxe disclose
No other Colours then his fiery Nose,
And may we no more of his pencill see,
Then two Churchwardens, and Mortalitie

30

Should we goe now a wandring, we should meet
With Catchpoles, whores, & Carts in ev'ry street
Now when each narrow lane, each nooke & Cave,
Signe-posts, & shop-doors, pump for ev'iy knave,
When riotous sinfull plush, and tell-tale spurs
Walk Fleet street, & the Strand, when the soft stirs
Of bawdy, ruffled Silks, turne night to day,
And the lowd whip, and Coach scolds all the way,
When lust of all sorts, and each itchie bloud
From the Tower-wharfe to Cymbelyne, and Lud,
Hunts for a Mate, and the tyr'd footman reeles
'Twixt chaire-men, torches, & the hackny wheels

40

Come, take the other dish, it is to him
That made his horse a Senatour Each brim
Looke big as mine, The gallant, jolly Beast
Of all the Herd (you'le say) was not the least

50

Now crown the second bowle, rich as his worth,
I'le drinke it to, he¹ that like fire broke forth
Into the Senates face, clost Rubicon,
And the States pillars, with their Lawes thereon
And made the dull gray beards, & furr'd gowns fly
Into *Brundusium* to consult, and lye

This to brave *Sylla*¹ why should it be sed,
We drinke more to the living, then the dead?
Flatt'ers, and fooles doe use it Let us laugh
At our owne honest mirth for they that quaffe
To honour others, doe like those that sent
Their gold and plate to strangers to be spent

60

Drink deep, this Cup be pregnant, & the wine
Spirit of wit, to make us all divine,

That big with Sack, and mirth we may retyre
 Possessours of more soules, and nobler fire,
 And by the influx of this painted Skie,
 And labour'd formes, to higher matters flye,
 So, if a Nap shall take us, we shall all,
 After full Cups have dreames Poeticall

70

*Lets laugh now, and the prest grape drinke,
 Till the drowsie Day Starre winke
 And in our merry, mad mirth run
 Faster, and further then the Sun
 And let none his Cup forsake,
 Till that Starre againe doth wake
 So we men below shall move
 Equally with the gods above*

*To Amoret, of the difference 'twixt him, and other Lovers,
 and what true Love is*

Marke, when the Evenings cooler wings
 Fanne the afflicted ayre, how the faint Sunne,
 Leaving undone,
 What he begunne,
 Those spurious flames suckt up from slime, and earth
 To their first, low birth,
 Resignes, and brings
 They shoot their tinsill beames, and vanities,
 Thredding with those false fires their way,
 But as you stay
 And see them stray,
 You loose the flaming track, and subt'ly they
 Languish away,
 And cheate your Eyes
 Just so base, Sublunarie Lovers hearts
 Fed on loose prophane desires,
 May for an Eye,
 Or face comply
 But those removed, they will as soone depart,
 And shew their Art,
 And painted fires

10

20

To Amoret.

13

Whil'st I by pow'rfull Love, so much refin'd,
That my absent soule the same is,
 Carelesse to misse,
 A glaunce, or kisse,
Can with those Elements of lust and sence,
 Freely dispence,
 And court the mind
Thus to the North the Loadstones move,
And thus to them th' enamour'd steel aspires
 Thus, *Amoret*,
 I doe affect ,
And thus by winged beames, and mutuall fire,
 Spirits and Stars conspire,
 And this is L O V E

30

To Amoret Weeping.

Leave, *Amoret*, melt not away so fast
Thy Eyes faire treasure, Fortunes wealthiest Cast
Deserves not one such pearle, for these well spent,
Can purchase Starres, and buy a Tenement
For us in Heaven, though here the pious streames
Availe us not, who from that Clue of Sun-beams
Could ever steale one thread? or with a kinde
Perswasive Accent charme the wild, lowd winde?
Fate cuts us all in Marble, and the Booke
Forestalls our glasse of minutes, we may looke,
But seldome meet a change, thinke you a teare
Can blot the flinty Volume? shall our feare,
Or grieve adde to their triumphes? and must wee
Give an advantage to adversitie?
Deare, idle Prodigall! is it not just
We beare our Stars? What though I had not dust
Enough to cabinett a worme? nor stand
Enslav'd unto a little durt, or sand?
I boast a better purchase, and can shew
The glories of a soule that's simply true
But grant some richer Planet at my birth
Had spyed me out, and measur'd so much earth
Or gold unto my share, I should have been
Slave to these lower Elements, and seen

10

20

My high borne soul flagge with their drosse, & lye
 A pris'ner to base mud, and Alchymie ,
 • I should perhaps eate Orphans, and sucke up
 A dozen distrest widowes in one Cup ,
 Nay further, I should by that lawfull stealth,
 (Damn'd Usurie) undoe the Common-wealth ,
 Or Patent it in Soape, and Coales, and so
 Have the Smiths curse me, and my Laundres too ,
 Geld wine, or his friend Tobacco , and so bring
 The incens'd subject Rebell to his King ,
 And after all (as those first sinners fell)
 Sinke lower then my gold , and lye in Hell
 Thanks then for this deliv'rance ! blessed pow'rs,
 You that dispence mans fortune, and his houres,
 How am I to you all engag'd ! that thus
 By such strange means, almost miraculous,
 You should preserve me , you have gone the way
 To make me rich by taking all away
 For I (had I been rich) as sure as fate,
 Would have bin meddling with the King, or State,
 Or something to undoe me , and 'tis fit
 (We know) that who hath wealth, should have no wit
 But above all, thanks to that providence,
 That arm'd me with a gallant soule, and sence
 'Gainst all misfortunes , that hath breath'd so much
 Of Heav'n into me, that I scorne the touch
 Of these low things , and can with courage dare
 What ever fate, or malice can prepare
 I envy no mans purse, or mines , I know,
 That loosing them, I've lost their curses too ,
 And, *Amoret*, (although our share in these
 Is not contemptible, nor doth much please)
 Yet whilst Content, and Love we joyntly vye,
 We have a blessing which no gold can buye

UPON THE PRIORIE GROVE,

His usuall Retyrement

Haile sacred shades ! coole, leaue House !
Chaste Treasure of all my vowes,
And wealth ! on whose soft bosome layd
My loves faire steps I first betrayd

Henceforth no melancholy flight,
No sad wing, or hoarse bird of Night,
Disturbe this Aire, no fatall throate
Of Raven, or Owle, awake the Note
Of our laid Eccho, no voice dwell
Within these leaves, but *Philomel* 10
The poisonous Ivie here no more
His false twists on the Oke shall score,
Only the Woodbine here may twine,
As th' Embleme of her Love, and mine ,
The Amorous Sunne shall here convey
His best beames, in thy shades to play ,
The active ayre, the gentlest show'rs,
Shall from his wings raine on thy flowers ,
And the Moone from her dewie lockes
Shall decke thee with her brightest drops 20
What ever can a fancie move,
Or feed the eye , Be on this Grove ,

And when at last the Winds, and Teares
Of Heaven, with the consuming yeares,
Shall these greene cuiles bring to decay,
And cloathe thee in an aged Gray
(If ought a Lover can foresee ,
Or if we Poets, Prophets be)
From hence transplanted, thou shalt stand
A fresh Grove in th' Elysian Land , 30

Where (most blest paire !) as here on Earth
Thou first didst eye our growth, and birth ,
So there againe, thou 'lt see us move
In our first Innocence, and Love
And in thy shades, as now, so then,
Wee'le kisse, and smile, and walke agen

FINIS

IVVENALS
TENTH
SATYRE
TRANSLATED.

Nec verbum verbo curabit reddere fides
Interpres _____



L O N D O N,
Printed for G B, and are to be sold at his Shop
under Saint *Dunstons* Church. 1646.

JUVENALS tenth Satyre
TRANSLATED

In all the parts of Earth, from farthest West,
 And the Atlanticke Isles, unto the East
 And famous Ganges, Few there be that know
 What's truly good, and what is good in show
 Without mistake For what is't we desire,
 Or feare discreetly? to what e're aspire,
 So thoroughly blest, but ever as we speed,
 Repentance scales the very Act, and deed
 The easie gods mov'd by no other Fate,
 Then our owne pray'rs whole Kingdomes ruinate, 10
 And undoe Families, thus strife, and warre
 Are the swords prize, and a litigious barre
 The Gownes prime wish, vain confidence to share
 In empty honours, and a bloody care,
 To be the first in mischief, makes him dye
 Fool'd 'twixt ambition, and credulitie,
 An oile tongue with fatall, cunning sence,
 And that sad vertue ever, Eloquence,
 Are th' others ruine, but the common curse,
 And each dayes ill waits on the rich mans purse 20
 He, whose large acres, and imprison'd gold
 So far exceeds his Fathers store of old,
 As Brittish Whales the Dolphins doe surpass
 In sadder times therefore, and when the Lawes
 Of *Nero's fiat* raign'd, an armed band
 Ceas'd on *Longinus*, and the spacious Land
 Of wealthy *Seneca*, besieg'd the gates
 Of *Lateranus*, and his faire estate
 Divided as a spoile, In such sad Feasts,
 Souldiers (though not invited) are the guests 30
 Though thou small peeces of the blessed Mine
 Hast lodg'd about thee, travelling in the shine
 Of a pale Moone, if but a Reed doth shake,
 Mov'd by the wind, the shadow makes thee quake
 Wealth hath its cares, and want hath this reliefe,
 It neither feares the Souldier, nor the Thiefe,

Thy first choyce vowes, and to the Gods best knowne,
 Are for thy stores encrease, that in all towne
 Thy stocke be greatest, but no poyson lyes
 I'th' poore mans dish, he tastes of no such spice 40
 Be that thy care, when with a Kingly gust,
 Thou suck'st whole Bowles clad in the guilded dust
 Of some rich minerall, whilst the false Wine
 Sparkles aloft, and makes the draught Divine

Blam'st thou the Sages then? because the one
 Would still be laughing, when he would be gone
 From his owne doore, the other cryed to see
 His times addicted to such vanity?

Smiles are an easie purchase, but to weep
 Is a hard act, for teares are fetch'd more deep, 50

Democritus his nimble Lungs would tyre
 With constant laughter, and yet keep entire
 His stocke of mirth, for ev'ry object was
 Addition to his store, though then (Alas!)
 Sedans, and Litters, and our Senat Gownes,
 With Robes of honour, fasces, and the frownes
 Of unbrib'd Tribunes were not seene, but had
 He lived to see our *Roman Prætor* clad
 In *Joves* owne mantle, seated on his high
 Embroyder'd Chariot 'midst the dust and Crie 60
 Of the large Theatre, loaden with a Crowne
 Which scarce he could support, (for it would downe,
 But that his servant props it) and close by
 His page a witnes to his vanitie
 To these his Scepter, and his Eagle adde
 His Trumpets, Officers, and servants clad
 In white, and purple, with the rest that day,
 He hir'd to triumph for his bread, and pay,
 Had he these studied, sumptuous follies seene,
 'Tis thought his wanton, and effusive spleene 70
 Had kill'd the *Abderite*, though in that age
 (When pride & greatnes had not swell'd the stage
 So high as ours) his harmles, and just mirth
 From ev'ry object had a suddaine birth,
 Nor wast alone their avarice, or pride,
 Their triumphs, or their cares he did deride,

20 *Juvenals Tenth Satyre.*

Their vaine contentions, or ridiculous feares ,
 But even their very poverty, and teares
 He would at fortunes threats as freely smile
 As others mourne , nor was it to beguile 80
 His crafty passions , but this habit he
 By nature had, and grave Philosophie
 He knew their idle and superfluous vowes,
 And sacrifice, which such wrong zeale bestowes,
 Were meere Incendiaries , and that the gods
 Not pleas'd therewith, would ever be at ods ,
 Yet to no other aire, nor better place
 Ow'd he his birth, then the cold, homely *Thrace* ,
 Which shewes a man may be both wise, & good,
 Without the brags of fortune, or his bloud 90
 But envy ruines all What mighty names
 Of fortune, spirit, action, bloud, and fame,
 Hath this destroy'd ? yea, for no other cause
 Then being such , their honour, worth, and place,
 Was crime enough , their statues, arms & crowns ,
 Their ornaments of Triumph, Chariots, Gowns,
 And what the Herauld with a learned care,
 Had long preserv'd, this madnes will not spare
 So once *Sejanus* Statue Rome allow'd
 Her Demi-god, and ev'ry Roman bow'd 100
 To pay his safeties vowes , but when that face
 Had lost *Tyberius* once, it's former grace
 Was soone eclips'd , no diff'rence made (Alas !)
 Betwixt his Statue then, and common Brasse ,
 They melt alike, and in the Workmans hand
 For equall, servile use, like others stand
 Goe now fetch home fresh Bayes, and pay new vowes
 To thy dumbe Capitoll gods ! thy life, thy house,
 And state are now secur'd , *Sejanus* lyes
 I'th' Lactors hands , ye gods ! what hearts, & eyes 110
 Can one dayes fortune change ? the solemne crye
 Of all the world is, Let *Sejanus* dye
 They never lov'd the man they sweare, they know
 Nothing of all the matter , when, or how,
 By what accuser, for what cause, or why,
 By whose command, or sentence he must dye
 But what needs this ? the least pretence will hit,
 When Princes feare, or hate a Favourite

A large Epistle stuff'd with idle feare,
 Vaine dreames, and jealousies, directed here 120
 From *Caprea* does it, And thus ever dye
 Subjects, when once they grow prodigious high
 'Tis well, I seeke no more, but tell me how
 This tooke his friends? no private murmurs now?
 No teares? no solemne mourner seene? must all
 His Glory perish in one funerall?
 O still true Romans! State-wit bids them praise
 The Moone by night, but court the warmer rayes
 O' th' Sun by day, they follow fortune still,
 And hate, or love discreetly, as their will 130
 And the time leads them, This tumultuous fate
 Puts all their painted favours out of date
 And yet this people that now spurne, & tread
 This mighty Favourites once honour'd head,
 Had but the Tuscan goddess, or his Stars
 Destin'd him for an Empire, or had wars,
 Treason, or policie, or some higher pow'r
 Opprest secure *Tyberus*, that same houre
 That he receiv'd the sad Gemonian doome,
 Had crown'd him Emp'rour of the world, & Rome 140
 But Rome is now growne wise, & since that she
 Her Suffrages, and ancient Libertie,
 Lost in a Monarchs name, she takes no care
 For Favourite, or Prince, nor will she share
 Their fickle glories, though in *Cato's* dayes
 She rul'd whole States, & Armies with her voice,
 Of all the honours now within her walls,
 She only doats on Playes, and Festivalls
 Nor is it strange, for when these Meteors fall,
 They draw an ample ruine with them, All 150
 Share in the storm, each beame sets with the Sun,
 And equall hazard friends, and flatt'ers run
 This makes, that circled with distractive feare
 The livelesse, pale *Sejanus* limbes they teare,
 And least the action might a witnesse need,
 They bring their servants to confirme the deed,
 Nor is it done for any other end,
 Then to avoid the title of his friend.
 So fals ambitious man, and such are still
 All floating States built on the peoples will 160

22 *Juvenals Tenth Satyre.*

Hearken all you ! whom this bewitching lust
 Of an houres glory, and a little dust
 Swels to such deare repentance ! you that can
 Measure whole kingdoms with a thought or span
 Would you be as *Sejanus* ? would you have
 So you might sway as he did, such a grave ?
 Would you be rich as he ? command, dispose,
 All Acts, and Offices ? All friends, and foes ?
 Be Generalls of Armies, and Colleague
 Unto an Emperour ? breake, or make a league ? 170
 No doubt you would , for both the good, and bad,
 An equall itch of honour ever had
 But O what State can be so great, or good,
 As to be bought with so much shame, and bloud !
 Alas ! *Sejanus* will too late confesse
 'Twas only pride, and greatnes made him lesse
 For he that moveth with the lofty wind
 Of Fortune, and ambition, unconfin'd
 In act, or thought , doth but increase his height,
 That he may loose it with more force, & weight , 180
 Scorning a base, low ruine, as if he
 Would of misfortune, make a Prodigie
 Tell mighty *Pompey*, *Crassus*, and O thou
 That mad'st Rome kneele to thy victorious brow,
 What but the weight of honours, and large fame
 After your worthy Acts, and height of name,
 Destroy'd you in the end ? the envious Fates
 Easie to further your aspiring States,
 Us'd them to quell you too , pride, and excesse
 In ev'ry Act did make you thrive the lesse 190
 Few Kings are guiltie of gray haire, or dye
 Without a stab, a draught, or trecherie
 And yet to see him, that but yesterday
 Saw letteis first, how he will sciape, and pray ,
 And all her Feast-time tyre *Minervaes* eares
 For Fame, for Eloquence, and store of yeares
 To thrive and live in , and then lest he doates,
 His boy assists him with his boxe, and notes ,
 Foole that thou art ! not to discern the ill
 These vows include , what, did Rom's Consull kill 200
 Her *Cicero* ? what, him whose very dust
 Greece celebrates as yet , whose cause though just,

Scarse banishment could end, nor poyson save
His free borne person from a forraigne grave
All this from Eloquence¹ both head, and hand,
The tongue doth forfeit, pettie wits may stand
Secure from danger, but the nobler veine,
With losse of bloud the barre doth often staine

* * * * *
O fortunatam natam me Consule Romam } *Carmen*
* * * * * } *Ciceroni-*
* * * * * } *anum*

Had all been thus, thou might'st have scorn'd the sword 210

Of fierce *Antonius*, here is not one word
Doth pinch, I like such stuffe, 'tis safer far
Then thy Philippicks, or Pharsalia's war
What sadder end then his, whom Athens saw
At once her Patriot, Oracle, and Law²

Unhappy then is he, and curs'd in Stars,
Whom his poore Father, blind with soot, & scars
Sends from the Anviles harmles chime, to weare
The factious gowne, and tyre his Clients eare,
And purse with endles noise, Trophies of war 220

Old rusty armour, with an honour'd scar,
And wheelles of captiv'd Chariots, with a peece
Of some torne Brittish Galley, and to these
The Ensigne too, and last of all the traine
The pensive pris'ner loaden with his Chaine,
Are thought true Roman honors, these the Greek
And rude Barbarians equally doe seeke

Thus aire, and empty fame, are held a prize
Beyond faire vertue, for all vertue dyes
Without reward, And yet by this fierce lust 230

Of Fame, and titles to ovtlive our dust,
And Monuments, (though all these things must dye
And perish like our selves) whole Kingdomes lye
Rum'd, and spoil'd Put *Hannibal* i'th' scale,
What weight affords the mighty Generall?

This is the man, whom Africks spacious Land
Bounded by th' Indian Sea, and Niles hot sand,
Could not containe, (Ye gods¹ that give to men
Such boundles appetites, why state you them

So shont a time? either the one deny, 240
Or give their acts, and them Eternitie)

24 *Juvenals Tenth Satyre*

All Æthiopia, to the utmost bound
 Of *Titans* course, (then which no Land is found
 Lesse distant from the Sun) with him that ploughs
 That fertile soile where fam'd Iberus flowes,
 Are not enough to conquer, past now o're
 The Pyrene hills, The Alps with all its store
 Of Ice, and Rocks clad in eternall snow
 (As if that Nature meant to give the blow)
 Denyes him passage, straight on ev'ry side 250
 He wounds the Hill, and by strong hand divides
 The monstrous pile, nought can ambition stay,
 The world, and nature yeeld to give him way
 And now past o're the Alps, that mighty bar
 'Twixt France, and Rome, feare of the future war
 Strikes Italy, successe, and hope doth fire
 His lofty spirits with a fresh desire
 All is undone as yet (saith he) unlesse
 Our Pænish forces we advance, and presse
 Upon Rome's selfe, break downe her gates, & wall, 260
 And plant our Colours in *Subura's* Vale
 O the rare sight! if this great souldier wee
 Arm'd on his Getick Elephant might see!
 But what's the event? O glory! how the itch
 Of thy short wonders doth mankinde bewitch!
 He that but now all Italy, and Spaine,
 Had conquer'd o're, is beaten out againe,
 And in the heart of Africk, and the sight
 Of his owne Cathage, forc'd to open flight
 Banish'd from thence, a fugitive he posts 270
 To Syria first, then to Bythunia's Coasts,
 Both places by his sword secur'd, though he
 In this distresse must not acknowledg'd be,
 Where once a Generall he triumphed, now
 To shew what Fortune can, he begs as low
 And thus that soule, which through all nations hurl'd
 Conquest, and warre, and did amaze the world,
 Of all those glories rob'd at his last breath,
 Fortune would not vouchsafe a souldiers death,
 For all that bloud the field of Cannæ boasts, 280
 And sad Apulia fill'd with Roman ghoasts

245 fam'd GC fram'd 1646 252 stay, M stay 1646 stay G stay C
 262 sight GC slight 1646

No other end (freed from the pile, and sword)
Then a poore Ring would Fortune him afford

Goe now ambitious man¹ new plots designe,
March o're the snowie Alps, and Apennine,
That after all, at best thou mayst but be
A pleasing story to posteritie¹

The *Macedon* one world could not containe,
We heare him of the narrow Earth complaine,
And sweat for roome, as if Seryphus Ile, 290
Or Gyara had held him in Exile

But Babylon this madnes can allay,
And give the great man but his length of clay,
The highest thoughts, and actions under Heaven,
Death only with the lowest dust layes even

It is believed (if what Greece writes be true)
That *Xerxes* with his Persian Fleet did hewe
Their waies throgth mountains, that their sails full blowne,
Like clouds hung over Athos, and did drowne
The spacious Continent, and by plaine force 300
Betwixt the Mount, and it made a divorce,

That Seas exhausted were, and made firme land,
And Sestos joyned unto Abidos Strand,
That on their march, his Meades but passing by,
Dranke thee Scamander, and Melenus dry,
With what soe're incredible designe

Sostratus sings inspired with pregnant Wine
But what's the end? He that the other day
Divided Hellespont, and forc'd his way
Through all her angry billowes, that assigned 310
New punishments unto the waves, and wind
No sooner saw the Salaminian Seas,

But he was driven out by *Themistocles*,
And of that Fleet (suppos'd to be so great,
That all mankinde shar'd in the sad defeate)
Not one Sayle sav'd, in a poore Fishers boat,
Chas'd o're the working surge, was glad to float,
Cutting his desp'rate course through the tyr'd floud,
And fought againe with Carkasses, and bloud
O foolish mad ambition¹ these are still 320
The famous dangers that attend thy will

305 thee Scamander,] the Scamander¹ G thee, Scamander, C
316 sav'd, C¹ sav'd 1646

26 *Juvenals Tenth Satyre.*

Give store of dayes, good *Love*, give length of yeares,
 Are the next vowes , these with religious feares,
 And Constancie we pay , but what's so bad,
 As a long, sinfull age ? what crosse more sad
 Then misery of yeares ? how great an Ill
 Is that, which doth but nurse more sorrow still ?
 It blacks the face, corrupts, and duls the bloud,
 Benights the quickest eye, distasts the food,
 And such deep furrowes cuts i'th' Checker'd skin
 As in th'old Okes of Tabraca are seene 330

Youth varies in most things , strength, beauty, wit,
 Are severall graces , but where age doth hit,
 It makes no diff'rence , the same weake voice,
 And trembling ague in each member lyes
 A generall, hatefull baldnes, with a curst
 Perpetuall pettishnes , and which is worst,
 A foule, strong fluxe of humors, and more paine
 To feed, then if he were to nurse again
 So tedious to himselfe, his wife, and friends, 340
 That his owne sonnes, and servants, wish his end,
 His tast, and feeling dyes , and of that fire
 The am'rous Lover burnes in, no desire
 Or if there were, what pleasure could it be,
 Where lust doth raigne without abilitie ?
 Nor is this all, what matters it, where he
 Sits in the spacious Stage ? who can nor see,
 Nor heare what's acted, whom the stiller voice
 Of spirted, wanton ayres, or the loud noise
 Of Trumpets cannot pierce , whom thunder can 350
 But scarce informe who enters, or what man
 He personates, what 'tis they act, or say ?
 How many Scænes are done ? what time of day ?
 Besides that little bloud, his carkasse holds,
 Hath lost its native warmth, & fraught wth colds,
 Catarrhs, and rheumes, to thick, black jelly turns,
 And never but in fits, and feavers burns ,
 Such vast infirmities, so huge a stock
 Of sicknes, and diseases to him flock,
 That *Hyppia* ne're so many Lovers knew, 360
 Nor wanton *Maura* , Phisick never slew

So many Patients, nor rich Lawyers spoile
 More Wards, and Widowes, it were lesser toile
 To number out what Mannors, and Demaines,
Licinus razer purchas'd One complains
 Of weaknes in the back, another pants
 For lack of breath, the third his eyesight wants,
 Nay some so feeble are, and full of paine,
 That Infant like they must be fed againe
 These faint too at their meales, their wine they spill, 370
 And like young birds, that wait the Mothers Bill
 They gape for meat, but sadder far then this
 Their senslesse ignorance, and dotage is,
 For neither they, their friends, nor servants know,
 Nay those themselves begot, and bred up too
 No longer now they'le owne, for madly they
 Proscribe them all, and what on the last day,
 The Misers cannot carry to the Grave
 For their past sinnes, their prostitutes must have
 But grant age lack'd these plagues, yet must they see 380
 As great, as many Fraile Mortalitie
 In such a length of yeares, hath many falls,
 And deads a life with frequent funerals
 The nimblest houre in all the span, can steale
 A friend, or brother from's, there's no Repeale
 In death, or time, this day a wife we mourne,
 To morrowes teares a sonne, and the next Urne
 A Sister fills, Long-livers have assign'd
 These curses still That with a restles mind,
 An age of fresh renewing cares they buye, 390
 And in a tide of teares grow old and dye
Nestor, (if we great *Homer* may believe)
 In his full strength three hundred yeares did live
 Happy (thou'lt say) that for so long a time
 Enjoy'd free nature, with the grape, and Wine
 Of many Autumnes, but I prethee, heare
 What *Nestor* sayes himselfe, when he his deare
Antiochus had lost, how he complains
 Of life's too large Extent, and copious paines?
 Of all he meets, he askes what is the cause 400
 He lived thus long, for what breach of their Laws

28 *Juvenals Tenth Satyre.*

The gods thus punish'd him ? what sinne had he
Done worthy of a long lifes miserie ?

Thus *Peleus* his *Achilles* mourned, and he

Thus wept that his *Vlysses* lost at Sea

Had *Priam* dyed, before *Phereclus* Fleet

Was built, or *Paris* stole the fatall Greeke,

Troy had yet stood, and he perhaps had gone

In peace unto the lower shades , His sonne

Saved with his plenteous offspring, and the rest

410

In solemne pompe bearing his fun'rall Chest ,

But long life hinder'd this Unhappy he,

Kept for a publick ruine , lived to see

All Asia lost, and e're he could expire,

In his owne house saw both the sward, and fire ,

All white with age, and cares, his feeble arme

Had now forgot the warre , but this Allarme

Gathers his dying spirits , and as wee

An aged Oxe worne out with labour, see,

By his ungratefull Master, after all

420

His yeares of toyle, a thankles victime fall

So he by *Ioves* owne Altar , which shewes, wee

Are no where safe from Heaven, and destinie

Yet dyed a man , but his surviving Queene,

Freed from the Greekish sword was barking seen

I haste to Rome, and Pontus King let passe,

With Lydian *Crasus*, whom in vaine (Alas !)

Just *Solons* grave advice bad to attend,

That happines came not before the end

What man more blest in any age to come

430

Or past, could Nature shew the world, or Rome,

Then *Marius* was ? if 'midst the pompe of war,

And triumphs fetch'd with Roman blood from far

His soule had fled , Exile, and fetters then,

He ne're had seen, nor known *Mynturna's* fenne ,

Nor had it, after Carthage got, been sed,

A Roman Generall had beg'd his bread.

Thus *Pompey* th' envious gods, & Romes ill stars
(Freed from *Campama's* feavers, and the Wars)

Doom'd to *Achilles* sword Our publick vowes

440

Made *Cæsar* guiltles , but sent him to loose

His head at Nile ; This curse *Cethegus* mist ,

This *Lentulus*, and this made him resist

That mangled by no Lictors axe, fell dead
Entirely *Catiline*, and saved his head

The anxious Matrons, with their foolish zeale,
Are the last Votaries, and their Appeale
Is all for beauty , with soft speech, and slow,
They pray for sons, but with a louder vow
Commend a female feature All that can
Make woman pleasing now they shift, and scan
And why reprov'd they say, *Latona's* paire
The Mother never thinks can be too faire

450

But sad *Lucretia* warnes to wish no face
Like hers , *Virginia* would bequeath her grace
To Crooke-backe *Rutila* in exchange , for still
The fairest children do their Parents fill
With greatest cares , so seldome Chastitie
Is found with beauty , though some few there be
That with a strict, religious care contend
Th' old, modest, Sabine Customes to defend

460

Besides, wise nature to some faces grants
An easie blush, and where shee freely plants,
A lesse Instruction serves , but both these joyn'd,
At *Rome* would both be forc'd or else purloyn'd

So steel'd a forehead vice hath, that dares win,
And bribe the Father to the Childrens sin ,
But whom have gifts defiled not ? what good face
Did ever want these tempters ? pleasing grace
Betraines it selfe , what time did *Nero* mind
A course, maim'd shape ? what blemish'd youth confin'd
His goatish Pathick ? whence then flow these joies
Of a faire issue ? whom these sad annoies
Waite, and grow up with , whom perhaps thou'lt see
Publick Adulterers, and must be

470

Subject to all the Curses, Plagues, and awe
Of jealous mad men, and the *Iulian* Law ,
Nor canst thou hope they'le find a milder Starre,
Or more escapes then did the God of Warre ,
But worse then all, a jealous braine confines
His furie to no Law , what rage assignes,
Is present justice Thus the rash Sword spils
This Leechers bloud, the scourge another kils

480

30 *Juvenals Tenth Satyre.*

But thy spruce boy must touch no other face
 Then a *Patrician*? Is of any race
 So they be rich, *Servilia* is as good
 With wealth, as shee that boasts *Iulus* blood
 To please a servant all is cheape, what thing
 In all their stocke to the last suite, and Ring
 But lust exacts? the poorest whore in this,
 As generous as the *Patrician* is

490

But thou wilt say what hurt's a beauteous skin
 With a chaste soule? aske *Theseus* sonne, and him
 That *Stenobæa* murther'd, for both these
 Can tell how fatall 'twas in them to please,
 A womans spleene then carries most of fate,
 When shame and sorrow aggravate her hate
 Resolve me now, had *Silius* been thy sonne,
 In such a hazzard what should he have done?
 Of all *Romes* youth, this was the only best,
 In whom alone beauty, and worth did rest
 This *Messalina* saw, and needs he must
 Be ruin'd by the Emp'rour, on her lust,
 All in the face of *Rome*, and the worlds eye,
 Though *Cesars* wife, a publicke Bigamie
 Shee dares attempt, and that the act might beare
 More prodigie, the notaries appeare,
 And Augures to't, and to compleat the sin
 In solemne forme, a dowrie is brought in,
 All this (thou'lt say) in private might have past,
 But shee'le not have it so, what course at last?
 What should he doe? If *Messaline* be crost
 Without redresse thy *Silius* will be lost,
 If not, some two daies length is all he can
 Keep from the grave, just so much as will span
 This newes to *Hostia*, to whose fate he owes
 That *Claudius* last his owne dishonour knowes

500

510

But he obeyes, and for a few houres lust,
 Forfeits that glory should outlive his dust,
 Nor was it much a fault, for, whether he
 Obey'd, or not, 'twas equall destinie
 So fatall beauty is, and full of wast,
 That neither wanton can be safe, nor chast

520

What then should man pray for? what is't that he
Can beg of Heaven, without Impiety?
Take my advice first to the Gods commit
All cares, for they things competent, and fit
For us foresee, besides man is more deare
To them, then to himselfe we blindly here
Led by the world, and lust, in vaine assay 530
To get us portions, wives, and sonnes, but they
Already know all that we can intend,
And of our Childrens Children see the end
Yet that thou may'st have something to commend
With thanks unto the Gods for what they send,
Pray for a wise, and knowing soule, a sad
Discreet, true valour, that will scorne to adde
A needlesse horror to thy death, that knowes
'Tis but a debt which man to nature owes,
That starts not at misfortunes, that can sway, 540
And keep all passions under locke and key,
That couets nothing, wrongs none, and preferres
An honest want before rich injurers,
All this thou hast within thy selfe, and may
Be made thy owne, if thou wilt take the way,
What boots the worlds wild, loose applause? what can
Fraile, perillous honours adde unto a man?
What length of years, wealth, or a rich faire wife?
Vertue alone can make a happy life
To a wise man nought comes amisse but we 550
Fortune adore, and make our Deity

546 what can GC what 1646

FINIS

Ad Posteror

Diminuat ne sera dies præsentis honorem,
 Quis, qualisq, fui, *percipe* Posteritas
 CAMBRIA *me genuit*, patulis ubi vallibus errans
Subjacet aeris montibus ISCA pater
Inde sinu placido suscepit maximus arte
 HERBERTUS, Latiae gloria prima Scholæ,
Bis ternos, illo me Conducente, per annos
Profeci, & geminam Contulit unus opem,
 Ars & amor, mens atq; manus certare solebant,
Nec lassata Illi mensve, manusve fuit 10
Hinc qualem cernis crevisse Sed ut mea Certus
Tempora Cognoscas, dura fuere, scias
Vixi, divisos cum fregerat hæresis Anglos
Intèr Tysiphonas presbyteri & populi
 His primum miseris per amæna furentibus arva
Prostravit sanctam vilis avena rosam,
Turbârunt fontes, & fusis pax perit undis,
Mæstaq; Coelestes obruit umbra dies
Duret ut Integritas tamen, & pia gloria, partem
Me nullam in tantâ strage fuisse, scias, 20
Credidimus nempe insoniti vocem esse Cruori,
Et vires quæ post funera flere docent
Hinc Castæ, fidæq, pati me more parentis
Commonui, & Lachrymis fata levare meis,
Hinc nusquàm horrendis violavi Sacra procellis,
Nec mihi mens unquàm, nec manus atra fuit
Si pius es, ne plura petas, Satur Ille recedat
Qui sapit, & nos non Scripsimus Insipidis

OLOR ISCANUS.
A COLLECTION
OF SOME SELECT
POEMS,
AND
TRANSLATIONS,
Formerly written by

Mr. Henry Vaughan Sizarist.

Published by a Friend

Virg Georg
Flumina amo, Sylvasq; Inglorius—

LONDON,
Printed by *T.W* for *Humphrey Moseley*,
and are to be sold at his shop, at the
Signe of the Prince's Arms in *St Pauls*
Church-yard, 1651

— *O quis me gelidis in vallibus ISCÆ*
Sistat, & Ingenti amorum protegat umbrâ !

TO
The truly Noble, and most
Excellently accomplish'd, the
Lord KILDARE DIGBY.

MY LORD,

It is a Position *anciently* known, and *modern Experience* hath allowed it for a *sad truth*, that *Absence* and *time*, (like *Cold weather*, and an *unnaturall dormition*) will *blast* and *wear out* of memorie the most *Endearing obligations*, And hence it was that some *Politicians* in *Love* have lookt upon the *former* of these *two* as a main remedy against the *fondness* of that *Passion* But for my own part (my Lord) I shall deny this *Aphorisme* of the *people*, and beg leave to assure your *Lordship*, that, though these *reputed obstacles* have lain long in my way, yet neither of them could *work* 10 upon me for I am now (without adulation) as *warm* and *sensible* of those *numerous favours*, and *kind Influences* receiv'd sometimes from your Lordship, as I really was at the *Instant* of *fruition* I have no *plott* by *preambling* thus, to set any *rate* upon this present *adresse*, as if I should presume to value a *Return* of this nature equall with your Lordships *Deserts*, but the *designe* is, to let you see that this *habit* I have got of being *troublesome* flows from two *excusable principles*, Gratitude, and Love These inward *Counsellours* (I know not how discreetly) perswaded me to this *Attempt* and *Intrusion* upon your *name*, which if your Lordship 20 will vouchsafe to own as the *Genius* to these *papers*, you will *perfect* my *hopes*, and place me at my full *height* This was the *Ayme*, my Lord, and is the *End* of this work, which though but a *Pazzarello* to the *voluminosè Insani*, yet as *Jezamin* and the *Violet* find room in the *bank* as well as *Roses* and *Lillies*, so happily may this, and (if *shin'd* upon by your *Lordship*) please as much To whose *Protection*, Sacred as your *Name*, and those eminent *Honours* which have alwayes attended upon't through so many *generations*, I humbly offer it, and remain in all *numbers* of *gratitude*, 30

Newton by *Usk*
this 17 of *Decemb* 1647.

My honour'd Lord,

Your most affectionate,
humblest Servant

VAUGHAN.

The Publisher to the Reader.

It was the glorious Maio, that referr'd his Legacies to the Fire, and though Princes are seldome Executors, yet there came a Cæsar to his Testament, as if the Act of a Poet could not be repeal'd but by a King I am not Reader Augustus vindex Here is no Royall Rescue, but here is a Muse that deserves it The Author had long agoe condemn'd these Poems to Obscuritie, and the Consumption of that Further Fate, which attends it This Censure gave them a Gust of Death, and they have partly known that Oblivion, which our Best Labours must come to at Last I present thee then not onely with a Book, but with a Prey, and in 10 this kind the first Recoveries from Corruption Here is a Flame hath been sometimes extinguished Thoughts that have been lost and forgot, but now they break out again like the Platonic Reminiscencie I have not the Author's Approbation to the Fact, but I have Law on my Side, though never a Sword I hold it no man's Prærogative to fire his own House Thou seest how Saucie I am grown, and if thou doest expect I should Commend what is published, I must tell thee, I crie no Sivill Oranges I will not say, Here is Fine or Cheap that were an Injurie to the Verse it selfe, and to the Effects it can produce Read on, and thou wilt find thy Spirit 20 ingag'd not by the Deserts of what wee call Tolerable, but by the Commands of a Pen, that is Above it

Vpon the most Ingenious pair of Twins, *Eugenius Philalethes*, and the *Authour* of these *Poems*

What *Planet* rul'd your *birth*? what *wittie star*?
That you so like in *Souls* as *Bodies* are!
So like in *both*, that you seem *born* to free
The *starrie art* from *vulgar* Calummie
My *doubts* are solv'd, from hence my *faith* begins,
Not only your *faces*, but your *wits* are *Twins*

When this bright *Gemini* shall from earth ascend,
They will *new light* to dull-ey'd mankind lend,
Teach the *Star-gazers*, and delight their *Eyes*,
Being fixt a *Constellation* in the Skyes

T. Powell Oxoniensis. 10

To my friend the Authour
upon these his *Poems*

I call'd it once my *sloth* In such an age
So many *Volumes deep*, I not a *page*?
But I recant, and vow 'twas thriftee Care
That kept my *Pen* from spending on *slight ware*,
And breath'd it for a *Prize*, whose pow'rfull *shine*
Doth both *reward* the striver, and *refine*,
Such are thy *Poems*, friend for since th'hast writ,
I can't reply to any *name*, but *wit*,
And lest amidst the *throng* that make us *grone*,
Mine prove a groundless *Heresie* alone, 10
Thus I dispute, Hath there not rev'rence bin
Pay'd to the *Beard* at doore, for *Lord* within?
Who notes the *spindle-leg*, or *hollow eye*
Of the *thinne Usher*, the *faire Lady* by?
Thus I *sinne* freely, *neighbour* to a *hand*
Which while I aime to *strengthen*, gives *Command*
For my *protection*, and thou art to me
At once my *Subject* and *Securitie*

I Rowlandson Oxoniensis

Vpon the following
Poems.

I write not here, as if thy *last* in store
Of learned *friends*, 'tis known that thou hast *more*,
Who, were they told of this, would find a way
To rise a guard of *Poets* without *pay*,
And bring as many *hands* to thy *Edition*,
As th'*City* should unto their *May'rs* Petition,
But thou wouldst none of this, lest it should be
Thy *Muster* rather, than our *Courtesie*,
Thou wouldst not beg as *Knights* do, and appeare
Poet by *Voice*, and *suffrage* of the *Shire*, 10
That were enough to make thy *Muse* advance
Amongst the *Crutches*, nay it might enhance
Our *Charity*, and we should think it fit
The *State* should build an *Hospital* for wit

11 thy *Er* my 1651

But here needs no *reliefe* Thy richer *Verse*
 Creates all *Poets*, that can but *reherse*,
 And they, like *Tenants* better'd by their *land*,
 Should pay thee *Rent* for what they understand,
 Thou art not of that *lamentable Nation*,
 Who make a blessed *Alms* of *approbation*,
 Whose *fardel-notes* are *Briefes* in ev'ry thing,
 But, that they are not licens'd *By the King*
 Without such *scrape requests* thou dost come forth
Arm'd (though I speak it) with thy *proper worth*,
 And needest not this *noise* of friends, for wee
 Write out of *love*, not thy *necessitie* ,
 And though this *sullen age* possessed be
 With some strange *Desamour* to *Poetrie*,
 Yet I suspect (thy fancy so delights)
 The *Puritans* will turn thy *Proselytes*,
 And that thy *flame* when once abroad it *shines*,
 Will bring thee as many *friends*, as thou hast *lines*

20

30

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES *Oroniensis*

Olor Iscanus.

To the River *Isca*

When *Daphne's* Lover here first wore the *Bayes*,
Eurotas secret streams heard all his *Layes*
 And holy *Orpheus*, Natures *busie* Child
 By headlong *Hebrus* his deep *Hymns* Compil'd
 Soft *Petrarch* (thaw'd by *Laura's* flames) did weep
 On *Tybers* banks, when she (*proud fair*!) cou'd sleep,
Mosella boasts *Ausomus*, and the *Thames*
 Doth murmur *SIDNEYS Stella* to her *streams*,
 While *Severn* swoln with *Joy* and *sorrow*, wears
Castara's smiles mixt with fair *Sabrin's* tears 10
 Thus *Poets* (like the *Nymphs*, their *pleasing themes*)
 Haunted the *bubling Springs* and *gliding streams*,
 And *happy banks*! whence such *fair flowres* have sprung,
 But happier those where they have *sate* and *sung*!
Poets (like *Angels*) where they once appear
Hallow the *place*, and each succeeding year
 Adds *rev'rence* to't, such as at length doth give
 This ~~aged faith~~, *That there their Genus live*
 Hence th' *Auncients* say, That, from this *sickly aire*
 They passe to *Regions* more *refin'd* and *faire*, 20
 To *Meadows* strow'd with *Lillies* and the *Rose*,
 And *shades* whose *youthfull green* no *old age* knowes,
 Where all in *white* they walk, discourse, and Sing
 Like *Bees soft murmurs*, or a *Chiding Spring*
 But *Isca*, whensoe'r those *shades* I see,
 And thy *lov'd Arbours* must no more *know* me,
 When I am layd to *rest* hard by thy *streams*,
 And my *Sun sets*, where first it *sprang* in beams,
 I'll leave behind me ~~such a large, kind light~~,
 As shall *redeem* thee from *oblivious night*, 30
 And in these *vowes* which (living yet) I pay
Shed such a *Previous* and *Enduring Ray*,
 As shall from age to age thy *fair name* lead
 'Till *Rivers* leave to *run*, and *men* to *read*

First, may all *Bards* born after me
 (When I am *ashes*) sing of thee !
 May thy *green banks* and *streams* (or none)
 Be both their *Hill* and *Helicon* ,
 May *Vocall Groves* grow there, and all
 The *shades* in them *Prophetically*,
 Where (laid) men shall more *faire truths* see
 Than *fictions* were of *Thessalie*
 May thy gentle *Swains* (like *flowres*)
 Sweetly spend their *Youthfull houres*,
 And thy *beauteous Nymphs* (like *Doves*)
 Be *kind* and *faithfull* to their *Loves* ,
Garlands, and *Songs*, and *Roundelays*,
 Mild, dewie *nights*, and Sun-shine *dayes*,
 The *Turtles voyce*, *Joy* without *fear*,
Dwell on thy *bosome* all the year !
 May the *Evet* and the *Tode*
 Within thy *Banks* have no abode,
 Nor the *wilhe*, *winding Snake*
 Her *voyage* through thy *waters* make
 In all thy *Journey* to the *Main*
 No *nitrous Clay*, nor *Brimstone-vein*
 Mixe with thy *streams*, but may they passe
 Fresh as the *aire*, and cleer as *Glasse*,
 And where the *wandring Chrystal* treads
Roses shall *kisse*, and *Couple* heads
 The *factour wind* from far shall bring
 The *Odours* of the *Scatter'd Spring*,
 And *loaden* with the rich *Arreare*,
Spend it in *Spicie whispers* there
 No *sullen heats*, nor *flames* that are
Offensive, and *Canicular*,
 Shine on thy *Sands*, nor *pry* to see
 Thy *Scale*, *shading familie*,
 But *Noones* as mild as *Hesper's* rayes,
 Or the first *blushes* of fair *dayes*
 What *gifts* more *Heav'n* or *Earth* can adde
 With all those *blessings* be thou *Clad* !
 Honour, *Beautie*,
 Faith and *Dutie*,
 Delight and *Truth*,
 With *Love*, and *Youth*

40

50

60

70

Crown all about thee ! And what ever *Fate*
 Impose else-where, whether the graver state,
 Or some toye else, may those *lowd, anxious Cares*
 For *dead* and *dying things* (the Common *Wares* 80
 And *showes* of time) ne'r break thy *Peace*, nor make
 Thy *repos'd Armes* to a new warre *awake* !
 But *Freedome, safety, Joy and blisse*
United in one loving *kisse*
Surround thee quite, and *stille* thy borders
The Land redeem'd from all disorders !

The Charnel-house

Blesse me ! what dampes are here ? how stiffe an aire ?
Kelder of mists, a second *Fiats* care,
 Frontspeece o'th' grave and darkness, a Display
 Of ruin'd man, and the disease of day,
 Leane, bloudless shamble, where I can descrie
 Fragments of men, Rags of Anatomie ;
 Corruptions ward-robe, the transplantive bed
 Of mankind, and th'Exchequer of the dead
 How thou arrests my sense ? how with the sight
 My *Winter'd* bloud growes stiffe to all delight ? 10
Torpedo to the Eye ! whose least glance can
 Freeze our wild lusts, and rescue head-long man ,
 Eloquent silence ! able to Immure
 An *Atheists* thoughts, and blast an *Epicure*
 Were I a *Lucian*, Nature in this dresse
 Would make me wish a Saviour, and Confesse
 Where are you shoreless thoughts, vast tenter'd hope,
 Ambitious dreams, *Aymes* of an Endless scope,
 Whose stretch'd Excesse runs on a string too high
 And on the rack of self-extension dye ? 20
Chameleons of state, Aire-monging band,
 Whose breath (like Gun-powder) blowes up a land,
 Come see your dissolution, and weigh
 What a loath'd nothing you shall be one day,
 As th' Elements by Circulation passe
 From one to th'other, and that which first was
 Is so again, so 'tis with you , The grave
 And Nature but Complott, what the one gave,

The other takes , Think then, that in this bed
 There sleep the Reliques of as proud a head 30
 As stern and subtile as your own, that hath
 Perform'd, or forc'd as much, whose tempest-wrath
 Hath levell'd Kings with slaves, and wisely then
 Calme these high furies, and descend to men ,
 Thus *Cyrus* tam'd the *Macedon*, a tombe
 Checkt him, who thought the world too straight a Room
 Have I obey'd the *Powers* of a face,
 A beauty able to undoe the Race
 Of easie man? I look but here, and strait
 I am Inform'd, the lovely Counterfeit 40
 Was but a smother Clay That famish'd slave
 Begger'd by wealth, who starves that he may save,
 Brings hither but his sheet ; Nay, th'*Ostrich-man*
 That feeds on *steale* and *bullet*, he that can
 Outswear his *Lordship*, and reply as tough
 To a kind word, as if his tongue were *Buffe*,
 Is *Chap-faln* here, wormes without wit, or fear
 Defie him now, death hath disarm'd the *Bear*
 Thus could I run o'r all the pitteous score
 Of erring men, and having done meet more, 50
 Their shuffled *Wills*, abortive, vain *Intents*,
 Phantastick *humours*, perillous *Ascenis*,
 False, empty *honours*, traiterous *delights*,
 And whatsoe'r a blind Conceit Invites ,
 But these and more which the weak vermins swell,
 Are Couch'd in this Accumulative Cell
 Which I could scatter , But the grudging Sun
 Calls home his beams, and warns me to be gone,
 Day leaves me in a double night, and I
 Must bid farewell to my sad library 60
 Yet with these notes Henceforth with thought of thee
 I'll season all succeeding Jollitie,
 Yet damn not mirth, nor think too much is fit,
 Excesse hath no *Religion*, nor *Wit*,
 But should wild blood swell to a lawless strain
 One Check from thee shall *Channel* it again

In Amicum fœneratorem

Thanks mighty *Silver* ! I rejoyce to see
 How I have spoyl'd his thrift, by spending thee
 Now thou art gone, he courts my wants with more,
 His *Decoy* gold, and bribes me to restore
 As lesser lode stones with the *North* consent
 Naturally moving to their Element,
 As bodyes swarm to th' Center, and that fire
 Man stole from heaven, to heav'n doth still aspire,
 So this vast crying summe drawes in a lesse,
 And hence this bag more Northward layd I guesse, 10
 For 'tis of *Pole-star* force, and in this sphere
 Though th'least of many rules the master-bear
 Prerogative of debts ! how he doth dresse
 His messages in *Chink* ? not an Expresse
 Without a fee for reading, and 'tis fit,
 For gold's the best restorative of wit,
 O how he gilds them o'r ! with what delight
 I read those lines, where Angels doe Indite ?
 But wilt have money *Og* ? must I disperse ?
 Will nothing serve thee but a *Poets* curse ? 20
 Wilt rob an Altar thus ? and sweep at once
 What *Orpheus* like I forc'd from stocks and stones ?
 'Twill never swell thy *Bag*, nor ring one peale
 In thy dark *Chest* Talk not of *Shreeves*, or gaole,
 I fear them not I have no land to glutt
 Thy durty appetite, and make thee strutt
Nimrod of acres , I'le no Speech prepare
 To court the *Hopefull Cormorant*, thine heire
 Yet there's a Kingdome, at thy beck, if thou
 But kick this drosse, *Parnassus* flowrie brow 30
 I'le give thee with my *Tempe*, and to boot
 That horse which struck a fountain with his foot
 A Bed of Roses I'le provide for thee,
 And Chrystal Springs shall drop thee melodie ,
 The breathing shades wee'l haunt, where ev'ry leafe
 Shall *Whisper* us asleep, though thou art deafe ,
 Those waggish *Nymphs* too which none ever yet
 Durst make love to, wee'l teach the Loving fit,

Wee'l suck the *Corall* of their lips, and feed
 Upon their spicie breath, a meale at need,
 Rove in their *Amber-tresses*, and unfold
 That glist'ring grove, the Curled wood of gold,
 Then peep for babies, a new Puppet-play,
 And riddle what their *pratling Eyes* would say
 But here thou must remember to dispurse,
 For without money all this is a Curse,
 Thou must for more bags call, and so restore
 This Iron-age to gold, as once before ,
 This thou must doe, and yet this is not all,
 For thus the Poet would be still in thrall,
 Thou must then (if live thus) my neast of honey,
 Cancell old bonds, and beg to lend more money

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To his friend——

I wonder, *James*, through the whole Historie
 Of ages, such *Entailles* of povertie
 Are layd on Poets , Lawyers (they say) have found
 A trick to cut them, would they were but bound
 To practise on us, though for this thing wee
 Should pay (if possible) their bribes and fee
 Search (as thou canst) the old and moderne store
 Of *Rome* and ours, in all the wittie score
 Thou shalt not find a rich one , Take each Clime
 And run o'r all the pilgrimage of time
 Thou'lt meet them pooi, and ev'ry where descne
 A thredbare, goldless genealogie
 Nature (it seems) when she meant us for Earth
 Spent so much of her treasure in the birth
 As ever after niggards her, and Shee,
 Thus stor'd within, beggers us outwardly
 Wofull profusion ! at how dear a rate
 Are wee made up ? all hope of thrift and state
 Lost for a verse When I by thoughts look back
 Into the wombe of time, and see the Rack
 Stand useless there, untill we are produc'd
 Unto the torture, and our soules infus'd
 To learn afflictions, I begin to doubt
 That as some tyrants use from their chain'd rout
 Of slaves to pick out one whom for their sport
 They keep afflicted by some lingring art,

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So wee are meerly thrown upon the stage
 The mirth of fooles, and Legend of the age
 When I see in the ruines of a sute
 Some nobler brest, and his tongue sadly mute 30
 Feed on the *Vocall silence* of his Eye,
 And knowing cannot reach the remedie,
 When soules of baser stamp shine in their store,
 And he of all the throng is only poore,
 When *French* apes for forraign fashions pay,
 And *English* legs are drest th'outlandish way,
 So fine too, that they their own shadows woove,
 While he walks in the *sad* and *Pilgrim-shoe*,
 I'm mad at Fate, and angry ev'n to sinne,
 To see deserts and learning clad so thinne 40
 To think how th'earthly Usurer can brood
 Upon his bags, and weigh the pretious food
 With palsied hands, as if his soul did feare
 The Scales could rob him of what he layd there ,
 Like Divels that on hid Treasures sit, or those
 Whose jealous Eyes trust not beyond their nose
 They guard the durt, and the bright Idol hold
 Close, and Commit adultery with gold
 A Curse upon their drosse ! how have we sued
 For a few scatter'd *Chups* ? how oft pursu'd 50
 Petitions with a blush, in hope to squeeze
 For their souls health, more than our wants a peece ?
 Their steel-rib'd Chests and Purse (rust eat them both !)
 Have cost us with much paper many an oath,
 And Protestations of such solemn sense,
 As if our soules were sureties for the Pence
 Should we a full nights learned cares present,
 They'l scarce return us one short houres Content,
 'Las ! they're but quibbles, things we Poets feign,
 The short liv'd Squibs and Crackers of the brain 60
 But wee'l be wiser, knowing 'tis not they
 That must redeem the hardship of our way,
 Whether a Higher Power, or that starre
 Which nearest heav'n, is from the earth most far
 Oppresse us thus, or angel'd from that Sphere
 By our strict Guardians are kept luckless here,
 It matters not, wee shall one day obtain
 Our native and Celestiall scope again

To his retired friend, an Invitation
to *Brecknock*

Since last wee met, thou and thy horse (my dear,)
Have not so much as drunk, or litter'd here,
I wonder, though thy self be thus deceast,
Thou hast the spite to Coffin up thy beast,
Or is the *Palfrey* sick, and his rough hide
With the penance of *One Spur* mortifide?
Or taught by thee (like *Pythagoras's Oxe*)
Is then his master grown more *Orthodox*?
What ever 'tis, a sober cause't must be
That thus long bars us of thy Companie
The Town believes thee lost, and didst thou see
But half her sufferings, now distrest for thee,
Thou'dst swear (like *Rome*) her foule, polluted walls
Were sackt by *Brennus*, and the salvage *Gaules*
Abominable face of things! here's noise
Of bang'd Mortars, blew Aprons, and Boyes,
Pigs, Dogs, and Drums, with the hoarse hellish notes
Of politickly-deafe Usurers throats,
With new fine *Worships*, and the old cast *teame*
Of Justices vext with the *Cough*, and *flegme*
Midst these the *Crosse* looks sad, and in the *Shure-*
Hall furs of an old *Saxon Fox* appear,
With brotherly Ruffs and Beards, and a strange sight
Of high Monumentall Hats ta'ne at the fight
Of *Eighty eight*, while ev'ry *Burgesse* foots
The mortall *Pavement* in eternall boots

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Hadst thou been batc'lour, I had soon divin'd
Thy Close retirements, and Monastick mind,
Perhaps some Nymph had been to visit, or
The beauteous Churle was to be waited for,
And like the *Greek*, e'r you the sport would misse
You star'd, and stroak'd the *Distaffe* for a kisse
But in this age, when thy coole, settled bloud
Is ty'd t'one flesh, and thou almost grown good,
I know not how to reach the strange device,
Except (*Domitian* like) thou murther'st flies,
Or is't thy pietie? for who can tell
But thou may'st prove devout, and love a Cell,

30

And (like a Badger) with attentive looks
 In the dark hole sit rooting up of books 40
 Quick Hermit ! what a peacefull Change hadst thou
 Without the noise of *haire-cloth*, *Whip*, or *Vow* ?
 But is there no redemption ? must there be
 No other penance but of liberty ?
 Why two months hence, if thou continue thus
 Thy memory will scarce remain with us,
 The Drawers have forgot thee, and exclaim
 They have not seen thee here since *Charles* his reign,
 Or if they mention thee, like some old man
 That at each word inserts—Sir, *as I can* 50
Remember—So the *Cyph'ers* puzzle mee
 With a dark, cloudie character of thee
 That (certs !) I fear thou wilt be lost, and wee
 Must ask the *Fathers* e'r 't be long for thee
 Come ! leave this sullen state, and let not Wine
 And precious Witt lye dead for want of thine,
 Shall the dull *Market-land-lord* with his *Rout*
 Of sneaking Tenants durtily swill out
 This harmlesse liquor ? shall they knock and beat
 For Sack, only to talk of *Rye*, and *Wheat* ? 60
 O let not such prepost'rous tipling be
 In our *Metropolis*, may I ne'r see
 Such *Tavern-sacrilege*, nor lend a line
 To weep the *Rapes* and *Tragedy* of wine !
 Here lives that *Chimich*, quick fire which betrayses
 Fresh Spirits to the bloud, and warms our layes,
 I have reserv'd 'gainst thy approach a Cup
 That were thy Muse stark dead, shall raise her up,
 And teach her yet more Charming words and skill
 Than ever *Celia*, *Chloris*, *Astrophil*, 70
 Or any of the Thredbare names Inspir'd
 Poore riming lovers with a *Mistris* fir'd
 Come then ! and while the slow Isicle hangs
 At the stiffe thatch, and Winters frosty pangs
 Benumme the year, blith (as of old) let us
 'Midst noise and War, of Peace, and mirth discusse
 This portion thou wert born for why should wee
 Vex at the times ridiculous miserie ?
 An age that thus hath fool'd it selfe, and will
 (Spite of thy teeth and mine) persist so still 80

Let's sit then at this *fire*, and while wee steal
 A Revell in the Town, let others seal,
 Purchase or Cheat, and who can, let them pay,
 Till those black deeds bring on the darksome day ,
 Innocent spenders wee ' a better use
 Shall wear out our short Lease, and leave th'obtuse
 Rout to their *husks* , They and their bags at best
 Have cares in *earnest*, wee care for a *Jest*

Monsieur Gombauld

I 'ave read thy Souls fair night-peece, and have seen
 Th' *Amours* and Courtship of the *silent Queen*,
 Her stoln descents to Earth, and what did move her
 To Juggle first with *Heav'n*, then with a *Lover*,
 With *Latmos* lowdei rescue, and (alas ')
 To find her out a *Hue and Crie* in Brasse,
 Thy Journall of deep *Mysteriess*, and sad
 Nocturnall Pilgrimage, with thy dreams clad
 In fancies darker than thy *Cave*, Thy *Glasse*
 Of sleepe draughts, and as thy soul did passe
 In her calm voyage what discourse she heard
 Of Spirits, what dark Groves and ill shap'd guard
Ismena lead thee through, with thy proud flight
 O'r *Periades*, and deep, musing night
 Neere fair *Eurotas* banks, what solemn *green*
 The neighbour shades weare, and what forms are seen
 In their large Bowers, with that sad path and seat
 Which none but light heeld *Nymphs* and *Fairies* beat ,
 Their solitary life, and how exempt
 From Common frailtie, the severe contempt
 They have of Man, their priviledge to live
 A *Tree*, or *Fountain*, and in that *Reprieve*
 What ages they consume, with the sad *Vale*
 Of *Diophania*, and the mournfull tale,
 Of th' bleeding vocall *Myrtle* , These and more
 Thy richer thoughts we are upon the score
 To thy rare fancy for, nor doest thou fall
 From thy first Majesty, or ought at all
 Betray Consumption, thy full vig'rous *Bayes*
 Wear the same *green*, and scorn the lene decayes

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Of *stile*, or *matter*, Just so have I known
Some *Chrystal* spring, that from the neighbour down
Deriv'd her birth, in gentle murmurs steal
To their next Vale, and proudly there reveal
Her streams in lowder accents, adding still
More noise and waters to her Channell, till
At last swoln with Increase she glides along
The Lawnes and Meadows in a wanton throng
Of frothy billows, and in one great name
Swallows the tributary brooks drown'd fame

40

Nor are they meere Inventions, for we
In th' same peece find scatter'd *Philosophie*
And hidden, disperst truths that folded lye
In the dark shades of deep *Allegorie*,
So neatly weav'd, like *Arras*, they descric
Fables with *Truth*, *Fancy* with *Historie*
So that thou hast in this thy curious mould
Cast that commended mixture wish'd of old,
Which shall these Contemplations render far
Lesse mutable, and lasting as their star,
And while there is a *People*, or a *Sunne*,
Endymions storie with the *Moon* shall runne

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An Elegie on the death of Mr *R W* slain
in the late unfortunate differences at *Rou-*
ton Heath, neer *Chester*, 1645

I am Confirm'd, and so much wing is given
To my wild thoughts, that they dare strike at heav'n
A full years grieve I struggled with, and stood
Still on my sandy hopes uncertain good,
So loth was I to yeeld, to all those fears
I still oppos'd thee, and denyed my tears
But thou art gone! and the untimely losse
Like that one day, hath made all others Crosse
Have you seen on some Rivers flowrie brow
A well-built *Elme*, or stately *Cedar* grow,
Whose Curled tops gilt with the Morning ray
Becken'd the Sun, and whisperd to the day,
When unexpected from the angry *North*
A fatall sullen whirle-wind sallies forth,
And with a full-mouth'd blast rends from the ground
The *Shady twins*, which rushing scatter round

10

Their sighing leafes, whilst overborn with strength,
 Their trembling heads bow to a prostrate length,
 So forc'd fell he, So Immaturely Death
 Stuffed his able heart and active breath 20
 The world scarce knew him yet, his early Soule
 Had but new-broke her day, and rather stole
 A sight, than gave one, as if subt'ly she
 Would learn our stock, but hide his treasure
 His years (should time lay both his *Wings* and *glasse*
 Unto his charge) could not be summ'd (alas !)
 To a full *score*, Though in so short a span
 His riper thoughts had purchas'd more of man
 Than all those worthless livers, which yet quick,
 Have quite outgone their own *Arithmetick* 30
 He seiz'd perfections, and without a dull
 And mossie *gray* possess'd a solid skull,
 No Crooked knowledge neither, nor did he
 Wear the friends name for Ends and policie,
 And then lay't by, As those *lost Youths* of th'stage
 Who only flourish'd for the *Play's* short age
 And then retir'd, like *jewels* in each part
 He wore his friends, but chiefly at his heart
 Nor was it only in this he did excell,
 His equall valour could as much, as well 40
 He knew no *fear* but of his *God*, yet durst
 No injurie, nor (as some have) e'r purs't
 The sweat and tears of others, yet would be
 More forward in a royall gallantrie
 Than all those vast pretenders, which of late
 Swell'd in the ruines of their King and State
 He weav'd not *Self-ends*, and the *Publick* good
 Into one piece, nor with the peoples bloud
 Fill'd his own veins, In all the doubtfull way
Conscience and *Honour* rul'd him O that day 50
 When like the *Fathers* in the *Fire* and *Cloud*
 I mist thy face! I might in ev'ry *Crowd*
 See Armes like thine, and men advance, but none
 So neer to lightning mov'd, nor so fell on
 Have you observ'd how soon the nimble *Eye*
 Brings th' *Object* to *Conceit*, and doth so vie
 Performance with the *Soul*, that you would swear
 The *Act* and *apprehension* both lodg'd there,

Just so mov'd he like *shott* his active hand
 Drew bloud, e'r well the foe could understand 60
 But here I lost him Whether the last turn
 Of thy few sands call'd on thy hastie urn,
 Or some fierce rapid fate (hid from the Eye)
 Hath hurl'd thee Pris'ner to some distant skye
 I cannot tell, but that I doe believe
 Thy Courage such as scorn'd a base Reprieve
 What ever 'twas, whether that day thy breath
 Suffer'd a *Civil* or the *Common* death,
 Which I doe most suspect, and that I have
 Fail'd in the *glories* of so known a grave, 70
 Though thy lov'd ashes misse me, and mine Eyes
 Had no acquaintance with thy Exequies,
 Nor at the last farewell, torn from thy sight
 On the *Cold sheet* have fix'd a *sad delight*,
 Yet what e'r pious hand (in stead of mine)
 Hath done this office to that dust of thine,
 And till thou rise again from thy low bed
 Lent a Cheap pillow to thy quiet head,
 Though but a private *turf*, it can do more
 To keep thy name and memory in store 80
 Than all those *Lordly fooles* which lock their bones
 In the dumb piles of Chested brasse, and stones
 Th'art rich in thy own fame, and needest not
 These *Marble-frailties*, nor the *gilded blot*
 Of posthume honours, There is not one sand
 Sleeps o'r thy grave, but can outbid that hand
 And pencill too, so that of force wee must
 Confesse their *heaps* shew lesser than thy *dust*
 And (blessed soule !) though this my sorrow can
 Adde nought to thy perfections, yet as man 90
 Subject to Envy, and the common fate
 It may redeem thee to a fairer date,
 As some blind Dial, when the day is done,
 Can tell us at mid night, *There was a Sun*,
 So these perhaps, though much beneath thy fame,
 May keep some weak remembrance of thy name,
 And to the faith of better times Commend
 Thy loyall upright life, and gallant End

*Nomen & arma locum servant, te, amice, nequius
 Conspicere,——*

Upon a Cloke lent him by Mr J Ridsley

Here, take again thy *Sack-cloth*¹ and thank heav'n
 Thy Courtship hath not kill'd me, Is't not Even
 Whether wee dye by peecemeale, or at once
 Since both but ruine, why then for the nonce
 Didst husband my afflictions, and cast o're
 Me this forc'd *Hurdle* to inflame the score?
 Had I neer *London* in this *Rug* been seen
 Without doubt I had executed been
 For some bold *Irish* spy, and crosse a sledge
 Had layn mess'd up for their *four gates* and *bridge*. 10
 When first I bore it, my oppressed feet
 Would needs perswade me, 'twas some *Leaden sheet*,
 Such deep Impressions, and such dangerous holes
 Were made, that I began to doubt my soals,
 And ev'ry step (so neer necessity)
 Devoutly wish'd some honest Cobler by,
 Besides it was so short, the *Jewish* rag
 Seem'd Circumcis'd, but had a *Gentile* shag
 Hadst thou been with me on that day, when wee
 Left craggie *Biston*, and the fatall *Dee*, 20
 When beaten with fresh storms, and late mishap
 It shar'd the office of a *Cloke*, and *Cap*,
 To see how 'bout my clouded head it stood
 Like a thick *Turban*, or some Lawyers *Hood*,
 While the stiffe, hollow pletes on ev'ry side
 Like *Conduit pipes* rain'd from the *Bearded hude*,
 I know thou wouldst in spite of that day's fate
 Let loose thy mirth at my new shape and state,
 And with a shallow smile or two professe
 Some *Sarazin* had lost the *Clowted Dresse*
 Didst ever see the *good wife* (as they say) 30
 March in her short cloke on the *Christning* day,
 With what soft motions she salutes the Church,
 And leaves the Bedrid Mother in the lurch,
 Just so Jogg'd I, while my dull horse did trudge
 Like a Circuit-beast plagu'd with a goutie Judge
 But this was Civill I have since known more
 And worser pranks. One night (as heretofore
 Th' hast known) for want of change (a thing which I
 And *Bas* us'd before me) I did lye 40

Pure *Adamite*, and simply for that end
 Resolv'd, and made this for my bosome-*friend*.
 O that thou hadst been there next morn, that I
 Might teach thee new *Micro-cosmo-graphie* !
 Thou wouldst have ta'ne me, as I naked stood,
 For one of th' *seven pillars* before the floud,
 Such *Characters* and *Hieroglyphicks* were
 In one night worn, that thou mightst justly swear
 I'd slept in *Cere-cloth*, or at *Bedlam* where
 The mad men lodge in straw, I'll not forbear
 To tell thee all, his wild *Impress* and *tricks*
 Like *Speeds* old *Britans* made me look, or *Picts* ,
 His villanous, biting, *Wire-embraces*
 Had seal'd in me more strange formes and faces
 Than *Children* see in dreams, or thou hast read
 In *Arras*, *Puppet-playes*, and *Ginger-bread*,
 With *angled Schemes*, and *Crosses* that bred fear
 Of being handled by some *Conjurer*,
 And neerer thou wouldst think (such *strokes* were drawn)
 I'd been some rough statue of *Fetter-lane*,
 Nay, I believe, had I that instant been
 By *Surgeons* or *Apothecaries* seen,
 They had Condemned my raz'd skin to be
 Some walking *Herball*, or *Anatomie*
 But (thanks to th'day !) 'tis off I'd now advise
 Thee friend to put this peece to Merchandize ,
 The *Pedlars* of our age have business yet,
 And gladly would against the *Fayr-day* fit
 Themselves with such a *Roofe*, that can secure
 Their *Wares* from *Dogs* and *Cats* rain'd in showre,
 It shall performe , or if this will not doe
 'Twill take the *Ale-wives* sure , 'Twill make them *two*
 Fine Roomes of *One*, and spread upon a stick
 Is a partition without Lime or Brick.
Horn'd obstinacie ! how my heart doth fret
 To think what *Mouthes* and *Elbowes* it would set
 In a wet day ? have you for two pence e're
 Seen King *Harryes* Chappell at *Westminster*,
 Where in their dustie gowns of *Brasse* and *Stone*
 The Judges lye, and markt you how each one

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In sturdie Marble-plets about the knee
 Bears up to shew his legs and symmetrie?
 Just so would this, That I think't weav'd upon
 Some stiffneck't *Brownists* exercising loome
 O that thou hadst it when this Jugling fate
 Of Souldierie first seiz'd me! at what rate
 Would I have bought it then, what was there but
 I would have giv'n for the *Compendious hutt*?
 I doe not doubt but (if the weight could please,)
 'Twould guard me better than a *Lapland-lease*,
 Or a *German* shirt with Inchanted lint
 Stuff'd through, and th'devils *beard* and *face* weav'd in't
 But I have done And think not, friend, that I
 This freedome took to Jeere thy Courtesie,
 I thank thee for't, and I believe my Muse
 So known to thee, thou'lt not suspect abuse,
 She did this, 'cause (perhaps) thy *love* paid thus
 Might with my *thanks* out live thy *Cloke*, and *Us*

90

Upon Mr *Fletchers* Playes, published, 1647.

I knew thee not, nor durst *attendance* stive
Labell to wit, *Verser remonstrative*,
 And in some *Suburb page* (scandal to thine)
 Like *Lent* before a *Christmasse* scatter mine
 This speaks thee not, since at the utmost rate
 Such *remnants* from thy *peece* Intreat their date,
 Nor can I *dub* the *Coppy*, or afford
 Titles to *swell* the *reare* of *Verse* with Lord,
 Nor politickly big to *Inch* low fame
 Stretch in the *glories* of a strangers name,
 And Clip those *Bayes* I Court, weak *striver* I,
 But a faint *Echo* unto *Poetrie*
 I have not *Clothes* t'adopt me, nor must sit
 For *Plush* and *Velvets* sake *Esquire* of wit,
 Yet *Moderste* these *Crosses* would improve,
 And *Rags* neer thee, some *Reverence* may move
 I did believe (great *Beaumont* being dead,)
 Thy *Widow'd Muse* slept on his *flowrie bed*,
 But I am *richly* Cosen'd, and can see
 Wit *transmigrates*, his *Spirit* stayd with thee,
 Which *doubly* advantag'd by thy *single pen*
 In *life* and *death* now treads the *Stage* agen,

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And thus are wee freed from that *dearth* of wit
Which *starv'd* the Land since into *Schismes* split,
Wherein th'hast done so much, wee must needs guesse
Wits last *Edition* is now i'th' *Presse*,
For thou hast *drain'd* Invention, and he
That writes hereafter, doth but *pillage* thee
But thou hast *plots*, and will not the *Kirk* strain
At the *Designes* of such a *Tragick brain* ? 30
Will they themselves think safe, when they shall see
Thy most *abominable policie* ?

Will not the *Eares* assemble, and think't fit
Their *Synod fast*, and *pray*, against thy wit ?
But they'le not *tyre* in such an *idle Quest*,
Thou doest but *kill*, and *Circumvent* in *Jest*,
And when thy anger'd Muse *swells* to a blow
'Tis but for *Field's*, or *Swansteed's* overthrow
Yet shall these *Conquests* of thy *Bayes* outlive
Their *Scottish zeale*, and *Compacts* made to grieve 40
The *Peace* of *Spirits*, and when such deeds fayle
Of their foule Ends, a *faire name* is thy *Bayle*

But (happy thou !) ne'r saw'st these *stormes*, our *aire*
Teem'd with even in thy time, though *seeming faire* ,
Thy gentle *Soule* meant for the *shade*, and *ease*
Withdrew betimes into the *Land of Peace* ,
So *neasted* in some Hospitable shore
The *Hermit angler*, when the *mid-Seas* roare
Packs up his *lines*, and (ere the tempest *raves*,)
Retyres, and leaves his *station* to the *waves* 50
Thus thou diedst almost with our *peace*, and wee
This *breathing time* thy last fair *Issue* see,
Which I think such (if *needless Ink* not soyle
So *Choice a Muse*,) others are but thy *foile* ,
This, or that *age* may write, but never see
A *Wit* that dares run *Paralell* with thee
True, *B E N* must live ! but bate *him*, and thou hast
Undone all *future wits*, and match'd the *past*

Upon the *Poems* and *Playes* of the ever memorable
Mr *William Cartwright*

I did but *see* thee ! and how *vain* it is
To *vex* thee for it with *Remonstrances*,
Though *things* in fashion, let those *Judge*, who sit
49 *raves*,) GC *raves*, 1651 2 *Remonstrances*,] Remonstrances Ct

Their *twelve-pence* out, to *clap* their *hands* at *wit*,
 I fear to *Sinne* thus *neer* thee, for (*great Saint* ¹)
 'Tis known, *true beauty* hath no need of *paint*

Yet, since a *Labell* fixt to thy fair *Hearse*
 Is all the *Mode*, and *tears* put into *Verse*
 Can teach *Posterity* our present *griefe*
 And their own *losse*, but never give *reliefe*,
 I'll tell them (and a *truth* which needs no *passe*,)
 That *wit* in *Cartwright* at her *Zenith* was,
Arts, *Fancy*, *Language*, all *Conven'd* in thee,
 With those *grand Miracles* which *deifie*
 The old worlds *Writings*, kept yet from the *fire*,
 Because they *force* these worst times to *admire*
 Thy matchless *Genius*, in all thou didst write,
 Like the *Sun*, wrought with such *stayd heat*, and *light*,
 That not a *line* (to the most *Critick* he)
 Offends with *flashes*, or *obscuritie*

10

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When thou the *wild* of *humours* trackst, thy *pen*
 So Imitates that *Motley stock* in men,
 As if thou hadst in all their *bosomes* been,
 And seen those *Leopards* that lurk within
 The am'rous *Youth* steals from thy *Courtly page*
 His *vow'd Adresse*, the *Souldier* his *brave rage*,
 And those *soft beauteous Readers* whose *looks* can
 Make some men *Poets*, and make any man
 A *Lover*, when thy *Slave* but *seems* to dye,
 Turn all his *Mourners*, and melt at the *Eye*
 Thus, thou thy *thoughts* hast *drest* in such a *strain*
 As doth not only *speak*, but *rule* and *raign*,
 Nor are those *bodies* they assum'd, *dark Clouds*,
 Or a *thick bark*, but *clear*, *transparent shrouds*,
 Which who *lookes* on, the *Rays* so strongly beat
 They'l *brushe* and *warm* him with a *quickning heat*,
 So *Souls* shine at the *Eyes*, and *Pearls* display
 Through the *loose-Chrystal-streams* a *glauce of day*.
 But what's all this unto a *Royall Test*?

30

Thou art the *Man*, whom great *Charles* so exprest!
 Then let the *Crowd* refrain their *needless humme*,
 When *Thunder* speaks, then *Squibs* and *Winds* are *dumb*

40

To the best, and most accomplish'd
Couple——

Blessings as rich and fragrant crown your heads

As the mild heav'n on *Roses* sheds,
When at their Cheeks (like Pearls) they weare
The Clouds that court them in a teare,
And may they be fed from above
By him which first ordain'd your love !

Fresh as the *houres* may all your pleasures be,

And healthfull as *Eternitie* !
Sweet as the flowres *first breath*, and Close
As th'*unseen spreadings* of the Rose,
When he unfolds his Curtain'd head,
And makes his bosome the *Suns bed*

10

Soft as *your selves* run your whole lifes, and cleare

As your own *glasse*, or *what shines* there ,
Smooth as heav'ns *face*, and bright as he
When without *Mask*, or *Tiffane*,
In all your time not one *Jarre* meet
But peace as silent as his *feet*

Like the dayes *Warmth* may all your Comforts be,

Untoild for, and *Serene* as he,
Yet free and full as is that *sheafe*
Of Sun-beams gilding ev'ry leafe,
When now the *tyrant-heat* expires
And his Cool'd locks breath milder fires

20

And as those *parcell'd glories* he doth shed

Are the *faire Issues* of his head,
Which ne'r so distant are soon known
By th' *heat* and *lustre* for his own,
So may each branch of yours wee see
Your *Coppyes*, and our *Wonders* be !

30

And when no more on Earth you must remain

Invited hence to heav'n again,
Then may your vertuous, virgin-flames
Shine in those *Heires* of your fair names,
And teach the world that mysterie
Your selves in your Posteritie !

So you to both worlds shall *rich presents* bring,
And *gather'd* up to heav'n, leave here a *Spring*

An Elegie on the death of Mr R Hall,
slain at *Pontefract*, 1648

I knew it would be thus ! and my Just fears
Of thy great spirit are Improv'd to tears
Yet flow these not from any base distrust
Of a fair name, or that thy honour must
Confin'd to those cold reliques sadly sit
In the same Cell an obscure Anchorite
Such low distempers *Murther*, they that must
Abuse thee so, *weep* not, but *wound* thy dust

But I past such dimme Mourners can descrie
Thy fame above all Clouds of obloquie,
And like the Sun with his victorious rayes
Charge through that darkness to the last of dayes
'Tis true, fair *Manhood* hath a *female* Eye,
And tears are beauteous in a Victorie,
Nor are wee so high-prooffe, but grieve will find
Through all our guards a way to wound the mind,
But in thy fall what addes the brackish summe
More than a blott unto thy *Martyrdome*,
Which scorns such wretched suffrages, and stands
More by thy single worth, than our whole bands
Yet could the puling tribute rescue ought
In this sad losse, or wert thou to be brought
Back here by tears, I would in any wise
Pay down the summe, or quite Consume my Eyes
Thou fell'st our double ruine, and this rent
Forc'd in thy life shak'd both the *Church and tent*,
Learning in others steales them from the *Van*,
And basely wise *Emasculates* the man,
But lodged in thy brave soul the *bookish feat*
Serve'd only as the hight unto thy *heat*,
Thus when some quitted action, to their shame,
And only got a *discreet Cowards* name,
Thou with thy blood mad'st purchase of renown,
And diedst the glory of the *Sword and Gown*,
Thy blood hath hallow'd *Pomfret*, and this blow
(Prophan'd before) hath Church'd the Castle now

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Nor is't a Common valour we deplore,
 But such as with *fifteen a hundred* bore,
 And lightning like (not coopt within a wall)
 In stormes of *fire* and *stele* fell on them all 40
 Thou wert no *Wool-sack* souldier, nor of those
 Whose Courage lies in *winking* at their foes,
 That live at *loop-holes*, and consume their breath
 On *Match* or *Pipes*, and sometimes *peepe* at death,
 No, it were sinne to number these with thee,
 But that (thus poiz'd) our losse wee better see
 The fair and open valour was thy *shield*,
 And thy known station, the *defying field*

Yet these in thee I would not *Vertues* call,
 But that this age must know, that thou hadst all 50
 Those richer graces that adorn'd thy mind
 Like stars of the *first magnitude*, so shin'd,
 That if oppos'd unto these lesser lights
 All we can say, is this, *They were fair nights*
 Thy *Piety* and *Learning* did unite,
 And though with *Sev'rall beames* made up *one light*,
 And such thy Judgement was, that I dare swear
 Whole *Counsels* might as soon, and *Synods* erre

But all these now are out ! and as some *Star*
 Hurl'd in Diurnall motions from far, 60
 And seen to droop at night, is vainly sed
 To fall, and find an *Occidentall bed*,
 Though in that other world what wee Judge *West*
 Proves *Elevation*, and a new, fresh *East*
 So though our weaker sense denies us sight
 And bodies cannot trace the *Spirits* flight,
 Wee know those graces to be still in thee,
 But wing'd above us to eternitie
 Since then (thus flown) thou art so much refin'd,
 That we can only reach thee with the mind, 70

will not in this *dark* and *narrow glasse*
 Let thy scant *shadow* for *Perfections* passe,
 But leave thee to be read more high, more queint,
 In thy own bloud a *Souldier* and a *Saint*

—— *Salve æternum mihi maxime Palla !*
Æternumq; vale !——

To my learned friend, Mr *T Powell*, upon
His Translation of *Malvezzi's*
Christian Politician.

Wee thank you, worthy Sir, that now we see
Malvezzi languag'd like our Infancie,
And can without suspition entertain
This forraign States man to our brest or brain,
You have enlarg'd his praise, and from your store
By this Edition made his worth the more
Thus by your learned hand (amidst the *Coule*)
Outlandish plants thrive in our thankless soile,
And wise men after death, by a strange fate,
Lye *Leiguer* here, and beg to serve our *State* 10
Italy now, though *Mistris* of the *Bayes*,
Waits on this *Wreath*, proud of a forraign praise,
For, wise *Malvezzi*, thou didst lye before
Confin'd within the language of one shore,
And like those *Stars* which neer the *Poles* doe steer
Wer't but in one part of the *Globe* seen cleer,
Provence and *Naples* were the best and most
Thou couldst shine in, fixt to that single Coast,
Perhaps some *Cardinal* to be thought wise 20
And honest too, would ask, *what was thy price* ?
Then thou must pack to *Rome*, where thou mightst lye
E'r thou shouldst have new cloathes eternally,
For though so neer the *seav'n hills*, ne'rthelesse
Thou cam'st to *Antwerp* for thy *Roman* dresse ,
But now thou art come hither, thou mayst run
Through any Clime as well known as the *Sun*,
And in thy *sev'rall dresses* like the *year*
Challenge acquaintance with each peopled Sphere
Come then rare Politicians of the time,
Brains of some standing, Elders in our Clime, 30
See here the method A wise, solid state
Is quick in acting, friendly in debate,
Ioynt in advice, in resolutions just,
Mild in successe, true to the Common trust
It cements ruptures, and by gentle hand
Allayes the heat and burnings of a land,
Religion guides it, and in all the Tract
Designes so twist, that heav'n confirms the act ,

If from these lists you wander as you steere,
 Look back, and *Catechuse* your actions here, 40
 These are the *Marks* to which true States-men tend,
 And *greatness* here with *goodness* hath one End

To my worthy friend Master *T Lewes*

Sees not my friend, what a deep snow
Candies our Countries wooddy brow?
 The yeelding branch his load scarce bears
 Opprest with snow, and *frozen tears*,
 While the *dumb* rivers slowly float,
 All bound up in an *Icie Coat*
 Let us meet then ! and while this world
 In wild *Excentricks* now is hurld,
 Keep wee, like nature, the same *Key*, 10
 And walk in our forefathers way,
 Why any more cast wee an Eye
 On what *may come*, not what is *nigh*?
 Why vex our selves with *feare*, or *hope*
 And cares beyond our *Horoscope*?
 Who into future times would peere
 Looks oft beyond his terme set here,
 And cannot goe into those grounds
 Bnt through a *Church-yard* which them bounds,
 Sorrows and sighes and searches spend
 And draw our bottome to an end, 20
 But discreet Joyes lengthen the lease
 Without which life were a disease,
 And who this age a Mourner goes,
 Doth with his tears but feed his foes

To the most Excellently accomplish'd,
 Mrs *K Philips*

Say wittie fair one, from what Sphere
 Flow these rich numbers you shed here?
 For sure such *Incantations* come
 From thence, which strike your Readers dumbe
 A strain, whose measures gently meet
 Like *Virgin-lovers*, or times *feet*,

Olor Iscanus.

Where language *Smiles*, and accents rise
As quick, and pleasing as your *Eyes*,
The *Poem* smooth, and in each line
Soft as *your selfe*, yet *Masculine* , 10
Where no Coorse trifles blot the page
With matter borrow'd from the age,
But thoughts as Innocent, and high
As *Angels* have, or *Saints* that dye
These Raptures when I first did see
New miracles in Poetrie,
And by a hand, their God would misse
His *Bayes* and *Fountaines* but to kisse,
My weaker *Genius* (crosse to fashion)
Slept in a silent admiration, 20
A Rescue, by whose grave disguise
Pretenders oft have past for wise,
And yet as *Pilgrims* humbly touch
Those *Shrines* to which they bow so much,
And Clouds in Courtship flock, and run
To be the Mask unto the Sun,
So I concluded, It was true
I might at distance worship you
A *Persian* Votarie, and say
It was your light shew'd me the way 30
So *Lodestones* guide the duller *Steele*,
And high perfections are the *Wheele*
Which moves the lesse, for gifts divine
Are strung upon a *Vital line*
Which touch'd by you, Excites in all
Affections *Epidemicall*
And this made me (a truth most fit)
Adde my weak *Eccho* to your wit,
Which pardon, Lady, for Assayes
Obscure as these might blast your Bayes, 40
As Common hands soyle *Flowres*, and make
That dew they wear, *weepe* the mistake
But I'll wash off the *staine*, and vow
No *Lawrel* growes, but for your *Brow*

An Epitaph upon the Lady *Elizabeth*,
Second Daughter to his late
Majestie

Youth, Beauty, Vertue, Innocence
Heav'ns 1oyall, and select Expence,
With Virgin-tears, and sighs divine,
Sit here the *Gem* of this shrine,
Where now (thy fair soule wing'd away,)
They guard the *Casket* where she lay

Thou hadst, e'r thou the light couldst see,
Sorrowes layd up, and stor'd for thee,
Thou suck'dst in woes, and the *breasts* lent
Their *Milk* to thee, but to lament ,
Thy portion here was *griefe*, thy years
Distilld no other rain, but tears,
Tears without noise, but (understood)
As lowd, and shrill as any bloud ,
Thou seem'st a *Rose-bud* born in *Snow*,

10

A flowre of purpose sprung to bow
To headless tempests, and the rage
Of an Incensed, stormie Age
Others, e're their afflictions grow,
Are tim'd, and season'd for the blow,
But thine, as *Rhumes* the tend'rest part,
Fell on a *young* and *harmless* heart
And yet as *Balm-trees* gently spend
Their tears for those, that doe them rend,
So mild and pious thou wert seen,
Though full of *Suffrings*, free from *spleen*,
Thou didst nor murmure, nor revile,
But drank'st thy *Wormwood* with a *smile*

20

As envious Eyes blast, and Infect
And cause misfortunes by aspect,
So thy sad stars dispens'd to thee
No Influx, but Calamitie,
They view'd thee with *Eclipsed* rayes,
And but the *back side* of bright dayes

30

* * *

These were the Comforts she had here,
As by an unseen hand 'tis cleer,
Which now she reads, and smiling wears
A Crown with him, who wipes off tears

To Sir *William D'avenant*, upon
his *Gondibert*

Well, wee are rescued ¹ and by thy rare Pen
Poets shall live, when *Princes* dye like men
 Th' hast cleer'd the prospect to our harmless *Hill*,
 Of late years clouded with imputed Ill,
 And the *Soft, youthfull Couples* there may move
 As chaste as *Stars* converse and smile above
 Th' hast taught their *Language*, and their *love* to flow
 Calme as *Rose-leaves*, and coole as *Virgin-snow*,
 Which doubly feasts us, being so refin'd
 They both *delight*, and *dignifie* the mind, 10
 Like to the watnie Musick of some Spring,
 Whose pleasant flowings at once *wash* and *sing*
 And where before *Herouick Poems* were
 Made up of *Spirits, Prodigies*, and *fear*,
 And shew'd (through all the *Melancholy flight*,)
 Like some dark Region overcast with night,
 As if the Poet had been quite dismay'd,
 While only *Giants* and *Inchantments* sway'd,
 Thou like the *Sun*, whose Eye brooks no disguise
 Hast Chas'd them hence, and with Discoveries 20
 So rare and learned fill'd the place, that wee
 Those fam'd *Grandees*' find out-done by thee,
 And under foot see all those *Vizards* hurl'd,
 Which bred the wonder of the former world
 'Twas dull to sit, as our fore-fathers did,
 At *Crums* and *Voyders*, and because unbid
 Refrain wise appetite This made thy *fire*
 Break through the *ashes* of thy aged *Sire*
 To lend the world such a Convincing light
 As shewes his *fancy* darker than his sight. 30
 Nor was't alone the *bars* and *length* of dayes
 (Though those gave *strength* and *stature* to his *bayes*,)
 Encounter'd thee, but what's an old Complain't
 And kills the fancy, a *forlorn Restraint*,
 How couldst thou mur'd in solitarie stones
 Dresse *BIRTHA'S* *smiles*, though well thou might'st her *grones*?
 And, strangely Eloquent, thy self divide
 'Twixt *Sad misfortunes*, and a *Bloomie Bride*?

Through all the tenour of thy ample Song
 Spun from thy own rich store, and shar'd among
 Those fair *Adventurers*, we plainly see
 Th' *Imputed* gifts, *Inherent* are in thee
 Then live for ever (and by high desert)
 In thy own *mirrour*, matchless *Gondibert*,
 And in *bright Birtha* leave thy *love* Inshrin'd
 Fresh as her *Emrauld*, and *fair* as her *mind*,
 While all Confesse thee (as they ought to doe)
 The Prince of *Poets*, and of *Lovers* too

40

Tristum Lib 5^o Eleg 3^a
 To his fellow-Poets at *Rome*, upon the
 birth-day of *Bacchus*

This is the day (blith god of *Sack*) which wee
 If I mistake not, Consecrate to thee,
 When the soft *Rose* wee marry to the *Bayes*,
 And warm'd with thy own wine reherse thy praise,
 'Mongst whom (while to thy *Poet* fate gave way)
 I have been held no small part of the day,
 But now, dull'd with the Cold *Bears* frozen seat,
Sarmatia holds me, and the warlike *Gete*
 My former life, unlike to this my last,
 With *Romes* best wits of thy full Cup did tast,
 Who since have seen the savage *Pontick* band,
 And all the *Choler* of the Sea and Land
 Whether sad Chance, or heav'n hath this design'd,
 And at my birth some fatall Planet shin'd,
 Of right thou shouldst the *Sisters* knots undoe,
 And free thy *Votarie* and *Poet* too
 Or are you Gods (like us) in such a state
 As cannot alter the decrees of fate?
 I know with much adoe thou didst obtain
 Thy *Jovial godhead*, and on earth thy pain
 Was no whit lesse, for wandring thou didst run
 To the *Getes* too, and Snow-weeping *Strymon*,
 With *Persia*, *Ganges*, and what ever streams
 The thirsty *Moore* drinks in the mid-day beames.
 But thou wert twice-born, and the Fates to thee
 (To make all sure) doubled thy miserie,

10

20

My sufferings too are many, if it be
 Held safe for me to boast adversitie,
 Nor was't a Common blow, but from above
 Like his, that died for Imitating *Jove*,
 Which when thou heardst, a ruine so divine
 And *Mother*-like, should make thee pittie mine
 And on this day, which *Poets* unto thee
 Crown with full bowles, ask, *What's become of me?*
Help bucksome God then! so may thy lov'd *Vine*
Swarm with the num'rous grape, and *big* with Wine
 Load the kind *Elm*, and so thy *Orgyes* be
 With priests lowd showtes, and *Satyrs* kept to thee!
 So may in death *Lycurgus* ne'r be blest,
 Nor *Pentheus* wandring ghost find any rest!
 And so for ever bright (thy Chiefe desires,)
 May thy *Wifes Crown* outshine the lesser fires!
 If but now, mindfull of my love to thee,
 Thou wilt, in what thou canst, my helper be
 You *Gods* have Commerce with your selves, try then
 If *Cæsar* will restore me *Rome* agen

3c

4c

And you my trusty friends (the Jollie Crew
 Of careless *Poets*!) when, without me, you
 Perform this dayes glad Myst'ries, let it be
 Your first Appeal unto his Deitie,
 And let one of you (touch'd with my sad name)
 Mixing his wine with tears, lay down the same,
 And (sighing) to the rest this thought Commend,
O! Where is Ovid now our banish'd friend?
 This doe, if in your breasts I e'r deserv'd
 So large a share, nor spitefully reserv'd,
 Nor basely sold applause, or with a brow
 Condemning others, did my selfe allow.
 And may your happier wits grow lowd with fame
 As you (my best of friends!) preserve my name

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60

De Ponto, Lib 3º

To his friends (after his many solicitations) refusing
 to petition *Cæsar* for his releasement
 You have Consum'd my language, and my pen
 Incens'd with begging scorns to write agen
 You grant, you knew my sute My Muse, and I
 Had taught it you in frequent Elegie,

That I believe (yet seal'd) you have divin'd
Our *Repetitions*, and *forestal'd* my mind,
So that my thronging Elegies, and I
Have made you (more then *Poets*) prophesie

But I am now awak'd , forgive my dream
Which made me Crosse the *Proverb* and the *Stream*, 10

And pardon, friends, that I so long have had
Such good thoughts of you, I am not so mad
As to continue them You shall no more
Complain of troublesome *Verse*, or write o're
How I endanger you, and vex my *Wife*
With the sad legends of a banish'd life
I'll bear these plagues my selfe for I have past
Through greater ones, and can as well at last
These pettie Crosses 'Tis for some young beast
To kick his bands, or wish his neck releast 20
From the sad Yoke Know then, That as for me
Whom Fate hath us'd to such calamitie,
I scorn her spite and yours, and freely dare
The highest ills your malice can prepare

'Twas Fortune threw me hither, where I now
Rude *Getes* and *Thrace* see, with the snowie brow
Of Cloudie *Æmus*, and if she decree
Her sportive pilgrims *last bed* here must be
I am content , nay more, she cannot doe
That Act which I would not consent unto 30
I can delight in vain hopes, and desire

That state more then her *Change* and *Smiles*, then high'r
I hugge a strong *despaire*, and think it brave
To *baffle* faith, and give those hopes a *grave*
Have you not seen cur'd wounds enlarg'd, and he
That with the first wave sinks, yielding to th'free
Waters, without th'Expence of armes or breath
Hath still the easiest, and the quickest death
Why nurse I sorrows then? why these desires
Of Changing *Scythia* for the *Sun* and *fires* 40
Of some calm kinder aire? what did bewitch
My frantick hopes to flye so vain a pitch,
And thus out run my self? Mad-man! could I
Suspect fate had for me a *Courtesie*?
These errours grieve . And now I must forget
Those pleas'd *Idæa's* I did frame and set

Unto my selfe, with many fancyed *Springs*
 And *Groves*, whose only losse new sorrow brings
 And yet I would the worst of fate endure,
 E're you should be repuls'd, or lesse secure,
 But (base, low soules !) you left me not for this,
 But 'cause you durst not *Cæsar* could not misse
 Of such a trifle, for I know that he
 Scorns the *Cheap triumphs* of my miserie
 Then since (degen'rate friends) not he, but you
 Cancell my hopes, and make afflictions new,
 You shall Confesse, and fame shall tell you, I
 At *Ister* dare as well as *Tyber* dye

50

De Ponto, lib. 4^o Eleg 3^a

To his Inconstant friend, translated for
 the use of all the *Judases* of this
 touch-stone-Age

Shall I complain, or not ? Or shall I mask
 Thy hatefull name, and in this bitter task
 Master my just Impatience, and write down
 Thy crime alone, and leave the rest unknown ?
 Or wilt thou the succeeding years should see
 And teach thy person to posteritie ?
 No, hope it not, for know, most wretched man,
 'Tis not thy base and weak detraction can
 Buy thee a *Poem*, nor move me to give
 Thy name the honour in my Verse to live

10

Whilst yet my *Ship* did with no stormes dispute
 And temp'rate winds *fed* with a calme salute
 My prosp'rous sailes, thou wert the only man
 That with me then an equall fortune ran,
 But now since angry heav'n with Clouds and night
 Stifled those *Sun*-beams, thou hast ta'ne thy flight,
 Thou know'st I want thee, and art meerly gone
 To shun that rescue, I rely'd upon,
 Nay, thou dissemblest too, and doest disclame
 Not only my *Acquaintance*, but my name,
 Yet know (though deafe to this) that I am he
 Whose *years* and *love* had the same *Infance*
 With thine, Thy *deep familiar*, that did share
Soules with thee, and partake thy *Joyes* or *Care*,

20

Whom the same *Roofe* lodg'd, and my *Muse* those nights
 So solemnly endear'd to her delights ,
 But now, perfidious traitour, I am grown
 The *Abject* of thy brest, not to be known
 In that *false Closet* more , Nay, thou wilt not
 So much as let me know, I am forgot 30
 If thou wilt say, thou didst not love me, then
 Thou didst dissemble or, if love agen,
 Why now Inconstant ? came the Crime from me
 That wrought this Change ? Sure, if no Justice be
 Of my side, thine must have it Why dost hide
 Thy reasons then ? for me, I did so guide
 My selfe and actions, that I cannot see
 What could offend thee, but my miserie
 'Las ! if thou wouldst not from thy store allow
 Some rescue to my wants, at least I know 40
 Thou couldst have writ, and with a line or two
 Reliev'd my *famish'd Eye*, and eas'd me so
 I know not what to think ! and yet I hear,
 Not pleas'd with this, th'art *Witty*, and dost Jeare ,
 Bad man ! thou hast in this those tears kept back
 I could have shed for thee, shouldst thou but lack
 Know'st not that *Fortune* on a *Globe* doth stand,
 Whose *upper* shipprie part without command
 Turns *lowest* still ? the sportive leafes and wind
 Are but dull *Emblems* of her fickle mind, 50
 In the whole world there's nothing I can see
 Will thoroughly parallel her wayes, but thee
 All that we hold, hangs on a slender twine
 And our best states by sudden chance decline ,
 Who hath not heard of *Cræsus* proverb'd gold
 Yet knowes his foe did him a pris'ner hold ?
 He that once aw'd *Sulla's* proud Extent
 By a poor art could famine scarce prevent ,
 And mighty *Pompey* e'r he made an end
 Was glad to beg his slave to be his friend , 60
 Nay, he that had so oft *Romes* Consull bin,
 And forc'd *Jugurtha*, and the *Cimbrians* in,
 Great *Marius* ! with much want, and more disgrace
 In a foul Marsh was glad to hide his face
 A divine hand swayes all mankind, and wee
 Of one short houre have not the certantie ,

Hadst thou one day told me, the time should be
 When the *Getes* bowes, and th' *Euxine* I should see,
 I should have check'd thy madness, and have thought
 Th' hadst need of all *Anticura* in a draught,
 And yet 'tis come to passe! nor though I might
 Some things foresee, could I procure a sight
 Of my whole destinie, and free my state
 From those eternall, higher *eyes* of fate
 Leave then thy pride, and though now *brave* and *high*,
 Think thou mayst be as *poore* and *low* as *I*

70

Tristum Lib 3^o Eleg 3^a

To his Wife at *Rome*, when he was sick

Dearest! if you those fair Eyes (wondring) stick
 On this strange Character, know, *I am sick*
 Sick in the *skirts* of the lost world, where I
 Breath hopeless of all Comforts, but to dye
 What heart (think'st thou?) have I in this sad seat
 Tormented 'twixt the *Sauromate* and *Gete*?
 Nor *aire* nor *water* please, their very *skie*
 Looks strange and unaccustom'd to my Eye,
 I scarce dare breath it, and I know not how
 The Earth that bears me shewes unpleasant now
 Nor *Diet* here's, nor *lodging* for my Ease,
 Nor any one that *studies* a disease,
 No friend to comfort me, none to defray
 With smooth discourse the Charges of the day
 All tir'd alone I lye, and (thus) what e're
 Is absent, and at *Rome* I fancy here,
 But when thou com'st, I blot the *Airie Scrowle*,
 And give thee full possession of my soule,
 Thee (absent) I embrace, thee only *voice*,
 And night and day *bely* a Husbands Joyes,
 Nay, of thy name so oft I mention make
 That I am thought distracted for thy sake,
 When my tir'd Spirits faile, and my sick heart
 Drawes in that *fire* which actuates each part,
 If any say, th'art come! I force my pain,
 And hope to see thee, gives me life again
 Thus I for thee, whilst thou (perhaps) more blest
 Careless of me doest breath all peace and rest,

10

20

Which yet I think not, for (*Deare Soule* !) too well
 Know I thy griefe, since my first woes befell 30
 But if strict heav'n my stock of dayes hath spun
 And with my life my errour wilbe gone,
 How easie then (*O Cæsar*!) wer't for thee
 To pardon one, that now doth cease to be?
 That I might yeeld my native aire this breath,
 And banish not my ashes after death,
 Would thou hadst either spar'd me untill dead,
 Or with my bloud redeem'd my absent head,
 Thou shouldst have had both freely, but O! thou
 Wouldst have me live to dye an *Exile* now 40
 And must I then from *Rome* so far meet death,
 And double by the place my losse of breath?
 Nor in my last of houres on my own bed
 (In the sad Conflict) rest my dying head?
 Nor my soules *Whispers* (the last pledge of life,)
 Mix with the tears and kisses of a wife?
 My last words none must treasure, none will rise
 And (with a teare) seal up my vanquish'd Eyes,
 Without these *Rites* I dye, distrest in all
 The *splendid sorrowes* of a Funerall, 50
 Unpittied, and unmourn'd for, my sad head
 In a strange Land goes friendless to the dead.
 When thou hear'st this, O how thy faithfull soule
 Will sink, whilst griefe doth ev'ry part controule!
 How often wilt thou look this way, and Crie,
O where is't yonder that my love doth lye!
 Yet spare these tears, and mourn not now for me,
 Long since (*dear heart*!) have I been dead to thee,
 Think then I dyed, when *Thee* and *Rome* I lost
 That death to me more griefe then this hath Cost, 60
 Now, if thou canst (but thou canst not) *best wife*
 Rejoyce, my Cares are ended with my life,
 At least, yeeld not to sorrowes, frequent use
 Should make these miseries to thee no newes
 And here I wish my Soul died with my breath
 And that no part of me were free from death,
 For, if it be Immortall, and outlives
 The body, as *Pythagoras* believes,
 Betwixt these *Sarmates ghosts*, a *Roman* I
 Shall wander, vext to all Eternitie 70

But thou (for after death I shall be free,)
 Fetch home these bones, and what is left of me,
 A few *Flowers* give them, with some *Balme*, and lay
 Them in some *Suburb grave* haide by the way,
 And to Informe posterity, who's there,
 This sad Inscription let my marble weare,
 „ *Here lyes the soft-soul'd Lecturer of Love,*
 „ *Whose envy'd wit did his own ruine prove*
 But thou, (who e'r thou beest, that passing by
 Lendst to this *sudden stone* a *hastie Eye*,)

80

If e'r thou knew'st of *Love* the sweet disease,
 Grudge not to say, *May Ovid rest in peace* !
 This for my tombe but in my books they'l see
 More strong and lasting Monuments of mee,
 Which I believe (though fatall) will afford
 An Endless name unto their ruin'd Lord

And now thus gone, It rests for love of me
 Thou shewst some sorrow to my memoiry ,
 Thy Funerall offerings to my ashes beare
 With Wreathes of *Cypresse* bath'd in many a teare,
 Though nothing there but dust of me remain,
 Yet shall that *Dust* perceive thy pious pain
 But I have done, and my tyr'd sickly head
 Though I would fain write more, desires the bed ,
 Take then this word (perhaps my last to tell)
 Which though I want, I wish it thee, *Fare well*

90

Ausoniu Cupido, Edyl 6

In those blest fields of *Everlasting aire*
 (Where to a *Myrtle-grove* the soules repaire
 Of deceas'd *Lovers*,) the sad, thoughtfull ghosts
 Of *Injur'd Ladyes* meet, where each accoasts
 The other with a sigh, whose very breath
 Would break a heart, and (*kind Soules* !) love in death
 A thick wood clouds their *walks*, where day scarce peeps,
 And on each hand *Cypresse* and *Poppey sleepes*,
 The drowsie Rivers *slumber*, and *Springs* there
Blab not, but softly melt into a teare,
 A sickly dull aire *fans* them, which can have
 When most in force scarce breath to *build* a wave

10

On either bank through the still shades appear
 A *Scene* of pensive flowres, whose bosomes wear
 Drops of a *Lover's* bloud, the *Emblem'd* truths
 Of deep despair, and Love-slain *Kings* and *Youths*
 The *Hyacinth*, and self-enamour'd Boy
Narcissus flourish there, with *Venus* Joy
 The spruce *Adonis*, and that *Prince* whose flowre
 Hath sorrow languag'd on him to this houre , 20
 All sad with love they hang their heads, and grieve
 As if their passions in each leafe did *live* ,
 And here (*alas !*) these soft-soul'd Ladies stray,
 And (oh ! too late !) treason in love betray
 Her blasted birth sad *Semele* repeats,
 And with her *tears* would quench the thund'rers *heats*
 Then shakes her bosome, as if fir'd again,
 And fears another lightnings *flaming train*
 The lovely *Procris* (here) bleeds, sighes, and swoonds
 Then wakes, and kisses him that gave her wounds 30
 Sad *Hero* holds a torch forth, and doth light
 Her lost *Leander* through the waves and night
 Her *Boateman* desp'rate *Sapho* still admires,
 And nothing but the *Sea* can quench her *fires*
 Distracted *Phœdra* with a restless Eye
 Her disdain'd Letters reads, then casts them by
 Rare, faithfull *Thysbe* (sequestred from these)
 A silent, unseen sorrow doth best please,
 For her *Loves* sake, and last *good-night*, poor she
 Walks in the shadow of a *Mulberrie* 40
 Neer her young *Canace* with *Dido* sits
 A lovely Couple, but of desp'rate wits,
 Both dy'd alike, both pierc'd their tender breasts,
 This with her *Fathers* Sword, that with her *Guests*
 Within the thickest *textures* of the Grove
Diana in her *Silver-beams* doth rove,
 Her Crown of stars the *pitchie aire* Invades,
 And with a faint light *gilds* the silent shades,
 Whilst her sad thoughts fixt on her *sleepie Lover*
 To *Latmos* hill, and his retirements move her 50
 A thousand more through the wide, darksome wood
 Feast on their cares, the *Maudlin-Lovers* food,

For *griefe* and *absence* doe but *Edge* desire,
And Death is *fuell* to a Lovers *fire*

To see these *Trophies* of his wanton bow
Cupid comes in, and all in triumph now
(Rash, unadvised Boy !) disperseth round
The sleepe Mists, his *Wings* and *quiver* wound
With noise the quiet aire This sudden stirre
Betrayes his *godship*, and as we from far
A clouded, sickly *Moon* observe, so they
Through the *false Mists* his *Ecclyps'd torch* betray
A hot pursute they make, and though with care,
And a slow wing he softly *stems* the aire,
Yet they (as subtile now as he) surround
His silenc'd course, and with the thick night bound
Surprize the *Wag* As in a dream we strive
To *voyce* our thoughts, & vainly would revive
Our Entraunc'd tongues, but can not speech enlarge
'Till the Soule wakes and reassumes her Charge,
So joyous of their *Prize*, they flock about
And vainly *Swell* with an *Imagin'd* shout

60

70

Far in these shades, and melancholy Coasts
A *Myrtle* growes, well known to all the ghosts,
Whose stretch'd top (like a *great man* rais'd by Fate)
Looks big, and scorns his neighbours low estate,
His *leavy arms* into a *green Cloud* twist,
And on each Branch doth *sit* a lazie mist
A fatall tree, and luckless to the gods,
Where for *disdain* in life (loves *worst* of *Ods*,)
The *Queen* of shades, fair *Proserpine* did rack
The sad *Adams*, hither now they pack
This little *God*, where, first disarm'd, they *bind*
His skittish wings, then both his hands behind
His back they tye, and thus secur'd at last
The *peevish wanton* to the tree make fast
Here at adventure without *Judge* or *Junie*
He is condemn'd, while with united furie
They all assaile him, As a thiefe at Bar
Left to the Law, and mercy of his Star,
Hath *Bills* heap'd on him, and is question'd there
By all the men that have been rob'd that year,

80

90

So now what ever *Fate*, or their own *Will*
 Scor'd up in life, *Cupid* must pay the bill
 Their *Servants* falshood, Jealousie, disdain,
 And all the plagues that *abus'd Maids* can feign,
 Are layd on him, and then to heighten spleen
 Their own deaths crown the summe Prest thus between
His faire accusers, 'tis at last decreed,
 He by those weapons, that they died, should bleed 100
 One grasps an *airie Sword*, a second holds
 Illusive *fire*, and in *vain*, wanton folds
 Belyes a flame , Others lesse kind appear
 To let him bloud, and from the purple tear
 Create a *Rose* But *Sapho* all this while
 Harvests the aire, and from a thicken'd pile
 Of Clouds like *Leucas-top*, spreads underneath
 A *Sea of Mists*, the peacefull billowes breath
 Without all noise, yet so exactly move
 They seem to *Chide*, but distant from above 110
 Reach not the eare, and (thus prepar'd) at once
 She doth o'rwhelm him with the *airie Sconce*
 Amidst these tumults, and as fierce as they
Venus steps in, and without thought, or stay
 Invades her *Son* , her old disgrace is cast
 Into the *Bill*, when *Mars* and *Shee* made *fast*
 In their Embraces were expos'd to all
 The *Scene* of gods stark naked in their *fall*
 Nor serves a *verball* penance, but with hast
 From her fair brow (O happy flowres so plac'd !)
 She tears a *Rosie garland*, and with this 120
 Whips the *untoward Boy*, they gently kisse
 His *snowie skin*, but she with angry hast
 Doubles her strength, untill bedew'd at last
 With a thin bloudie sweat, their *Innate Red*,
 (As if griev'd with the Act) grew pale and dead
 This *layd* their spleen And now (*kind soules* !) no more
 They'l punish him, the torture that he bore,
 Seems greater then his crime , with joynt Consent
Fate is made guilty, and *he* Innocent 130
 As in a dream with dangers we contest,
 And *fictious pains* seem to afflict our rest,
 So frighted only in these shades of night
Cupid (got loose) stole to the upper light,

Where ever since (for malice unto these)
 The *spitefull Ape* doth either *Sea* displease
 But O that had these *Ladyes* been so wise
 To keep his *Arms*, and give him but his *Eyes* !

Boet Lib 1 Metrum 1

I whose first year flourish'd with youthfull verse,
 In slow, sad numbers now my grieve rehearse ,
 A broken stile my sickly lines afford,
 And only tears give weight unto my words ,
 Yet neither fate nor force my Muse cou'd fright
 The only faithfull Consort of my flight ,
 Thus what was once my green years greatest glorie,
 Is now my Comfort, grown decay'd and hoarie,
 For killing Cares th'Effects of age spurr'd on
 That grieve might find a fitting Mansion , 10
 O'r my young head runs an untimely gray,
 And my loose skin shrinks at my blouds decay
 Happy the man ! whose death in prosp'rous years
 Strikes not, nor shuns him in his age and tears
 But O how deafe is she to hear the Crie
 Of th' opprest Soule, or shut the weeping Eye !
 While treacherous Fortune with slight honours fed
 My first estate, she almost drown'd my head,
 But now since (clouded thus) she hides those rayes,
 Life adds unwelcom'd length unto my dayes , 20
 Why then, my friends, Judg'd you my state so good ?
 He that may fall once, never firmly stood

Metrum 2

O in what haste with Clouds and Night
Eclips'd, and having lost her light,
 The dull Soule whom distraction rends
 Into outward Darkness tends !
 How often (by these mists made blind,)
 Have earthly cares opprest the mind !
 This Soule sometimes wont to survey
 The spangled *Zodacks fire way*
 Saw th'early Sun in Roses drest
 With the Coole Moons unstable Crest, 10

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And whatsoever wanton Star
 In various Courses neer or far
 Pierc'd through the orbs, he cou'd full well
 Track all her Journey, and would tell
 Her Mansions, turnings, Rise and fall,
 By Curious Calculation all
 Of sudden winds the hidden Cause,
 And why the Calm Seas quiet face
 With Impetuous waves is Curld,
 What spirit wheelles th'harmonious world, 20
 Or why a Star dropt in the *West*
 Is seen to rise again by *East*,
 Who gives the warm Spring temp'rate houres
 Decking the Earth with spicie flowres,
 Or how it Comes (for mans recruit)
 That Autumne yeelds both Grape and fruit,
 With many other Secrets, he
 Could shew the Cause and Myserie
 But now that light is almost out,
 And the brave Soule lyes Chain'd about 30
 With outward Cares, whose pensive weight
 Sinks down her Eyes from their first height,
 And clean Contrary to her birth
 Poares on this vile and foolish Earth

Metrum 4

Whose calme soule in a settled state
 Kicks under foot the frowns of Fate,
 And in his fortunes bad or good
 Keeps the same temper in his bloud,
 Not him the flaming Clouds above,
 Nor *Aetna's* fierie tempests move,
 No fretting seas from shore to shore
 Boyling with Indignation o're
 Nor burning thunderbolt that can
 A mountain shake, can stirre this man 10
 Dull Cowards then ' why should we start
 To see these tyrants act their part?
 Nor hope, nor fear what may befall
 And you disarm their malice all

But who doth faintly fear, or wish
 And sets no law to what is his,
 Hath lost the buckler, and (poor Elfe ')
 Makes up a Chain to bind himselfe

Metrum 5

O thou great builder of this starrie frame
 Who fixt in thy eternall throne dost tame
 The rapid Spheres, and lest they jarre
 Hast giv'n a law to ev'ry starre '
 Thou art the Cause that now the Moon
 With full orbe dulls the starres, and soon
 Again growes dark, her light being done,
 The neerer still she's to the Sun
 'I hou in the early hours of night
 Mak'st the coole Evening-star shine bright,
 And at Sun-rising ('cause the least)
 Look pale and sleepe in the East
 Thou, when the leafes in Winter stray,
 Appointst the Sun a shorter way,
 And in the pleasant Summer-light
 With nimble houres doest wing the night
 Thy hand the various year quite through
 Discreetly tempers, that what now
 The North-wind tears from ev'ry tree
 In Spring again restor'd we see
 Then what the *winter-starrs* between
 The furrowes in meer seed have seen
 The Dog-star since (grown up and born)
 Hath burnt in stately, full-ear'd Corn

10

20

Thus by Creations law controll'd
 All things their proper stations hold
 Observing (as thou didst intend)
 Why they were made, and for what end.
 Only humane actions thou
 Hast no Care of, but to the flow
 And Ebbe of Fortune leav'st them all,
 Hence th' Innocent endures that thrall
 Due to the wicked, whilst alone
 They sit possessours of his throne,

30

The Just are kill'd, and Vertue lyes
 Buried in obscurities,
 And (which of all things is most sad)
 The good man suffers by the bad
 No perjuries, nor damn'd pretence
 Colour'd with holy, lying sense
 Can them annoy, but when they mind
 To try their force, which most men find,
 They from the highest sway of things
 Can pull down great, and pious Kings
 O then at length, thus loosely hurl'd
 Look on this miserable world
 Who e'r thou art, that from above
 Doest in such order all things move !
 And let not man (of divine art
 Not the least, nor vilest part)
 By Casuall evils thus bandied, be
 The sport of fates obliquitie
 But with that faith thou guid'st the heaven,
 Settle this Earth, and make them even

40

50

Metrum 6

When the Crabs fierce Constellation
 Burns with the beams of the bright Sun,
 Then he that will goe out to sowe,
 Shall never reap where he did plough,
 But in stead of Corn may rather
 The old worlds diet, Accorns gather
 Who the Violet doth love
 Must seek her in the flowrie grove,
 But never when the *Norths* cold wind
 The *Russet* fields with frost doth bind
 If in the Spring-time (to no end)
 The tender Vine for Grapes we bend,
 Wee shall find none, for only (still)
 Autumne doth the Wine-presses fill
 Thus for all things (in the worlds prime)
 The wise God seal'd their proper time,
 Nor will permit those seasons he
 Ordain'd by turns, should mingled be

10

Then whose wild actions out of season
 Crosse to nature, and her reason,
 Would by new wayes old orders rend,
 Shall never find a happy End

20

Metrum 7

Curtain'd with Clouds in a dark night
 The Stars cannot send forth their light
 And if a sudden Southern blast
 The Sea in rolling waves doth cast,
 That angrie Element doth boile,
 And from the deep with stormy Coile
 Spues up the Sands, which in short space
 Scatter, and puddle his Curl'd face,
 Then those Calme waters, which but now
 Stood clear as heavens unclouded brow,
 And like transparent glasse did lye
 Open to ev'ry searchers Eye,
 Look foulely stirr'd, and (though desir'd)
 Resist the sight, because bemi'r'd,
 So often from a high hills brow
 Some Pilgrim spring is seen to flow,
 And in a straight line keep her Course
 'Till from a Rock with headlong force
 Some broken peece blocks up her way
 And forceth all her streams astray

10

20

Then thou that with inlightned Rayes,
 Wouldst see the truth, and in her wayes
 Keep without *Errour*, neither fear
 The future, nor too much give ear
 To present Joyes, And give no scope
 To grieve, nor much to flatt'ring hope
 For when these Rebels raig, the mind
 Is both a Pris'ner, and stark blind

Lsb 2. Metrum 1

Fortune (when with rash hands she quite turmoiles
 The state of things, and in tempestuous foiles
 Comes whirling like *Euripus*,) beats quite down
 With headlong force the highest Monarchs crown
 And in his place unto the throne doth fetch
 The despis'd looks of some mechanick wretch

So Jests at tears and miseries, is proud,
And laughs to hea her vassals grone aloud
These are her sports, thus she her wheele doth diue
And plagues man with her blind prerogative , 10
Nor is't a favour of Inferiour strain,
If once kickt down, she lets him rise again

Metrum 2

If with an open, bounteous hand
(Wholly left at Mans Command)
Fortune should in one rich flow
As many heaps on him bestow
Of massie gold, as there be sands
Tost by the waves and winds rude bands,
Or bright stars in a Winter night
Decking their silent Orbs with light,
Yet would his lust know no restraints,
Nor cease to weep in sad Complaints 10
Though heaven should his vowes regard,
And in a prodigall reward
Return him all he could implore,
Adding new honours to his store,
Yet all were nothing Goods in sight
Are scorn'd, and lust in greedy flight
Layes out for more , What measure then
Can tame these wild desires of men ?
Since all wee give both last and first
Doth but inflame, and feed their thirst ; 20
For how can he be rich, who 'midst his store
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poore

Metrum 3.

When the Sun from his Rosie bed
The dawning light begins to shed,
The drowsie sky uncurtains round,
And the (but now bright) stars all drown'd
In one great light, look dull and tame,
And homage his victorious flame.
Thus, when the warm *Etesian* wind
The Earth's seald bosome doth unbind,

Straight she her various store discloses,
 And purples every Grove with Roses ,
 But if the Souths tempestuous breath
 Breaks forth, those blushes pine to death
 Oft in a quiet sky the deep
 With unmov'd waves seems fast asleep,
 And oft again the blustering North
 In angrie heaps provokes them forth

10

If then this world, which holds all Nations,
 Suffers it selfe such alterations,
 That not this mighty, massie frame,
 Nor any part of it can Claime
 One certain course, why should man prate,
 Or Censure the designs of Fate ?
 Why from fraile honours, and goods lent
 Should he expect things permanent ?

20

Since 'tis enacted by divine decree
 That nothing mortall shall eternall be

Metrum 4

Who wisely would for his retreat
 Build a secure and lasting seat,
 Where stov'd in silence he may sleep
 Beneath the *Wind*, above the *Deep* ,
 Let him th' high hils leave on one hand,
 And on the other the false sand ,
 The first to winds lyes plain and even
 From all the blustering points of heaven ,
 The other hollow and unsure,
 No weight of building will endure
 Avoyding then the envied state
 Of buildings bravely situate,
 Remember thou thy selfe to lock
 Within some low neglected Rock ,
 There when fierce heaven in thunder Chides,
 And winds and waves rage on all sides,
 Thou happy in the quiet fense
 Of thy poor Cell with small Expençe
 Shall lead a life serene and faire,
 And scorn the anger of the aire

10

20

Metrum 5

Happy that first white age ¹ when wee
 Lived by the Earths meere Charitie,
 No soft luxurious Diet then
 Had Effeminated men,
 No other meat, nor wine had any
 Then the Course Mast, or simple honey,
 And by the Parents care layd up
 Cheap *Berries* did the Children sup
 No pompous weare was in those dayes
 Of gummie Silks, or Skarlet bayes, 10
 Their beds were on some flowrie brink
 And clear Spring-water was their drink
 The shadie Pine in the Suns heat
 Was their Coole and known Retreat,
 For then 'twas not cut down, but stood
 The youth and glory of the wood
 The daring Sailer with his slaves
 Then had not cut the swelling waves,
 Nor for desire of forraign store
 Seen any but his native shore 20
 No stirring Drum had scarr'd that age,
 Nor the shrill Trumpets active rage,
 No wounds by bitter hatred made
 With warm bloud soil'd the shining blade,
 For how could hostile madness arm
 An age of love to publick harm?
 When Common Justice none withstood,
 Nor sought rewards for spilling bloud
 O that at length our age would raise
 Into the temper of those dayes ¹ 30
 But (worse then *Aetna's* fires ¹) debate
 And Avarice inflame our state
 Alas ¹ who was it that first found
 Gold hid of purpose under ground,
 That sought out Pearles, and div'd to find
 Such pretious perils for mankind ¹

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Metrum 6

He that thirsts for glories prize,
 Thinking that the top of all
 Let him view th'Expanded skies,
 And the Earths Contracted ball,
 'Twill shame him then, the name he wan
 Fils not the short *walk* of one man

2

O why vainly strive you then
 To shake off the bands of Fate,
 Though fame through the world of men
 Should in all tongues your names relate, 10
 And with proud titles swell that storie
 The Darke grave scorns your brightest glorie

3

There with Nobles beggers sway,
 And Kings with Commons share one dust,
 What newes of *Brutus* at this day,
 Or *Fabricius* the Just?
 Some rude *Verse* Cut in stone, or led
 Keeps up the names, but they are dead

4

So shall you, one day (past reprieve)
 Lye (perhaps) without a name, 20
 But if dead you think to live
 By this aire of humane fame,
 Know, when time stops that posthume breath,
 You must endure a second death

Metrum 7

That the world in constant *force*
 Varies her *Concordant course* ,
 That *seeds* jarring *hot* and *cold*
 Doe the *breed* perpetuall hold ,
 That in his golden Coach the *Sun*
 Brings the *Rosie day* still on ,
 That the *Moon* swayes all those *lights*
 Which *Hesper* ushers to *dark nights*

19 shall you, *M* shall, you 165x shall you *GC*

That *alternale tydes* be found
 The Seas *ambitious* waves to bound, 10
 Lest o'r the wide Earth without End
 Their *fluid Empire* should extend,
 All this frame of *things* that be,
 Love which rules *Heaven, Land, and Sea,* }
 Chains, keeps, orders as we see
 This, if the rames he once cast by,
 All things that now by turns comply,
 Would fall to discord, and this frame
 Which now by sociall faith they tame,
 And comely orders in that fight 20
 And jarre of things would perish quite
 This in a holy league of peace
 Keeps King and People with Increease,
 And in the sacred nuptiall bands
 Tyes up chast hearts with willing hands,
 And this keeps firm without all doubt
 Friends by his bright Instinct found out
 O happy Nation then were you
 If love which doth all things subdue,
 That rules the spacious heav'n, and brings 30
 Plenty and Peace upon his wings,
 Might rule you too ! and without guile
 Settle once more this floting Ile !

Castimirus, Lib 4 Ode 28

All-mighty *Spirit* ! thou that by
 Set *turns* and *changes* from thy high
 And glorious *throne*, dost here below
 Rule all, and all things dost *foreknow* ,
 Can those *bluud plots* wee here discusse
 Please thee, as thy *wise Counsels* us ?
 When thou thy *blessings* here dost strow,
 And poure on *Earth*, we flock and flow
 With *Joyous strife*, and *eager care*
 Strugling which shall have the best share 10
 In thy *rich gifts*, just as we see
Children about *Nuts* disagree
 Some that a *Crown* have got and foyl'd
Break it , Another sees it *spoil'd*

E're it is *gotten* Thus the *world*
 Is all to *peece-meals* cut, and hurl'd
 By *factions hands*, It is a *ball*
 Which *Fate* and *force* divide 'twixt all
 The *Sons of men* But ô good God !
 While these for *dust* fight, and a *Clod*,
 Grant that poore I may *smile*, and be
 At rest, and *perfect peace* with thee

20

Casimirus, Lib 2 Ode 8

It would lesse vex *distressed man*
 If *Fortune* in the same *pace* ran
 To *ruine* him, as he did *rise* ,
 But highest *states* fall in a trice
 No *great Successe* held ever *long*
 A restless *fate* afflicts the throng
 Of *Kings* and *Commons*, and lesse dayes
 Serve to *destroy* them, then to *raise*
Good luck *smiles* once an age, but *bad*
 Makes *Kingdomes* in a *minute* sad,
 And ev'ry *houre of life* wee drive,
 Hath o're us a *Prerogative*

10

Then leave (by *wild Impatience* driv'n,
 And *rash resents*,) to rayle at *heav'n*,
 Leave an *unmanly, weak complaint*
 That *Death* and *Fate* have no restraint
 In the same *houre* that gave thee *breath*,
 Thou hadst ordain'd thy *houre of death*,
 But *he* lives *most*, who here will *buy*
 With a few tears, *Eternitie*

20

Casimirus, Lib 3 Ode 22

Let not thy *youth* and *false delights*
 Cheat thee of *life* , Those *heady flights*
 But wast thy *time*, which posts away
 Like *winds* unseen, and swift as they
Beauty is but meer *paint*, whose *die*
 With times *breath* will *dissolve* and *flye*,
 'Tis *wax*, 'tis *water*, 'tis a *glasse*
 It *melts*, *breaks*, and away doth *passe*

'Tis like a *Rose* which in the *dawne*
 The *aire* with gentle breath doth *fawne* 10
 And *whisper* too, but in the *houres*
 Of *night* is sullied with smart *showres*
Life spent, is wish'd for but in vain,
 Nor can past *years* come back again

Happy the *Man* ! who in this *vale*
 Redeems his time, shutting out all
Thoughts of the *world*, whose *longing Eyes*
 Are ever *Pilgrims* in the *skyes*,
 That views his *bright home*, and desires
 To *shine* amongst those *glorious fires* 20

Casimirus Lyric Lib 3 Ode 23

'Tis not *rich furniture* and *gems*
 With *Cedar-roofes*, and ancient *stems*,
 Nor yet a *plenteous, lasting floud*
 Of *gold*, that makes man *truly good*
 Leave to Inquire in what *faire fields*
 A *River* runs which *much gold* yeelds,
Vertue alone is the *rich prize*
 Can purchase *stars*, and buy the *skies*
 Let others build with *Adamant*,
 Or pillars of *carv'd Marble* plant, 10
 Which *rude* and *rough* sometimes did dwell
 Far under *earth*, and neer to *hell*
 But *richer* much (from *death* releast)
 Shines in the *fresh groves* of the *East*
 The *Phoenix*, or those *fish* that dwell
 With *silver'd scales* in *Hiddekel*
 Let others with rare, various *Pearls*
 Their *garments dresse*, and in *forc'd Curis*
 Bind up their *locks*, look *big* and *high*,
 And shine in *robes* of *Scarlet-dye* 20
 But in my thoughts more *glorious* far
 Those *native stars*, and *speckles* are
 Which *birds* wear, or the *spots* which wee
 In *Leopards* dispersed see
 The harmless *sheep* with her warm *fleece*
 Cloathes *man*, but who his *dark heart* sees
 Shall find a *Wolfe* or *Fox* within
 That kills the *Castor* for his *skin*

Vertue alone, and nought else can
 A difference make 'twixt *beasts* and *man*,
 And on her *wings* above the *Spheres*
 To the *true light* his *spirit* bears

30

Casimirus, Lib 4 Ode 15

Nothing on *Earth*, nothing at all
 Can be exempted from the *thrall*
 Of peevish *weariness* ! The *Sun*
 Which our *fore-fathers* Judg'd to run
Clear and *unspotted*, in our *dayes*
 Is tax'd with *sullen*, *Eclips'd* *rayes*
 What ever in the *glorious skie*
Man sees, his rash, *audacious Eye*
 Dares Censure it, and in meer *spite*
 At *distance* will condemn the *light*
 The *wholsome mornings*, whose *beams* cleer
 Those *hills* our *fathers* walkt on here
 Wee fancy not, nor the *Moons* light
 Which through their *windows* shin'd at *night*,
 Wee change the *Aire* each year, and scorn
 Those *Seates*, in which we first were *borne*
 Some nice, affected *wand'ers* love
Belgia's mild winters, others remove
 For want of *health* and *honestie*
 To *Summer* it in *Italie* ,
 But to no end The *disease* still
 Sticks to his *Lord*, and kindly will
 To *Venice* in a *Barge* repaire,
 Or *Coach* it to *Vienna's* aire,
 And then (too late with *home* Content,)
 They leave this *wilfull banishment*

10

20

But he, whose *Constance* makes sure
 His *mind* and *manston*, lives secure
 From such *vain tasks*, can *dine* and *sup*
 Where his *old parents* bred him up
Content (no doubt !) most times doth dwell
 In *Country-shades*, or to some *Cell*
 Confines it selfe, and can alone
 Make simple *straw*, a Royall *Throne*

30

Casimirus, Lib 4 Ode 13

If *weeping Eyes* could wash away
 Those *Evils* they mourn for *night and day*,
 Then gladly I to *cure* my *fears*
 With my best *Jewells* would buy *tears*
 But as *dew* feeds the growing *Corn*,
 So *Crosses* that are grown *forlorn*
Increase with *griefe*, *teares* make *teares* way,
 And *cares* kept up, keep *cares* in *pay*
 That *wretch* whom *Fortune* finds to *feare*,
 And *melting* still into a *teare*,
 She *strikes* more *boldly*, but a *face*
Silent and *drie* doth her *amaze*
 Then leave thy *teares*, and tedious *tale*
 Of what thou doest *misfortunes* call,
 What thou by *weeping* think'st to *ease*,
 Doth by that *Passion* but *Increase* ,
Hard things to *Soft* will never yield,
 'Tis the *drie Eye* that wins the field ,
 A noble *patience* quells the *spite*
 Of *Fortune*, and *disarms* her quite

10

20

The Praise of a Religious life by

Mathias Casimirus

In Answer to that Ode of *Horace*,

Beatus Ille qui procul negotiis, &c

Flaccus not so That worldly *He*
 Whom in the Countreys *shade* we see
 Ploughing his own *fields*, seldome can
 Be justly stil'd, *The Blessed man*
 That title only fits a *Saint*,
 Whose free thoughts far above restraint
 And weighty *Cares*, can gladly part
 With *house* and *lands*, and leave the smart
 Litigious troubles, and lowd strife
 Of this world for a better life
 He fears no *Cold*, nor *heat* to blast
 His *Corn*, for his *Accounts* are cast,

10

He *sues* no man, nor stands in Awe
 Of the *devouring Courts* of Law ,
 But all his time he spends in *tears*
 For the *Sins* of his youthfull years,
 Or having tasted those *rich Joyes*
 Of a Conscience without *noyse*
 Sits in some fair *shade*, and doth give
 To his *wild thoughts* rules how to live

20

He in the *Evening*, when on high
 The *Stars* shine in the *silent skye*
 Beholds th'*eternall flames* with mirth,
 And *globes of light* more large then *Earth*,
 Then weeps for *Joy*, and through his tears
 Looks on the *fire-enamel'd Spheres*,
 Where with his *Saviour* he would be
 Lifted above mortalitie
 Mean while the *golden stars* doe set,
 And the *slow-Pilgrim* leave all wet

30

With his own tears, which flow so fast
 They make his *sleeps* light, and soon past
 By this, the *Sun* o're night *deceast*
 Breaks in *fresh Blushes* from the *East*,
 When mindfull of his former *falls*
 With *strong Cries* to his *God* he calls,
 And with such *deep-drawn sighes* doth move
 That he turns *anger* into *love*
 In the Calme *Spring*, when the Earth *bears*,

40

And feeds on *Aprils breath*, and *tears*,
 His Eyes accustom'd to the *skyes*
 Find here *fresh objects*, and like *spyes*
 Or busie *Bees* search the soft *flowres*
 Contemplate the *green fields*, and *Bowres*,
 Where he in *Veyles*, and *shades* doth see
 The *back Parts* of the *Deutye*
 Then sadly sighing sayes, „ O how
 „ These *flowres* With *hasty, stretch'd heads* grow
 „ And *strve for heav'n*, but *rooted here*
 „ *Lament the distance with a teare!*

50

„ The *Honey-suckles* Clad in *white*,
 „ The *Rose* in *Red* point to the *light*,
 „ And the *Lillies* hollow and *bleak*
 „ *Look, as if they would something speak,*

„ They sigh at night to each soft gale,
 „ And at the day-spring weep it all.
 „ Shall I then only (*wretched I*!)
 „ Opprest with Earth, on Earth still lye?
 Thus speaks he to the neighbour trees
 And many sad *Sohloques*
 To *Springs*, and *Fountaines* doth impart,
 Seeking God with a longing heart
 But if to ease his busie breast
 He thinks of *home*, and taking rest,
 A *Rurall Cott*, and *Common fare*
 Are all his *Cordials* against *Care*
 There at the *doore* of his low *Cell*
 Under some *shade*, or neer some *Well*
 Where the *Coole Poplar* growes, his *Plate*
 Of Common *Earth*, without more *state*
 Expect their *Lord Salt* in a *shell*,
 Green *Cheese*, thin *beere*, *Draughts* that will *teul*
 No *Tales*, a *hospitable Cup*,
 With some *fresh berries* doe make up
 His healthfull feast, nor doth he wish
 For the fatt *Carp*, or a rare dish
 Of *Lucrine Oysters*, The swift *Quist*
 Or *Pigeon* sometimes (if he list)
 With the *slow Goose* that loves the *stream*,
 Fresh, various *Sallads*, and the *Bean*
 By Curious *Pallats* never sought,
 And to Close with, some Cheap unbought
 Dish for *digestion*, are the most
 And Choicest *dainties* he can *boast*
 Thus feasted, to the *flowrie Groves*,
 Or pleasant *Rivers* he removes,
 Where neer some *fair Oke* hung with Mast
 He shuns the *Souths* Infectious blast
 On shadie *banks* sometimes he lyes,
 Sometimes the open *Current tries*,
 Where with his *line* and *feather'd flye*
 He sports, and takes the *Scaly frie*
 Mean-while each *hollow wood* and *hill*
 Doth ring with *lowings* long and shrill,

60

70

80

90

And shadie *Lakes* with *Rivers* deep,
Eccho the *bleating* of the *Sheep*
 The *Black-bird* with the pleasant *Thrush*
 And *Nightingale* in ev'ry Bush
 Choice *Musick* give, and *Shepherds* play
 Unto their *flocks* some loving *Lay*, 100
 The thirsty *Reapers* in thick throngs
 Return home from the *field* with Songs,
 And the *Carts* loden with ripe *Corn*
 Come groning to the well-stor'd *Barn*
 Nor passe wee by as the least good,
 A *peacefull*, loving *neighbourhood*,
 Whose *honest Wit*, and *Chast discourse*
 Make none (by hearing it) the *worse*,
 But *Innocent* and merry may
 Help (without *Sin*) to spend the day 110
 Could now the *Tyrant-usurer*
 Who *plots* to be a *Purchaser*
 Of his poor neighbours *seat*, but taste
 These *true delights*, ô with what haste
 And hatred of his wayes would he
 Renounce his *fewish Crueltie*,
 And those *Curs'd summes* which poor men borrow
 On *use* to day, *remit* to morrow !

Ad fluvium Iscam

Isca parens florum, placido qui spumeus ore
Lambis lapillos aureos,
Qui mæstos hyacinthos, & picti dædæa tophi
Mulces susurris humidis,
Dumq; novas pergunt menses Consumere Lunæ
Cælumq; mortales terit,
Accumulas cum Sole dies, ævumq; per omne
Fidelis Induras latex,
O quis Inaccessos & quali murmure lucos
Murumq; Solaris nemus ! 10
Per te discerpti credo Thracis ire querelas
Plectrumq; divini senis

*Venerabili viro, præceptori suo olim
& semper Colendissimo M^{ro}
Mathæo Herbert*

*Quod vixi, Mathæe, dedit Pater, hæc tamen olim
Vita fluat, nec erit fas meminisse datam
Ultrà Curâsti Solers, perituraq; mecum
Nomina post Cineres das resonare meos
Divide discipulum brevis hæc & lubrica nostri
Pars vertat Patri, Posthuma vita tibi*

*Præstantissimo viro, Thomæ Poello in
suum de Elementis opticæ libellum*

*Vivaces oculorum Ignes & lumina dia
Fixit in angusto maximus orbe Deus,
Ille Explorantes radios dedit, & vaga lustia
In quibus Intuitûs lexq; modusq; latent
Hos tacitos Jactus, lususq; volubilis orbis
Pingis in Exiguo, magne Poelle, libro,
Excursusq; situsq; ut Lynceus opticus, edis
Quotq; modis fallunt, quotq; adhibenda fides
Æmula naturæ manus! & mens Conscia cæli!
Illa videre dedit, vestra videre docet*

10

Ad Echum

*O Quæ frondosæ per amœna Cubilia sylvæ
Nympha volas, luoq; loquax spatiaris in alto,
Annosi numen nemoris, saltusq; verendi
Effatum, cui sola placent postrema relatu!
Te per Narcissi morientis verba, precesq;
Per pueri Lassatam animam, & Conamina vitæ
Ultima, palantisq; precor suspiria lingvæ
Da quo secreta hæc Incædua devia sylvæ,
Anfractusq; loci dubios, & lustra repandam
Sic tibi perpetuâ (meritoq;) hæc regna Juventâ
Luxurient, dabiturq; tuis, sinè fine, viretis*

10

Præstantissimo viro 1 *Ignes*] *Ignes, El Opt* 2 *Deus,*] *Deus, El Opt*
6 *magne*] *docte El Opt* 7 *Excursusq; situsq;* (ut *Lynceus opticus*) *edis,*
El. Opt
Ad Echum 4 *relatu Er relatus* 1651 5 *Te per Er Per te* 1651

Intactas *Lunæ* lachrymas, & *lambere* rorem
Virgineum, *Cæliq;* animas *haurire tepentis*
Nec cedant ævo stellis, *sed lucida semper*
Et satiata sacio æterni medicamine *veris*
Ostendant longè vegetos, *ut Sydera,* vultus !
Sic spiret Muscata Comas, & *Cynnama passim !*
Diffundat levis umbra, in funere qualia spargit
Phœnicis rogi aut Pancheæ nubila *flammæ !*

OF THE BENEFIT

Wee may get by our
ENEMIES.

A DISCOURSE

Written originally in the
Greek by *Plutarchus Chæronensis*,
translated in to Latin by *I Reynolds* Dⁱ
of Divinitie and lecturer of the Greeke Tongue
in *Corpus Christi* College In Oxford

Englisbed By H V Silurist

——*Dolus, an virtus quis in hoste requirat.*

——*fas est, et ab hoste doceri*

LONDON.

Printed for *Humphry Moseley* and are to
be sold at his shop at the signe of the
Princes Armes in St Pauls
Church-yard, 1651

Of the Benefit we may get by our Enemies.

I observe thee, O *Cornelius Pulcher*, though wholly given to a quiet and calme course of life, Sequestred from all Publique employments yet out of that stillnesse, and most private Recession to afford much fruit and satisfaction to the Publique, while with so much sweetnes of carriage, and a kind of Native complacency thou entertainest all comers, whose hazardous affairs cast them of necessity upon thy most tender Retirements And (indeed) true it is, that such a Region, not pestered with Salvages, or Venomous beasts (as the report is of *Crete*) may be easily found, But a Common-wealth not distempered with Envy, Emulation, Ambitious
 heates, and Contentions (out of which, Enmity and Warres at last
 breake forth) could never yet be found For if nothing else, yet in proces of time (which corrupts all things) our very Friendship and Sociablenes would bring us into Distastes and Enmity And this it was that *Chilo* the wise thought upon, when hearing one affirme That he had not an Enemy in the World, he return'd upon him this Quere, *If he had ever a Friend?* But in my opinion (as to the use now to be made of Enemies) there are in that point many other *Secrets* which more concerne a *Prince*, and (as he is to sway a Common-wealth burthen'd with a various and vicious
 multitude) of more advantage and necessity to be considered And amongst those, I thinke that not the least, which *Xenophon* hath left us recorded in this saying, *That it is the part of a Wise man, to derrove Profit from his very Enemies* Upon this very Consideration (coming but of late into my mind) I resolved to make some search and discussion, which now finished, in as few words as the matter would permit, I have sent you to peruse, wherein also, you shall find this care taken, that (as far as it might be) I have avoided to touch upon any Observations formerly given you in my Civill precepts, because I have already found you a very
 familiar Student in those papers

24 this catchword 165x his text 165x 25 into G nto 165x

Mankind in that first age of the world thought it well enough with them, if they could but so keep, as not to be hurt by those many fierce, and divers kinds of wild beasts, with which the earth was then replenished, and this was the period of their achievements, *To defend themselves* But one day teaching another, and Posterity growing more wary than their Fathers, It was found out, that those very Creatures which their Ancestors deemed noysome and hurtfull, were of speciall use and comodiousnes unto man, so that afterwards they were not only not hurt by them, but very
 10 much helpt They fed upon their flesh, made Garments of their hair, preservatives of their blood, milk, and gaule, and defensive Arms of their skins So that it is now much to be feared, that if Man were deprived of those Creatures, he would be driven to a subsistance more sordid and rude than the beasts themselves Seeing then it is sufficient to some, to receive no damage from their Enemies, but the wise (as *Zenophon* affirms) will also derive profit from them, we must not now turn Infidels to his position, or crie it down for a *Paradox*, but rather make diligent Inquire for that secret, whereby those may acquire some benefit from
 20 their Enemies, who (as long as they live) shall not live without them

The husband-man cannot make every tree fruitfull, nor the hunts-man tame every wild beast, they must therefore assay other remedies, whereby the one may deduce some furtherance from fruitles things, and the other from things untractable Sea-water is neither good to drink, nor pleasant to the tast, notwithstanding it breeds fish, and feeds them, It serves commodiously to transport men, and maintaines with generall advantage, a rich Commerce, and Exchange of wares When the *Satyre* upon the first *shune*, and noveltie of the fire would have entertaend it with
 30 kisses and embracements, *Take heed goate* (said *Prometheus*) *or it will make thy Chin smart* If wee kisse fire, it will burn our lips, and yet, it affords us both light and heate, and to (those that can rightly skill it) is the prime Instrument in all learned and reserved arts I would have thee therefore to think so of thine enemie, and to consider whether his person, which otherwise wilbe ever hurtfull, and (viper like) cannot be touched without evident danger, may not by some secret meanes be made tractable, and to afford some notable use of himselfe to thy speciall advantage There are in nature many things unmeete for use, and altogether
 40 Inconsistent and repugnant to those very ends for which they may be politickly employed, so hast thou seene some effeminate,

voluptuous constitutions to pretend sicknes, or some other infirmity, that they might only live at more ease, and deliciousnes Others to procure themselves a more hardie health, have volunteered it in all maner of Drudgerie, and made their bodies subject to the most slavish and toilesome Imploiments Some again, as *Diogenes* and *Crates*, have made Poverty and Banishment the meanes to acquire knowledge and retirement So *Zeno*, when it was told him, that the ship he had sent to sea with his goods was cast away, replies presently, *Thou hast done very well Fortune, for now thou hast taught me to make use again of my thredbare, cast* 10 *Coate* For as those living creatures which have the hardest stomachs, and the healthiest bodies, feed on Serpents and Scorpions, and concoct them, others upon Shells and Stones which by reason of the vehemencie and heate of their spirits they turn presently into a *Chylus*, and nutriment, while the more infirme and sickly surfeit on wines, and the best diet, so Weak understandings corrupt the sincerest Friendship, while the Wise and solid make a precious use of the most deadly Enmities And truly in the first place, that seemes unto me to be most advantagious, than which (if rightly considered) nothing can be more grievous to our 20 Enemies, and what that is I will shew thee presently An Enemy is alwaies watchfull, lying *perdue* (as it were) to all thy actions, and (seeking an occasion to mischief thee) runns over all thy life with a most curious eye He doth not only see through Timber, Stone-walls, and Curtaines as *Lynceus* did, but perhaps through the Bosomes and inward parts of thy Friend, thy Servant, and thy Familiar, There (as far as he can see) he apprehends and reads all thy Actions, dives and screws into thy most hidden and future Intentions Our Friends oftentimes while we linger from them, or neglect them, fall sick, and dye unknowne to us, 30 But our Enemies cannot so much as dream, but most commonly we inquire into it Our inward defects, our debts, and domestick discontents may be sooner hidden from our selves than from our Enemies, they are the first that prie and search into those maladies As Vultures take from far the sent of corrupt carcases, and flock to them, but passe by the sound and untainted bodies, so the diseased and vicious parts of our lives and affections are alwaies resented by our enemies, they fly upon those soares, handle them continually, and love to see them bleed afresh Let this benefit therefore redound to thee, that thou have a care 40 to live circumspectly, to be attentive to thy selfe, neither speak, nor act any thing negligently or unadvisedly, but keep thy tongue

and thy hands within the *Lists*, and let thy maners be (as in a strict prescription of diet) uncorrupt, that thy very enemy may find no place for a just Reprehension For such a caution as this, which bridles the affections of the mind, and drives her home into her selfe, creates in us a kind of virtuous ardour, and a stedfast resolution to lead a life blameles, and incalumniable As those Cities which are oft-times visited, sometimes chastised by a warlike neighbour and ly subject to incursions and velitations of Armes, retain most commonly the wholesomest lawes, and strict
 10 est form of Government, so those that have their enemies for *Censours*, and are compelled (as it were) to a sober and vartuous vigilancy, though Reason in this point should be dumb, yet Necessity will tell them, that they must avoid all dissolutnes and neglect, do all things seasonably, not suffering themselves to be insensibly led away with custom, but compose and regulate their manners, least at any time they fall into some irrecoverable and destructive delinquency, for where that festivall but fatall verse is alwaies at hand

20 *Sure Priam will to mirth incline,* *Hom*
And all that are of Priam's line *Ilia*

It lulls asleep all Cautelousnes, and blinds their reason untill at last (*Priam*-like) by their own ruin they procure the mirth, and triumph of their Enemies Wee see Stage-players in Common assemblies, and their own private assayes, remisse and negligent, not acting so accuratly and to the life, as when the Theater is throng'd with judicious spectatours But when they strive for some prize, or the masterie, they doe not only refine themselves, their habits, and gestures, but with exactest care key all their Instruments, trye every string, and with most nimble and arted
 30 motions strik up their most delicious and pleasing strain, so he that knowes himselfe to have an Enemie Competitour both of his life and fame, must be very intentive, weigh all his actions, and make his steps sure and orderly, Especially he is bound to doe it, because vice hath in it this one abominable property, *That those things, wherein wee offend, make our Enemies reverend, and our friends Contemptible* And therefore it was that *Scipio Nasica*, when some told him that the State of *Rome* was then in saftie, the *Carthaginians*, being quell'd, and *Greece* reduced, gave this answer, *I (said he) now is all our daunger, when wee have left us*

21 Cautelousnes] Cauteloutnes 165r

31 Enemie Competitour] enemie, competitour G

no Enemy to feare, nor any to reverence To the same purpose was that speech of *Diogenes*, most becomming a *Philosopher*, and worthy the practise of all Common wealthes, *By what meanes* (said he) *shall I be avenged of mine Enemy? If thou Diogenes, will be a good man* Cowardly, sordid persons if they see us but well horsed, or sworded, or a faire dog following us, are instantly cut to the heart, If they see our fields well husbanded, our mansion houses, and gardens flowrishing, they break presently into sighes, But what thinkest thou, will they doe, if thou shew thy selfe an honest, prudent, just man, grave in thy words, sincere in thy actions, and temperate in thy diet,

*Feeding on fruits which in the heavens doe grow,
Whence all divine and holy Counsellis flow*

Those, who are overcome (saith *Pindarus*) have their mouthes so bung'd up, that they dare not speak, he saith not this simply, nor of all men, but of those only who are overcome by their Enemies, either in point of action, honestie, magnanimitie, humanitie, or good turnes These are the vertues, which (as *Demosthenes* saith of them) put the tongue into a traunce, damme up the mouth, choake the whole man, compell and commaund our silence 20

*Excell then if thou canst be not withstood,
But strive, and overcome the evill with good*

If thou would'st vex thine Enemy, cal him not by way of reproch an impudent, loose, or intemperate Companion, a knave, or a base fellow, but shew thy selfe a man, keepe to moderation, embrace truth civilitie, and equitie, and in what company soever thou art, bring those with thee for thy associates But if at any time thou art compell'd to rebuke him, have a care that thy own beauty be not soiled with the same blemishes thou layest to his charge, look well into thy own bosome, consider the ruins, and dilapidations there, lest happily another more bitter then he, whisper in thy eare that veise of the Tragedian,

*You minister to others wounds a Cure,
But leave your own all rotten and impure*

If he calls thee an ignorant, unlearned, emptie fellow, ply thy study, if a Coward, stirre up those seeds of valour, and fortitude which lye asleep in thee, if wanton, or incontinent, raze out of thy breast all secret Impressions of lust For nothing can be more dishonourable, or bitter, than to have those arrowes wee shoot at our enemies, to wound our own bosomes It is commonly 40

known, that the repercussion of light is most grievously offensive to sore eyes, and those reprehensions which truth casts back into our own faces give the deepest check, for as the *north-west* wind gathers clouds, so a dissolute life attracts infamie, wherefore *Plato*, if at any time he lighted upon disorderly Companions, used always when he was rid of them, to question with himself, *have I bin ever as mad as these?* And yet the most busie back-biter, whose only dialect is slander, did he but consider, and reform his own life, would from that very office (otherwise the most odious, and basest of all) derive some benefit Wee see them commonly derided, who being bald, or crooked themselves, laugh at those defects in others, And is it not altogether as ridiculous to charge our Enemies with those very vices, that are most rife in our selves? When *Leo Byzantinus* the Philosopher was twitted by a bunch-backt fellow with the infirmity of his eye-sight, *Thou doest taxe me* (said he) *with a Common misfortune, but wilt not see that brand of divine vengeance upon thy own back* Wherefore never object to another his Adulterie, if thou thy selfe burnst with unlawfull Lust, nor his Prodigalitie, or loosenes, if thou beest a
 20 Covetous, sordid wretch Said *Alcmaeon* to *Adrastus*, *A kinswoman of thine hath killed her husband* But what did he replie? He taxed him not with anothers villanie, but his own, *And thou* (said he) *with thy own hands hast killed thy own mother* It was a question of *Domitius* to *Crassus*, *Whether upon the death of the lamprey fed in his fish ponds he had not mourn'd?* Yea, (said *Crassus*;) *But thou hast buried three wives without shedding one teare* It is an easie matter to be wittie, lowd, and bitter in our revilings, but to be the man upon whom those taunts cannot justly fasten, there lyes the difficulty And truly it seemes that
 30 god by that divine Injunction *Nosce teipsum*, warnes none so much as those, who are the revilers and rebukers of others, lest happily, while they take the liberty to speak what they will, they may heare what they will not, for it happens oft times to such Companions according to that saying of *Sophocles*, *while they give the raines to their own tongues, they heare from themselves, what they would not willingly heare from others*, and in this point the reviled and the reviler have equall advantage It was a true saying of *Antisthenes*, *That those who would live uprightly, had need either of very honest friends, or very harsh enemies*, because the one by exhortation, the

1 grievously G griveously 1651

15 bunch-backt text 1651 bunch back catchword 1651

other by defamation, will be sure to keep them from offending But seeing the tongues of friends (as the times now runne) are too short to speak home, too long when they smooth us, and quite dumb to admonish, it followes that wee can only heare the truth from our Enemies, for as *Telephus* when he could not find a friend to cure him, was glad to have it done with the weapon of his foe, so where our wellwisheis will give us no Councell, wee must make use of our Enemies words, and by a disceet application advantage our selves And in this case wee ought not to consider the malice of the reviler, but the benefit of the reviled For as that 10
 enemie of *Prometheus* by running at him with his sword to have killed him, broke only the Imposthume in his body and so cured him, In like manner an evill word spoken sometimes out of anger, or enmitie, may cure some ulcer in our manners, which either wee knew not of before, or else neglected But most men, when they are thus publicly reproach'd, weigh not so much whether they be guiltie, as they doe cast about to learne the vices, and lewd life of their reproacher, and (after the maner of wrestlers) wipe not off those aspersions, which (like dust) they throw one upon the other, but struggling more and more, remain both 20
 equally defiled Whereas (in truth) it concerns him that is so branded, to clear all objections, and that much more then to take a spot of his garment, when 'tis once shewed him But suppose an Enemy should lay that to our charge, which wee are not guiltie of? yet must wee examine our selves well, whether wee ever gave any cause for it, or heedlesly let slip our selves into any error of the like nature, or that had any the least relation or similitude to what wee are taxed with This was the very *Case* of *Lacides* King of the *Argives*, who for some effeminate Curiosity about his haire, and softnes of apparell was thought wanton, and lascivious The 30
 same thing happened to *Pompey*, * for being ac-
 custom'd to scratch his head with one finger only (as if he had bin afraid to disorder his locks) he was termed effeminate, a vice (in truth) he was furthest from, of any But *Crassus* for being a great observer of a vestal virgin, and using oftentimes to give her the meeting about some parcell of land, he would have bought of her, was publicly charged to have deflowred her So *Posthumia* another *Vestall* for her freedome of speech with men, and a 40
 jovial, merry nature was accused of incest, And though she was afterwards found Innocent, yet upon her absolution *Spurius*

* This was held by the Romans for a sure mark of lasciviousnes Juvenal toucheth upon it —
 huc venient carpento, et navibus omnes Qui digito sculpunt uno Caput —

Minucius then Regent of the *Vestals*, gave her strict charge that in her after-course of life she should have equall care of her deportment, as of her chastitie But what shall wee say of *Themistocles*, that faithful Patriot? who upon a bare point of civilitie for shewing some kindnes and humanitie to *Pausanias*, and vouchsafing him a few letters was suspected of treason If at any time therefore thou art falsly accused, slight not, nor neglect the accusation because it is false, but calling thy selfe to an account, inquire diligently, if there ever happen'd any thing in thy words,
 10 actions, or *Councells*, amongst thy familiars, or elsewhere that might give a just cause for that calummie And if so, be warie and avoid it For if otheis by suddaine and unexpected accidents have bin taught to know what is best for them, as *Merope* tells of her selfe

*Chance taking from me things of highest price
 At a deare rate hath taught me to be wise,*

What hinders but that wee may learne that lesson from an Enemie, as from a kind of cheap school-master, whose reprehensions may shew us what wee want, and put us in mind of what wee
 20 have forgotten? for an Enemy will sooner see our defects, than a friend, because the lover (as *Plato* saith) is, in that which he loves, stark blind, but in hatred there is not only curiositie of observation, but freedome of speech also When *Hiero* was twitted by his enemie for having an offensive breath, being come home to his wife, *What is this* (said he) *couldst not thou tell me, that my breath was not sweet?* but she (a chaste and modest woman) replies, *Indeed I thought that all mens breaths had the like smell* So those things which are subject to sense, visible as our bodies and open to every eye, wee shall sooner know from our
 30 enemies and ill-willers, than from our friends and familiars Moreover although it is not the least part of vertue to bridle the tongue, to keep it conformable, and alwayes obedient to reason, yet without a primarie subduing of thy worst affections, anger, and the rest, which must be done by a constant practise, premeditation, and perseverance thou canst never get the masterie over it For this vitious unfolding of our selves, extenuated with an Apologie of a word
escaped from me, or, *I slept a word unawares*, never happens but to lavish, irresolute persons who by reason of their infirmitie of judgment, or loose Custome of life, stick alwaies in the same errours.
 40 Besides Speech though the vainest and emptiest thing under the Sun, yet (according to the sentiment of divine *Plato*) is usually

punished with the heaviest judgments both by *God* and *Man*
 But silence on the Contrary is alwayes safe, and hath no accusers,
 neither doth it only (as *Hippocrates* saith) keep us not thirstie,
 but in the presence of a rayling Enemie is full of majesty, wisdom, and
 fortitude, And a man so qualified

*Knaves tongues, and calumnies no more doth pricke
 Then the vaine buzzing of so many flies*

Certainly there is nothing in the world hath more of worth and
 gallantrie in it, than to beare the *big browes* of a base, upstart foe
 with a calme and smiling carriage, wee should passe by a tongue ¹⁰
 given to detraction, as by a rock used to the froth and scumme of
 the waves, The benefit will sweeten the practise for if thou
 canst beare quietly the affronts of an Enemie, thou mayest easily
 beare with a sharp wife, or any bitter passages from a friend or
 brother, and if thy parents chance to strike thee, thou art so
 season'd as not to be angrie with them Thus *Socrates* made it
 his frequent practise to beare the stormes of his lowd wife (a
Gentlewoman that for peevishnes and furie out did all her sex) for
 said he, If I can beare with *Xantippe*, I make no question but
I shall bear with all others Now, the main end is (after wee have ²⁰
 bin thus exercised by the frequent scoffes, reproaches, excessive
 anger, and sauciness of our enemies) to accustome our selves to
 such a solid temper, and magnanimous patience, as never to be
 moved at their weake noise, and detractions By this means wee
 shall shew towards our enemies mansuetude, and a kind of vir-
 tuous Contempt, to our friends simplicitie, magnanimitie, and sin-
 ceritie Neither is it so praise-worthy to doe good turnes to our
 friends, as it is base to deny them to those that want, But to
 forbear revenge upon an Enemie, when wee opportunely may, is
 the highest glory in all humanity, And if any man mourn for the ³⁰
 misfortunes of his foe, succour him in his wants, be a support to
 his Children, and domestick decayes, who doth not with thanks
 accept of such benevolence, acknowledge such a miracle,

*His deepe, dark heart (bent to supplant)
 Is Iron, or else Adamant.*

Said *Cicero* to *Cæsar* (when he commanded the statues of *Pompey*,
 that had fallen down, to be erected) *hast thou set up the statues of
 Pompey? thou hast established thy own* This intimates that wee
 should keep back no praise, nor any point of honour from a noble
 Enemie that may justly claime it, for by bearing testimonie to ⁴⁰

the truth, and fastening Commendations where desert is, wee doe commend our selves Nay wee shall have this advantage, that if wee chance afterwards to blame them, wee shalbe believed of all men as disliking their actions, not hating their persons, and which is most laudable of all, they that use to speak well of their Enemies, without repining at their successe, will hardly envie the prosperity of their friends, or the good parts of their associates What better exercise then, or more virtuously fruitfull, or leaving nobler impressions in the soul can wee pitch upon? It takes away from us all
10 perverse emulations, and puts quite out all fomentations of envie As in a Common wealth many things necessarie, (otherwise bad enough) when they are once confirm'd by Custome, or power of law, are not easily forgotten of those whom they have once annoyed, so hostilitie and variance bringing in with them envie and hatred, leave planted in the mind obrectation, malevolence, with an Implacable and endles resentment of Injuries Adde to this that Couzenage, trecherie, breach of oath, private wiles, and policies which by perverse and bloudie Enemies are held lawfull, where they once begin to be practised, will by a habitation be so per-
20 fectly naturalized, that they can hardly ever be removed, and may afterwards (grown masters by Custome) if not refused against our Enemies, prove hurtfull to our nearest friends For this very cause (if I judge right) *Pythagoras* used to abstaine from flesh, and the slaughter of harmles creatures, intreating and sometimes hiring fowlers, not to kill their birds, and Anglers to let goe their fish, and publickly forbad the killing of any tame beast Without doubt a generous, just, and solid Enemie will in all Contentions think it the best victorie to bridle an irreligious, insatiable malice, that by teaching his stubbournes to submit to vertue, he may ever after
30 be master of himself When *Domitius* was accused by *Scaurus* his Enemie, a servant of his, stept to the barre where *Scaurus* pleaded, about to informe him of some heynous offence done by his master, which *Scaurus* knew not of, but he not suffering him to speak, sent him with a guard back to his master So *Cato* when he was drawing up certain heads of an accusation against *Muræna*, had alwaies following him a knot of busie fellows, who of set purpose pryed into his actions, These oftentimes asked him, if he had yet finished the Charge, or had any more Articles to insert, or wittnesses to examine? if he answered, no, They would instantly
40 believe him, and depart, a great argument of the good opinion they had of *Cato* And indeed that which excells all, and is (in truth) most justly preheminent, is the equall administration of

justice to our very Enemies, for who useth to doe so, can hardly use any fraud, or injustice against his friends But seeing it is so (as *Simonides* saith) that every lark must have a Crest, and worth, in whomsoever it is, breeds contention, obtreaction, and the envie of fools, wee shall find no small advantage, if wee put quite from us all sillie and weak ways of revenge even against our most bitter Enemies, and remove them as durt and drosse far enough from our friends Which very point (in my opinion) *Onomademus* (a very skilfull states-man) made speciall use of, for living in *Chaos*, and happening to be (upon a sudden Insurrection) of that side which then prevailed, he advised his Confederates, that they should not banish all of the adverse partie, but leave some to live amongst them *Lest* (said he) *being rid of our Enemies*, wee begin to fall out with our friends For as long as wee have an Enemy to consume, and weare out our ill affections upon, wee shall give the lesse distast to our friends It is not convenient (saith *Hesiodus*) that one *Potter* should envie the other, nor ought wee to be troubled at the prosperitie of our brother, or a good neighbour But if thou canst not otherwise than by doing so, free thy selfe from stife, envy, and Contention, then suffer thy self to fret at the good successe of thine Enemy, and cut him with the edge and keeness of thy anger For as skilful gardiners think *roses* and *violets* will thrive the better, if *Omons* and *garlick* be sowed neare them, (because these later attract all harsh qualities that may be in the Compost,) so an Enemy by drawing on himself all the perversnes and morositie in thee, will render thy disposition more mild and pleasing to thy friend Therefore when wee have any thing to doe with an Enemy either in point of honour, popularitie, or a just benefit, wee must so contend, as not only to be blindly vext because he excells us, but to observe also in what particulars, and by what means he doth so excel Nor must wee stay there, but with all diligence, industrious sobrietie, and watchfullnes labour to overtake him, after the example of *Themistocles*, whom the victorie of *Miltiades* upon the plaines of *Marathon* would not suffer to sleep For such a spirit that thinks his Enemy better than himselfe because he hath great offices, patronage, numerous friends, or the favour of Princes, and therefore gives him over and despaire, when he ought rather to be stirring and emulous, doth but pine away with most sordid and cowardly envie But he that hath a strict eye over him, not blinded with hatred, and stands in the light a discerning spectatour of his life and actions, shall at last find it true, that all those prosperous passages he envied him for,

were brought about by a Judicious care, eminent diligence, and sincere dealings, and having got these virtues for his presidents, he instantly cuts of all dulness and delays, and treads in the same steps to arrive at the same height But if it so happens to any that their Enemies by unlawfull and irreligious means grow powerfull, as by flattery, exactions, perverting of justice, briberie, perjurie or blood-shed, they ought not so much to mourne, as to rejoyce, considering that they have to oppose to all that rottenness, a sound conscience, unpolled pietie, and innocent hands For (as *Plato* saith) *All the gold above the earth, and under the earth is by no meanes to be compared with a religious Integrity* Neither must wee leave them untwitted with that of *Solon*,

*What though they boast their riches unto us ?
Those cannot say, That they are virtuous*

Let us then neither labour for bribed suffrages, nor bought honours, nor for the chief place with Eunuchs, and Concubines of Kings, or pandars of state, for nothing is amiable, nothing honourable, that is acquid by baseness But (as *Plato* saith) *The lover, in that which he loveth is stark blind*, but quick-sighted enough to see the failings of his Enemies, It will become us then, neither to rejoyce at their sins, nor to mourn for what they doe well, but wisely to weigh both, that by avoyding the one we may grow better, and by imitating the other not grow worser then they themselves are

1 Judicious] text 1651 Iudicious catchword 1651

FINIS

OF THE
DISEASES
OF THE
MIND
And the
BODY.

A DISCOURSE

Written originally in the
Greek by *Plutarchus Chæronensis*,
put into latine by *I Reynolds D D*

Englified by *H V* Silurist

Omnia perversæ poterunt Corruptere mentes

L O N D O N

Printed for *Humphry Moseley* and are to
be sold at his shop at the signe of the
Princes Armes in St Pauls
Church yaid, 1651

Of the Diseases of the Mind and the Body.

When *Homer* had diligently considered the severall kinds of living Creatures, and compared the various dispositions, and provident subsisting of the one with the other, he cryed out,

*That man for misery excell'd
All creatures which the wide world held*

A very wretched Prerogative! that excels in nothing, but a calamitous superiority of evils. Seeing then, that by this sentence we are eminent for nothing, but unhappinesse, and in that also more miserable than other creatures, we shall in this discourse (by way of comparison) bring man to a combate with himself about his own calamities, taking the *mind* asunder from the *body* (not vainly, but to a good purpose) that by a distinct examination of both we may come to know from which of these two his miseries flow 10

Bodily diseases happen alwaies by a depravation of temperament, but the vitiositie, and taint of the mind, is first the free act of the mind it self, and afterwards its disease. But it would not a little conduce to the ease of the mind, if either that which is infected might be restored, or that which cannot be wholly taken away might be partly mitigated. When *Æsops* fox contended with the *Panther* for variety, after the *Leopard* had bragg'd of the beauteous spots and speckles in his skin, vilifying the other for his sordid, reddish, and ill-sented Coate, *But couldst thou* (said the Fox) *discerne that which is within me, thou wouldst confesse thy selfe lesse various than I am*, Meaning thereby the many fetches and subtilties he had there, and could commodiously use when he pleased. So may we say of our selves. Many diseases truly (O man!) and many infirmities attend on thy Body, some casually and from without, others naturally out of the Body it self. But if thou wouldst but search thy self within, where no eys shine but thy own, what variety of distempers shouldst thou find there? giddie distractions, blind conceits, crooked affections, shuffled wils, and phantastick humours, which lying there as in a Box, or Cabinet, flow not from without, but are Natives and Inhabitants of the place, springing there like so many Wels. Now 30

the diseases of the Body are ordinarily known by the *Pulse*, or beating of the vitall spirits, and a high colour, and those againe are manifested by other *Symptoms*, as excessive heat, wearinesse, and a dangerous aptnesse to faint, But the diseases of the Mind so delude most men, that they are not suspected for maladies, and the case of the patient is then most desperate, when he hath no sense of his paine. But in bodily diseases the judgement remaines sound, and there is still in the patient a very quick and clear perception both of his *time of ease*, and of *accessions*, whereas
 10 those that are sick in Mind can find no difference between sicknesse, and health, and indeed how should they, seeing that wherewith they Judge, is the part affected? It is therefore very just that we adjudge this *senslesnesse* to be the most pernicious, and principall of all the diseases of the mind, for by this it comes to passe that many men converse, live, and dye in an incurable madnesse for as in ordinary diseases the first step to health is to have a feeling of the disease, for that sets on the patient to inquire for help, so in mentall distempers (wherein men state themselves sound, that are indeed sick,) though they knew a remedy for
 20 their disease, yet will they not use it, because they believe, they have no need of it. Of bodily diseases those are most dangerous, which render men senselesse, as *Lethargies*, *head-akes*, the *falling sicknesse*, *dead Palsies*, and *Feavers* also, whose vehement Inflammations breed an alienation of mind, and (like unskilfull *Musicians*) put the whole inward harmony out of tune. Therefore honest *Physicians* first wish, that men were not sick at all, Secondly, that if they happen to sicken, they may be sensible of their disease. but in mentall maladies this deliration is so prevalent that it is impossible to remove it, for neither those that
 30 rave with some mad conceit, or burne with lasciviousnesse, or delight in doing injuries seeme to themselves to offend, nay, they are so far from it, that they glory in such actions, And yet, who ever gave the name of health to a Feaver, of soundnesse to corruption, of activitie to the Goute, or of Blushes to Palenesse? but to call *anger* fortitude, *love* friendship, *envie* emulation, and *Cowardice* discretion is frequent. Besides, those who have their *Bodies* ill-affected send presently for the *Physician*, because they find themselves to have need of him, but those who have their *minds* so, flye from the *Philosopher*, and will not endure any
 40 Precepts of virtue. Moved then with these reasons, I hold an *Outward blindnessse* more tollerable than an *Inward*, and the paine of the *Gout*, than the Dotage of the *mind*, for he that is

diseas'd in his eyes, useth his best diligence to have them cured, provides waters, and ointments, breaths a veine, and purgeth his head, but come to mad *Agave*, and you shall heare her singing, having killed her son,

*A tender Kid (see, where 'tis put,)
I on the Hills did slay,
Now drest, and into quarters cut,
A pleasant, dainty prey*

Adde to this, that a Patient in the Body takes present notice of his disease, gets him to bed, and while he is in cure, is quiet and tractable, or if he chance to be something wayward and offer to rise thence by reason of wearinesse or a Feaverish heat, yet if a friend say to him, *Lye still, or keep in thy Bed*, he will instantly reframe, whereas those that are diseas'd in Mind, are then most restlesse and tumultuous, for from the Commotions of the mind all actions take their beginning, but mentall diseases are the most vehement Commotions, and therefore will not suffer the mind to be in quiet, yea, when a man hath most need to shew patience, silence, and submission of mind, then will these inward maladies most annoy him, giving the reins to anger, contention, lust, and tumults, which dissect and lay him open to his enemies, while he strives to doe many things repugnant to reason, and spits out unseasonable, and dangerous speeches. Therefore, as that tempest at Sea, which keeps us from putting into the Harbour, is more dangerous than that which hinders us to put forth, so those tempests of the mind, which will not suffer us to containe and pacifie our selves, are the most pernicious, for they hurry us away without Pilot or Saile through Gulfs and Quicksands, untill at last upon some rock or other we cast away both our lifes and estates, wherefore in my opinion were there no other Inconvenience but that, it is enough to prove that the disease of the *mind* is far more perillous than the disease of the *body*, though this we shall adde, that the *one* offends only the patient, but the *other* offends all that come neare it

But to what purpose shall we multiply arguments? seeing the events of the present time sufficiently demonstrate it. You see this numerous and promiscuous multitude here met, justling and shouldring one another from the streets to the Court, from the Court to the Bar, and so out againe, These are come together not to celebrate any works of piety, as sacrifice, or prayer, but a certaine *Epidemicall fit* which once a year all *Asia* shakes of, hath hurried

them hither about some vaine controversies and matters of Law, which upon a prescript day are here to be heard and determined, for at this one Bar (like the breaking in of so many Rivers) all the Contestations in *Asia* meet, here they are canvased, decided, and grow up into mortall dissensions, betwixt the *undoer* and the *undone* What Feavers, what Agues, Malignant heats, or Superfluous humours ever so troubled mankind? If aswell as the men, you examine the grounds of their sutes and contentions in Law, you shall find some of them to proceed from a slight word spoken,
 10 some from malice, some from anger, others from a mad desire to be contentious, and all of them from *Covetousnesse*

FINIS

OF THE
DISEASES
OF THE
M I N D,
AND THE
B O D Y,
And which of them is
most pernicious

The Question stated, and decided
by *Maximus Tirius* a Platonick Phi-
lofopher, written originally in
the Greek, put into Latine by
John Reynolds D D

Engliſhed by Henry Vaughan Sculuriſt

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Humphry Moſeley*, and are to be
Sold at his Shop at the Sign of the
Prince's Arms in St Pauls
Church-yard, 1651

Of the Diseases of the Mind, &c.

There is sung from all antiquity by some unknowne Poet this following *Hymne* in the stile of a prayer,

*O Cœlestium princeps Sanitas !
Utinam tecum degere possim
Quod mihi tempus superest vitæ !*

O health the chief of gifts divine !
I would I might with thee and thine
Live all those days appointed mine !

I would gladly be resolved by the Authour of this verse, what kind of health it was, which in those preceding lines he begg'd to have for his Companion in life , for verily I suspect it was some divine thing worthy the devotion and fervency of prayer , for sure he could not rashly and upon a suddaine find matter worthy of verse, or being put into verse, it could hardly have past with such generall applause from one age unto another If it be then such a thing as I suspect, reason it self (instead of the *Poet*,) will give us an answer For seeing there are but *two things* of which *man* consists, the *Soule*, and the *Body*, if the *Soule* be free from the nature of diseases, it follows of necessity, that, what is petitiond for in this *Hymne* belongs to the *Body*, which naturally useth to fall sick, and to recover againe But if it be so that both *Soule* and *Body* have from discreet nature a like temperament, which is never disturbed but by a petulant perversitie of parts, when excesse in the one (like a tyrant and his people in a Common wealth) is destructive to the other, and confounds the genuine harmony, (which excesse wheresoever it is, whether in the soule, or else in the body, we define to be an *impotent Cupidity*, both which as they make up one whole man share equall power, though taken by themselves they bear no proportion at all,) the question now is, to which of these two shall this Celestiall temperament, or *Princesse* mentioned in the *Hymne*, be adjudged most necessary? To resolve this *Quære* with safety, we must compare the diseases of the *one*, with the diseases of the *other*, that by so doing we may see which of them is most pernicious to the whole man, and then like indifferent Arbiters settle to a righteous judgement.

118 *Of the Diseases of the Mind,*

Man then (as we have said before) is made up of *Soule* and *Body*, in which Composure the *Soule* is regent, and the *Body* obeys, as in a Common-wealth the *Prince*, and his *Subjects*, and worthily too, for as in this of the *Body*, so in all other Governments the *Prince* is not only the head, or Superiour part of the Commonwealth, but by a kind of *Sacred affinitie* part also of the Subject The question then is, *Whether in a languishing Commonwealth the Prince, or the People, the Soule, or the Body, are the destroying party?* I decide it thus The Common people are
 10 sick, but *Pericles* the good Prince is in health, apprehends the disease, and cures the people contrariwise, *Dionysius* the *Siracusan* hath the *Kings evil*, but the people, though healthfull themselves, want strength to restore him Will you therefore, that henceforth we substitute for the *Soule*, the *Prince*, and for the *Body* the *People*? If so, weigh the example, aswell as the thing

The People for number exceed the Prince, and the Body the Soul The People without a Prince are dead, and heartless, so is the Body without the Soul The People consist of many
 20 degrees, many voices, and many affections, so hath the Body diverse, and different parts The people are in their anger *Merciless*, in their desires *vehement*, in their pleasures *dissolute*, in their troubles *abject*, and in their furie *Mad*, The same vices attend the Body, for now 'tis lustfull, now winie, anon dejected, and some times hurried away with most impetuous, excessive madnes Let us see now what Comparatives wee can make between the *Prince*, and the *Soul* A *Prince* in a Commonwealth is the fittest person to govern, as most honourable, and most able, so is the *Soul* in the *Body* A *Prince* is by nature provident in his affaires, and
 30 prudent in advice, the very same faculties are usually in the Soul The *Prince* hath a freedome royall, and is above the Censure of the people, so is the Soul above the Body Seeing then that these Comparisons are true in both, which of these parts (when diseas'd) shall wee judge the worst, as well in the Commonwealth, as in Man? surely the best, because the Corruption of things that are excellent is the most pernicious For the People though sick, if the Prince be well, shall have their liberties preserved, but the disease of the Prince (though the People be in health) brings inevitable bondage And that I may in one word summe up all,
 40 the Soul is far more excellent than the Body, and the Prince than the People Now that *good* which is most excellent, is by somuch the greater, and that which is repugnant to the *greater good*, must

needs be the *greater Evill*,—But the health of the *Soule* is a greater good than the health of the *Body*, therefore the disease of the Soule is a greater Evill than the disease of the Body The health of the body is restored by Art, but the health of the soul by virtuous Industrie The disease of the soul is wickednes, that of the body is but sorrow Wickednes comes by a voluntarie sinning, but calamitie against our wills If any body hurt us against their will, they deserve our Charitie, if of set purpose, they deserve our Hatred Where wee are charitable, there wee relieve, where revengefull, there wee punish Those wee relieve are commonly 10 good, those wee punish, notoriously bad Again, The health of the soul is full of Chearfullnesse, the body may be in health, and yet want it The health of the soul leads us to blisse, the other to miserie The health of the soul hath no iniquitie, the other is wholly vitious The health of the soule is celestially, the other earthly, the one is durable, the other transitorie, the one eternal, the other mortall And so much touching their dispositions in that state, let us now consider their diseases Bodily diseases if not wholly taken off, yet by the help of art may be very much mitigated, but the mind once infected contemnes the correction 20 of severest Laws The first (after a few days paine) by making the patient desirous of health, makes him also fitter for cure, the last by bewitching the mind so hinders the Cure, that it will not somuch as heare of health The divine mercy may succour the one, but from the other it is alwaies averse The disease of the body hath never yet occasion'd wars, but that of the mind hath occasion'd many No man sick in body burns with lust, robs Churches, steales from his neighbour, or doth any other villanie, that disease offends only the patient, the other offends all men But let us now render this truth more evident by a similitude 30 taken from Civill Government

When *Pericles* was Duke of *Athens*, a Citie govern'd by *Democracie*, and burthend with a great & populous multitude, large in jurisdiction, powerfull for riches, and stored with many and eminent Commanders, the plague then rife in *Æthiopia* (where it first began) past thence into *Persia*, and afterwards to *Athens*, where having (as it were) taken footing, it increased daily and afflicted the Citie To augment this miserie, it happend at the same time that they had open war with the *Peloponnesians*, In this state therefore when the Countrey lay wasted by the Enemie, 40 the Inhabitants tortured, their houses rifled, their armies defeated, and the whole body of the Commonwealth exposed to pillage and

destruction, *Pericles* the good *Prince* being then in health, himselfe rebuilds the Citie, recruits their armies, restores their Courages, and dividing himselfe betwixt the Sword and the Pest-house with the one hand subdued the Infection, and with the other the Enemie Thus much for the Soul, let us now find a similitude for the Body When the Infection ceased, and the Commonwealth again took breath, and recovered, those persons in the Citie, who had the charge of the Republick (as Popular government hath ever too many) so burnt with hatred, ambition, and Covetousnes
 10 one towards another, that they seemed rather to be out of their wits, than rightly in them These mentall diseases in a short time so increased, and dispersed, that all *Athens* was infected, and so prevalent was the Contagion that it took also the Common people, And why not? for here they had not one *Cleon* to rave with, or one *Alcibiades* to burn with, but (as the nature of *Democracie* is) a hundred, or more, and these (every man as his disease moved him) plyed severall interests, one this way, another that way, *Alcibiades* shewed them *Sicilia*, *Cleon Sphacteria*, another some other territorie, or *Ocean*, like so many springs to one sick of a fever O blessed
 20 Statesmen! this was your Reformation! Ruine, Confusion, prodigious Changes, nationall Miseries, and civill Inflammations were the religion, and liberty they had from you! so woefully pernicious is the Maladie of the Soul, if compared with the disease of the Body For though the Body lye sick, languishing, and afflicted, yet if a resolute, immoveable spirit hath the guidance of it, diseases, Convulsions, and death it selfe can prevail nothing, Thus *Pherecides* (though he was * laid quick in the grave, and saw Corruption while he lived) slighted both the loathsomnes and pain of the disease, wishing only that he might be freed
 30 from that unprofitable body wherewith he was then cloath'd upon Nay, I shall not doubt to say, that a soul thus gifted lives in the body by meere compulsion, for I look upon such a one, as upon some captive or slave, who seeing the walls of his prison decayed, and grown ruinous, expects every moment to be set at liberty, that freed from the darknes and horreur of that dungeon, which formerly opprest him, he may at last enjoy a cleare aire, and the comforts of light Canst thou believe that a hired labourer accustomed to the hardest, and most toilesome employments, wilbe
 40 any thing astonished to see a suddaine rent, or hole in his

11 witts] wittls 1651

17 interests] unteterests 1651

21 Inflammations] Inflammations 1651

*A philosopher, and
 Master to Pythagoras,
 he died of the
 Phthisias

apparell? or will he not rather cut off that which hangs about him, and leave his body naked to the aire, that he may with more ease and nimblenes prosecute his task? And doest thou think the soul esteemes otherwise of flesh and bones than of a Coat which endures but for a day, or some thred bare, cheap rags, which sometimes the sword, sometimes the fagot, but most times diseases devoure? Wherefore a generous, and sustaining spirit, when he finds the body beginning to undresse, and the bolts of his prison loosed, makes no more account of that Change than a snail doth of her cast shel, or *Vlysses* of the ten yeares suit he wandered in 10
 But the fearefull, and Cowardly soul, stoved in the body, like some lazie beast in his den, will by no meanes be released thence, no, nor somuch as take the aire, but delighting in the passions and miseries of that burthen, is now torn, now burnt, by and by grieves, and alwaies groanes with it Wee heare *Philoctetes* crying out, *O my foot, I must lose thee!* why, good man, if thou must, lose it willingly, and doe not crie so, Doth it any thing ease thee to raile at thy friends, and make the *Echo* in *Lemnos* mock at thy Complaints? *O Death my only Cure!* well said *Philoctetes*, but if by so saying thou meanest only an Exchange of one Evill for 20
 the other, then cannot I approve of thy wish But if by that Exclamation thou doest acknowledge death the only sovereign remedie, and revenger of a loathsome disease, thou hast spoken right, call, and crie for thy Cure And now seeing wee have mentioned *Philoctetes* most opportunely will he afford us a very pregnant example There was heretofore at the siege of *Troy* (for valour and number) an Army of *Grecians* altogether incredible, as many as there be leafes or flowers in the spring, all of them able, hardie, and healthfull bodies lying about the walls and trenches of their Enemies for ten whole yeares, and prevailed 30
 nothing, not *Achilles* the pursuer, *Atax* the defyer, *Diomedes* the slaughterer, *Teucer* the Archer, *Agamemnon* the Counsellour, *Nestor* the Oratour, *Chalcas* the Soothsayer, nor *Vlysses* the Deceiver But what saies the Oracle? *In vain (O noble youths and souldiers of Greece!) in vain I say doe you skirmish, batter, assault, and advize, for never shall you be able to take those walls, before you have to your aid, a mind indeed prudent and healthy, but a body infected, languishing, lame and almost consumed,* They obey the oracle, and fetch him from *Lemnos*, him (I say) sick in body, but sound in mind And thus wee see what the Soul can 40
 doe in heilth, let us now consider it when diseased The mind is infected with sensualitie, it burnes, melts, and pines away

What will you doe to the patient? what benefit, or advantage can the Body (in this Case) minister to the Soul? *Sardanapalus* lies sick of this disease, Doe not you see, how like an Insatiable *ulcer* it hath taken hold of all the parts of his body? his Colour is gone, his Beauty spent, his Eyes dull'd, and his whole frame burnes with most obscene Impatience *Alabiades* is in the same case An outrageous, restles fire feedes upon him, overthrowes his reason, * *Aristotles School* hurries him up and down, from * *Lyceum* to the
 in Athens multitude, from the multitude to the sea, from
 10 the sea to *Sialia*, from *Sialia* to *Lacedemon*, from *Lacedemon* to *Persia*, from *Persia* to *Samos*, from *Samos* to *Athens*, from *Athens*
 * *One of the 30 ty* to *Hellespont*, and from *Hellespont* I know not
 wants in Athens whither * *Critias* lyes sick, taken with a most grievous, desperate, intolerable disease, and burthensome to a whole Commonwealth But all these had very healthfull, proper, and handsome bodies, spruce *Sardanapalus*, beautifull *Alcibiades*, and portly *Critias* But in men of such dispositions I never loved health Let *Critias* then be sick, untill he may play the tyrant, *Alcibiades* because he cannot bring *Athens* into *Sialie*, And for
 20 *Sardanapalus* let him be sick to death, for it is more manly for him to perish by a disease, than an excessive obscenitie Yea, and may every one perish, who is only fertill in Continuall evils for as running ulcers where they once seize, spread further still, and corrupt those parts which are sincerest, dispersing and prevailing against all medicines, untill the very seat and hold of the disease be cut out, So those minds which are used to rottenness, Corruption, and dishonest Intentions will (like infected people) endanger all that have Commerce with them, And therefore in such persons the *strength* and *spring* of the disease should be taken off, as the
 30 *hand* of a thiefe, the *Eye* of a leacher, and the *belly* of a glutton For though against these enormities thou shouldst constitute Iudges, prisons, and tortures, yet would the Evill increase, prevaile, and overflow, for the headines of vice where it finds a predisposition, and growes once habituall, is altogether Incredible, and attended with most desperate licentiousnes, and a frontles audacitie

FINIS

THE
P R A I S E
AND
HAPPINESSE
OF THE
COUNTRIE-LIFE;

Written Originally in
Spanish by *Don Antonio de Guevara*,
Bishop of *Carthagen*, and
Counsellour of Estate to
Charls the Fifth Empeirour
of *Germany*

Put into English by H Vaughan *Silurist*

Viril Georg
O fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint,
Agricolae ! —

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Humphry Moseley*, and are to be
Sold at his Shop at the Sign of the
Prince's Arms in *St Pauls*
Church-yard, 1651

The Praise and Happiness of the Country-Life, &c.

THE FIRST CHAPTER

Whoever Loves the *Country*, and Lives in it upon his owne Estate, whether *Hereditarie* or *Purchased*, and lends not his Ears to any flatt'ring *allurements* perswading to ambition and greatnesse, but carefully avoids those dangerous *Precipices* and *Quicksands*, I shall not feare to affirme, That such a liver is the *wisest of men*, for he living upon his own, is no mans debtour, and is offensive to none but either a *Courtier*, or a *Citizen*, and therefore is much more happy than if he had Ingrosted to himself all *Court favours*,
10 or had bin expert in the *subtiltie* and *Politicks* of all forraign Nations

He fears no *discontents* to disturbe his *Peace*, but lives well-pleased with what *providence* gives him though never so little He is free from all fretting *cares*, and is fed with no mans *provision* but his *own* The *Crop* of his *Land* comes in certainly once a *yeare*, it is got with a *good conscience*, and is ever ready upon any necessity These are *returns* which he needs not *complement* for, nor be thought troublesome, or rudely *importunate* A pompous and splendid *fortune* hath seldome *better blessings*, but instead of
20 those lavish and sumptuous *Excesses* she is sometimes accustom'd to, she frequently deceives our hopes with the worst kind of *Exigencies* A *Nobleman* or *Citizen* living upon the Revenues and accommodations of his Country estate finds more of honour, reputation and authority amongst his Neighbours, than all those *Sycophants* (though outwardly more rich and sumptuous) whom either an antient *descent*, a large *retinue*, or the beauty and spruceness of their *wives*, hath preferr'd at *Court* There the lustre of *greater persons* makes theirs to be of no notice, but in his Country-house he is *Lord* alone, and his Wife is *Lady*, there he is
30 really honour'd and admir'd of all Wherefore it was well said of *Julius Caesar*, That he had rather be the *prime Freeholder* in a *Country Village*, than the *second Magistrate* in the *City of Rome*

Priete and Religion may be better Cherish'd and preserved in the Country than any where else While the Husbandman with a *cheerfull* and *holy hope* expects the fruit and recompense of his pains, out of the earth, the Inhabitants of great *Cities* (yea those thrt have no more than one *garrish suit* of Cloaths, and a very *mean subsistence*) will be reproaching and envying one the other Hence very many of them are suddenly undone, and by some ambitious attempt of *precedency*, come to lose that little they had gotten, in which ruins their friends also are sometimes involved, whom they had drawn in for greater undertakings than their 10 abilities could bear out The *Countryman* living private, repines at no man, is alwaies contented, and contributes something towards the relief of the *poor* But he that seeks after places of Eminency will be sure to find *Envy* and *Competitors*, and these last will be still watching to reduce him to such a condition as shall be far beneath their Envy To keep a *School*, to be a hir'd *labourer*, or to live by Compounding of *Salves* and *Plaisters*, is a far more blessed and a securer life

He that lives in his own *fields* and *habitation*, which God hath given him, enjoys true Peace, for no Phantastick, Impudent 20 *Companion* turns in thither to disturbe him, and to seek after a sumptuous entertainment, or to corrupt his family in his absence, the very occasion of *ill-doing* is by his presence taken away He busieth not himself in a *search* of pleasures, but in regulating, and disposing of his family, in the education of his Children, and Domestick Discipline No violent tempestuous motions distract his *rest*, but soft gales, and a silent aire refresh and breath upon him He doth all things commodiously, ordereth his life discreetly, not after the opinion of the people, but by the rules of his own certain experience, he knows he must not live here for ever, and 30 therefore thinks frequently of *dissolution* and the day of *death* He knows his resting place at night, and is not like *travellours* and *runagates*, solicitous and uncertaine of his *lodging*, or the manners of *those* that are to entertaine him, he wants no furniture, his *bed* is ready at the time of rest, and his *Horses* and *Saddles* when he rides abroad He fears not the violence of *Judges*, nor their perverse judgements, which to others is a frequent trouble, And which is a blessing above all, he meets not in the recesses of his fields with any *Impostor*, *busie-body*, or *lewd-woman*, whose temptations sometimes turne men into beasts, and hurry them into divers 40 lusts, which oftentimes have bin so sadly effectuell as to cause *discord* and *bloudshed*

He that lives in the Country, hath *time* for his servant, and whatsoever occasions offer themselves (if he be but a *discreet observer* of his *hours*) he can have no cause to complaine that they are unseasonable Nothing will hinder him from the pleasure of *books*, from *devotion*, or the fruition of his *friends* If he finds himself remisse and voyd of businesse, there is nothing hinders but he may take either the pleasure of *hunting*, or of visiting some well accomplish'd, pleasing *Companion*, Whereas those that are *tyed* to businesse, whose *profession* makes their *life* a meer *slaverie*,
 10 are alwaies imprison'd (as it were) and barr'd from *recreation* Sometimes they are driven upon far Journeys against their will, and spend their time of life (which to *Christians* should be most pretious) in the negotiations of others, in *complementing*, *scraping*, *intreating*, *petitioning*, feigned *sighing*, and a ridiculous *humbling* of themselves Insomuch that the saying of *Augustus Cæsar* to a laborious Citizen of *Rome*, may very well be applyed to them *I wonder* (said he) *thou doest not leave off, thou art so constant in employment, thou wilt have no time to dye*

A *Nobleman* or *Citizen* retyr'd into the Country, may without
 20 prejudice to his *honour* walk alone, without the noyse and trouble of *Attendants*, he needs there no *Couches* to stretch upon, nor his *Gentleman* at his back, and his *Lady* may take the aire without her *Gentlewoman*, but in *Courts* and great assemblies these *formalities* (with excessive charge and pride) must be kept up to carry the eys of the *multitude*, which are alwaies taken with such vaine *shows* and *Pageantrie*

We may in the Country, when we please and without offence take the *aire*, walk to the next *neighbourhood*, or *village*, and with an untainted *repute* return home at what houre we shall set to our
 30 selves, having no troublesome occasions to entangle and delay us The Countryman is *slave* to no body, he walks not loaded with *boots* and *spurs*, ready at all *Commands*, as *Souldiers* at the *sound* of the trumpet

In the Country the *Gentleman* aswell as the *Ploughman* may live, to please himself, and is not bound to a chargeable Imitation of the *fashions* and *foppery* of others There is no necessity of any thing but a *Cloak* for feare of raine, and a *warme garment* more for health than ostentation A *bill* to walk his grounds with, a *fish-basket*, an *angling-rod*, or *birding-piece* are his chiefest
 40 accoutrements Yea, the *Nobleman* in the Country is as much honour'd in his coarsest habit, as he can be elsewhere in his richest and most pompous ornaments.

Of what degree soever he be, that lives in the Country, whether a *Gentleman* or a *Plebeian*, he is not therefore held the more despicable, or unfortunate, because he rides to the market upon his own *working beast*, than the most Lordly *gallant* upon his *great horse*, Yea, more *blessed* is he, that living honestly in the *sweat of his face*, rides his own simple *Asse*, than a rich unconscionable *Tyrant* that furnisheth his great *stable* or *dairie* with the *Cattel* and *Horses* of an innocent, honest *man*

The Second CHAPTER

THE Husband man never wants *good Corne*, and which in great ¹⁰ *Towns* and *Courts* is very rare, he is alwaies furnished with well-relishing *bread* and well baked, for in populous *Cities* their *Corne* is either mouldie, or not wel-grinded, or then *water* with which they knead it, is brackish and unwholesome, which oftentimes is the cause of divers diseases and mortalitie amongst the Inhabitants But that which is most worthy our observation in this Chapter, is, that in the Country there are more healthfull exercises, and better opportunities and means to spend our time than can possibly be had in *Cities* and *Courts* Frequent *dissimulation*, dangerous *reservednesse*, an evill *eye*, ridiculous *affectation*, *pollicie*, ²⁰ *revenge*, supercilious *scorns*, a phantastick *gate*, affected *motions*, *Chambering*, splendid and swelling *words*, grosse *calumnie*, *defamation*, *cursing*, *swearing*, (which would make a good *Christian* wish himself deafe) with *ambition* the most poysonous *weed* of the mind are the *plants* which grow in those *Gardens*

More happy then, yea by much more happy than any *King*, if not nearer to a *divine felicitie* is that person who lives and dwells in the Country upon the Rents and profits of his own grounds There without danger he may act and speake as it becomes *simplicity* and naked *truth*, he hath liberty and choice in all his ³⁰ employments, there is no place for flattery, which drives headlong the *bad*, entiseth the *good*, and *Proteus*-like transforms it self into all shapes, and yet at last purchaseth nothing but the hatred of all, especially when it is busied in *tale-bearing* and *back-biting* In the Country we can have a harmelesse and cheerfull conversation with our familiar friends, either in our *houses* or under some *shade*, not troubling or endangering our selves with the *secret mischiefs* and *designs* of *States-men* Whereas in publick Company there are many things spoken at randome, which bring more of *weari-nesse*, than *pleasure* to the hearers But the quiet retyr'd *liver*, in ⁴⁰ that calme silence, reads over some profitable histories or books

of devotion, and very often (stir'd up by an inward and holy joy) breaks out into divine praises and the singing of *Hymnes* and *Psalms*, with these sacred recreations (more delightfull than *Romances*, and the lascivious Musick of *Fydlers* which only Cloy and weary the ears) doth he feed his *soule* and refresh his *body* Besides by this recesse from places of eminent Confluence, we avoid the clamours and officious *morning salutations* of such chargeable *Parasites*, which *strike it up* under every lodging, and disturbe our rest, that they may have wherewith to be *drunk* and
 10 *disorderly*

Those that live in the Country are much more healthfull, and are not subject to so many diseases as *Citizens* and *Courtiers*, for in Cities the *buildings* are high, the *lanes* narrow and durtie, the *aire* dull and for want of *rarifaction* and *motion* breeds many diseases But in the Country the *Villages* are built at a great distance, the *Inhabitants* are more carefull of their healths, the *aire* is quick and fresh, the *Sun* unclouded and cheerfull, the *earth* lesse subject to vapours and noysome Exhalations, and whatsoever *accident* happens either publick or private it is put up,
 20 or reconciled without noise and fury Severall recreations call the Countryman abroad, now his *Orchard* and *Gardens*, now his *fallow*, now his *meadows*, another time his *corne fields*, and when all these are lookt to, there remains something to be done at *home*, hence commeth he to be so *vigorous* and *strong*, so *secure* and *cheerfull*, and is alwaies accompanied with more *pleasure* than *paine* This *Privilege* also the Country hath above other places, That there are in it neither *young Physicians*, nor *old diseases* But the *Courtier* hath his *substance* alwaies divided into *four* parts, The first he gives to his *flatterers*, the second to his *Sollicitour* and the *devour-*
 30 *ing irreligious Lawyer*, the third to his *Apothecary*, and the fourth to the *Physician* O how happy then in comparison of these *wretches* is the contented, peacefull Countryman, who never heard of the *Neapolitan* disease, nor any other *bodily disorders*, the rewards of an unlimited *lust*! He knows not what is meant by the *Canker*, the *Apoplexie*, or the *Gout*, never saw a *Juleb*, a *Purge*,
 * *A decoction made* or an * *Apozeme* The peacefull *Country-Life* of severall *herbs* is seldome broken with so many and so weighty cares and molestations as may hasten an untimely end, and make the *soule* and *body* part by a forced and painfull dissolution
 40 Briefly so far are the Country people from a pompous Curiosity and ostentation, that they had not known what *brick* or *lime* is, but for the necessary use of it to build Stables and Out houses for

their Cattell Their own *Cots* are for the most part built with *Tymber* which they cover over with *Clay*, and Thatch with *Straw* And those few more costly buildings which are to be seen there, for sweetnesse of *situation* and *contrivance*, exceed all regal Palaces, or other sumptuous structures built by Citizens

The day it self (in my opinion) seems of more *length* and *beauty* in the Country, and can be better enjoyed than any where else There the *years* passe away calmly, and one *day* gently drives on the other, insomuch that a man may be sensible of a certaine *satiety* and *pleasure* from every *houre*, and may be said to feed ¹⁰ upon *time* it self, which devours all other things And although those that are imployed in the manning and ordering of their own estates in the Country, have otherwise, namely by that very employment, much more pleasure and delights than a *Citizen* can possibly have, yet verily so it is, that one *day* spent in the recesses and privacie of the *Country*, seems more pleasant and lasting than a whole year at *Court* Justly then and most deservingly shall we account them most happy with whom the Sun stays longest, and lends a larger day The Husbandman is alwaies up and drest with the morning, whose dawning light at the same instant of time ²⁰ breaks over all the Fields and chaseth away the darknesse (which would hinder his early labours) from every *valley* If his days task keep him late in the *fields*, yet *night* comes not so suddenly upon him, but he can returne home with the *Evening star* Whereas in *Towns* and populous *Cities* neither the *Day*, nor the *Sun*, nor a *Star*, nor the *Season* of the *Year* can be well perceived All which in the Country are manifestly seen, and occasion a more exact care and observation of *Seasons*, that their *labours* may be in their appointed time, and their *rewards* accordingly

Another most profitable Prerogative also the Husband man ³⁰ hath, and that is the cheapnesse of all necessary commodities, as *Wood* for fuell, *Hay*, and *Straw*, which in the *Cities* cannot be had but at a most dear rate Besides he *Dines* and *Supps* both when and where, and with whom he pleaseth, though not delicately, yet so as to satisfie nature, and not offend his health, but in *Cities* and *Courts* the long *preparation* and *Cookery* makes their meals alwaies *unseasonable*, and their meat is most commonly either raw, or with long stay lukewarme, and ill-relishing, which notwithstanding they devoure with so much eagernesse, as if they were half starved And which is worst of all, they are oftentimes ⁴⁰ driven to sit at the same Table with their enemies and persecutors, which makes their most dainty morsels relish no better than *gaul*

and *wormewood* This intemperate manner of feeding is too too often the cause of sudden deaths, or a forward decrepitness, with lingring and obstinate diseases But the Husbandman all this while hath *life* and *health* at will, he keeps good-hours, Dines and Sups seasonably, eats cheerfully without *suspition* and a *taster* in the Company of his faithfull friends, which at *Court*, and in *Cities*, are meere *prodigies* and *miracles* Or if he Dines privately, yet hath he the *comfort* and *societie* of a modest, vertuous *wife*, sweet and healthfull *Children*, a religious and quiet *family*, whose very sight is the best
 10 *sauce*, and gives most *content* And though none of all these feed high & daintily, yet by *Gods* goodnesse they have both healthfull *bodies* and cheerfull *complexions*, and never complaine of *famine* or *scaratie* A Messe of *Milk* and a piece of *Cheese* relish better with them in their own *homes*, than the most sumptuous provisions and banquets in the house of a *stranger*, Yea the coarsest dish their table affords is as welcome to them, as if it were drest with rich *Oils*, rare *Sallads*, and the most costly *Spices*

This Privilege also (above others) makes the Country man happy, that he hath alwaies something at hand which is both
 10 usefull and pleasant A blessing which hath never bin granted either to a *Courtier*, or a *Citizen* They have *enemies* enough, but few *friends* that deserve their love, or that they dare trust to either for *Counsell* or *action* O who can ever fully expresse the pleasures and happinesse of the Country-life! with the various and delightfull sports of *fishing*, *hunting* and *fowling*, with *guns*, *Grey-hounds*, *Spaniels*, and severall sorts of *Nets*! what oblectation and refreshment it is, to behold the *green shades*, the beauty and Majestie of the tall and antient *groves*, to be skill'd in *planting* and dressing of *Orchards*, *Flowres* and *Pot-Herbs*, to temper and allay
 30 these harmlesse *employments* with some innocent merry *song*, to ascend sometimes to the *fresh* and *healthfull hils*, to descend into the *bosome* of the *valleys*, and the fragrant, deawy *meadows*, to heare the *musick* of *birds*, the *murmurs* of *Bees*, the *falling* of *springs*, and the pleasant discourses of the *Old Plough-men*, where without any impediment or trouble a man may walk, and (as *Cato Censorius* us'd to say) discourse with the *dead*, that is read the pious works of learned men who departing this life left behind them their *noble thoughts* for the benefit of *posterity*, and the preservation of their own worthy *names* Where the Christian
 40 pious *Countryman* may walk with the learned Religious *Minster* of his *Parish*, or converse with his familiar faithfull *friends*, avoyding

the dissimulation and windinesse of those that are *blown* up with the *spirit*, and under the pretence of *Religion* commit all *villanies* These are the blessings which only a *Countryman* is ordain'd to, and are in vaine wish'd for by *Citizens* and *Courtiers*

The third CHAPTER

The Inhabitants of the Country meet with nothing all the *week* that can make them miserable, and when the *Sabbath day* comes, or other *festivall solemnities*, they enjoy a more sincere and heavenly comfort, than those that live in *Cities* and *Courts*, for such a troop of intricate and numerous *negotiations* take up the *thoughts* 10 and *souls* of those people, that they never make any difference betwixt *working* and *holy days* O what a pious and beautifull work it is, when *holy* and *solemne days* are observ'd in the Country, according to the *sacred rules* and *Ordinances* of *Religion*! The *doore-keepers* of the *house of God* set wide open their *beautifull gates*, The *Church-bells* Ring, and every pious Soule is ravish'd with the *Musick*, and is sick of *love* untill he come into the *Courts* of the *Lord* The *Temples* and *Communion tables* are drest, and the *beauty of holinesse* shines every where The poorest *Country-labourer* honours that day with his best *habit*, their *families*, their 20 *beasts*, and their *cattell* rest on that day, and every one in a decent and Christian *dresse* walks Religiously towards his *Parish Church*, where they heare *Divine Service*, performe all *holy duties*, and after Dinner releast from all their labours *rest* in the *practice* of true *piety* But in *Cities* there are no other signs of *holy days* than to sleep them out, or to see their *Wifes* and their *Daughters* richly cloath'd, with their *haire* artificially combed and curiously tyed up, The men walk out into the *Suburbs*, where they fall to drinking and disorder And if you enter into their *Churches* you shall find a very thin Company, and most of them either *strangers*, or some 30 inferiour *Trades-men* The chiefest *Citizens* aswell as the *Courtiers* spend those blessed days in pampering themselves, and obeying their own lusts and devices

But let us return from this *vitious place* into the *harmles Country* What dainties are there at Court (omiting the pleasure of taking them) which are not first had from the *Countrey*? The *Courtier* pleaseth his palat with a peece of *stale venison*, but the *Countreyman* by the help of his *bow*, his *nets*, or his *gun*, can have it *fresh*, and consequently more *pleasant* and more *healthie* He hath not a familie whose necessities must be alwaies furnished out 40

of the *shop*, nor their table out of the *market*, but a provident and gainfull familie, His provision is alwaies out of his own *store*, and agreeable with the season of the Yeare, *Pigeons, Partridges, Capons, Quists, Hares*, with severall sorts of *fish* and *fowle* he hath in abundance, and is ever ready to pleasure a friend if call'd upon His *sheepe* furnish him and his familie with *wooll* for clothing His fat *weathers* and *goates* are numerous and alwaies at hand He hath his *Oxen* to plough with, his *kine* and *heifers* yeeld him *milk, butter, and Cheese*, His *Kitchen* is alwaies well stor'd with *Bacon and*
 10 *Beefe*, nor wants he any thing that is necessary towards the *breeding* or the *maintaining* of a familie If wee look abroad into his *fields*, wee shall find him well furnished with young *Cattell* and *Colts*, some ready for the *Yoke*, and *Sadle*, others fit for the *Market* and *Sale* Thus by Gods blessing upon his labours he thrives by an honest Industrie without supplanting his neighbour, while others out of an unsatiable madnes and a devlish avance by meere rapine and a tyannicall power, maintaine their abominable greatnes with the *bloud* and *teares* of poore Innocents and Orphans, and like *Harpyes* and *heathens* take the *bread* out of the *mouths* of the helpeles and
 20 harmles *Children*

In the *Countrey* every *one* finds reverence proportionable to his worth, and those that have none are accordingly esteemed of But in *Cities* and *Courts* it is otherwise, for there, no man is honour'd for his *worth*, but for his *riches*, nor for his *deserts*, but for his outward *port* and *greatnes* And to such *Swoln outsides* (though never so *hollow* and *rotten* within) all *Parasites* and *suters* run like rivers to the sea But the honest, plaine Husbandmen, if there lives amongst them a discreet, learned, and upright Patriot, faithfull and able to give them advise, can never think themselves
 30 thankfull enough, for the good offices, fidelitie, and kindnes they receive from him, what ever in their fields, gardens and orchards is most rare, that they present him with, and all of them from the lowest to the highest make frequent profession of their love and duty unto him But at Court and in great Cities all honour is conferred upon subtile dissembling *favorites*, while the wise, honest, and constant *man* is neglected and past by like a *fruitles tree*, none but *knaves* and *parasites* being admitted to preferment The wicked men there carry all the *rewards*, and the righteous grone under those *punishments* which are due to the bad
 40 The *Countrey-gentleman* and the *husbandman* breed up and accustome their *sons* and *daughters* to modest, and virtuous Courses, lest by any remissnes or Loose Carnage, they might incurre the

danger of an ill name Equall *matches*, and unforc'd *Affections* make them live *happily*, and the *tyes* of Kinred and marriage so unite all neighbourhoods there, that their affections and Courtesies to one another last equally with their lives, which in greater fortunes use to end with the *marriage-day* This is a happines which *Cittizens* and *Courtiers* seldome enjoy, for they looking after great fortunes, match their Children far off, and are oftner Troubled with their *absence*, than Comforted with their *presence*

O too too fortunate, and in every Circumstance most blessed and happy Husband-men¹ who marry their Children to their 10 neighbours, and live alwaies within the *breath* of their Sons in Law, their grand Children, and their families Who *reverence*, *love*, and willingly performe all kind and honest offices for their *superiours*, and which is a speciall Comfort to their soules in their old age, visit, relieve, and cherish the *sick* and the *poore* Such peacefull private livers as these feare no *fines*, nor *forfeitures*, which many times bring in a *Stranger* or an *Enemie* to be the heire of all our labours under the *Sun*

It is a singular privilege also which the Countrey hath, that the Inhabitants there are not troubled with any *Importunate Visits*, 20 and yet have no Cause to complaine of *Solitude* This fashion of *visiting* is in great *townes* and *Courts* grown up to a kind of a politick *vocation*, when their *purses* are emptied of money, then their *heads* are full of gadding thoughts, and they are casting about what acquaintance or friend they shalbe troublesome to, under a pretence of Courtesie, so that they can neither sleep well at *nights*, nor suffer their friends to be quiet in the *day-time*

How happy then is the Countrey-man which moves only in the Circuite of his own grounds, that is absolute master of his time, and is not compelled to waite at the litigious *bars*, and *Courts* of 30 *Law* by a set houre¹ that goes not *capping* from Lawier to Lawier for their opinion, and then payes for it, before he hath it That *Supplicates* not to *door-keepers*, *Clarks*, and *officers*, nor with much sorrow and more amazement is forced to heare a great deale of invented *barbarisme*, and strange *terms* That is not driven to make humble requests to ev'ry rotten *Sycophant* and *favourite*, which yet in vaine he often soliciteth, and prostrates himselfe to the *Corrupt Magistrates*, for feare of being devoured by such *Cyclops* and *harpyes* Happy I say is the Husband-man, who lives a stranger to all these miseries, and in the shadow of some faire 40 *wood* with unspeakable delight contemplates the beauty of the *fields*, *meadows*, *fountaines*, and *rivers* of *water* He admires and

adores the only wise, and almightie god, who first *created*, and still *preserves* all things in a flourishing and fruitfull condition With this Consideration of *god's* infinite goodnes he mightily comforts himselfe, and is daily delighted to heare the *bleating* of his *sheepe* and *lambs*, the *lowing* of his *Oxen*, and the *neighing* of his *horses* Towards *sun setting*, the *nightingale* and other pleasant *birds* caroll to him out of the *wood*, his *dogs* like faithfull attendants walk about him, The *Rams* leap, the *kids* skip, and his *Yard* abounds with *Pigeons*, *Turkeys*, *Capons*, *ducks* and all sorts of *Poultre* Innumerable other pleasing objects greet his Eyes, as the leaping of
 10 fish, the flying of *fowles*, and the casuall meeting of wild *beasts*, which steale through the *woods* and pleasant *pastures* to some *green banke*, where they may quench their thirst with the *coole streames* Happy therefore I say, yea, truly happy is the Husbandman who is every day *feasted* (as it were) with so many and such various delights, who in a certaine and silent tranquillitie enjoys all these blessings with a thankfull heart I hough he should rest no where else, but on *straw*, or the bare *Earth*, yet are his sleeps unbroken, and far more sweet, than those *naps* which are taken upon *silks*,
 20 and *beds of down*

Another advantage which the Husband man hath is this, That in the Country there is more emulation and striving to be good, and lesse occasion of malice than in *Courts* and places of eminence, where sin and wickednesse find alwaies an open entrance The Confluence there is at all times populous, few or none exhorting to a virtuous life, and many, yea most of them inciting to vice, but the most dangerous are those, who doe not so much allure with words as with examples, teaching us to esteeme of every man according to his outside, not considering what he may be within,
 30 or how qualified towards *God* and his *neighbour* These kind of people the wise *Seneca* judged to be the most miserable, comparing them to *whited wals* and *painted tables*, whose outward show might deceive a very good judgement, so easily may an honest man be over-reach'd, though never so wise

But let us proceed to another consideration There is not in the Country such frequent miscarriage, and occasion of offence, as in *Cities* and *Courts*, they justle not, nor overtop one another, They seek all for a subsistence by manuring their lands, and looking to their cattell, there is no *eminencie* amongst them, and consequently no *envy* There are no *Wine-laverns* nor *Cook-shops* for
 40 riotous, lewd livers to frequent, no *night-wanderers* to sit up, drink, and vomit in every corner, making the rooms loathsome, and their

Company lesse tollerable than that of *Swine* There are no nice, curious *Dames*, that never come abroad without a Guard of Hand-mayds, no quarrels, no bloodshed, nor provocations to them There are no voluptuous, lascivious *shows*, no *Arts* to egge men on to impietie and *Epicurisme* All that can be said to offend there, are a few *gnats* and *flies*, which notwithstanding are not so troublesome, as that they need to *keep up a troop of horse* to drive them out But there are *Hornets* elsewhere which sting worse, and a Company of *Drones* whose robbery and greedinesse will admit of no cure at all

10

We are now come to the last *Prerogative*, which in this short discourse we shall reckon for the Country-Inhabitants, and that is this, They can with lesse charge maintaine their families, and better their estates, than it can be done in *Cities* and *Courts*, for it is well known at what vast, and unreasonable expences they live at Court, especially in this age, wherein the excessive charge of *rich habits* and a *luxurious diet* is grown to such a height both in *Courts* and *Cities*, that it seems to call for not only the *censure* of the earthly Magistrate, but the *Divine judgement* it self

O what *Peace*, what *privacy*, and *securitie* is to be found in the *Country*! No silken *Curtains*, no costly *Arras*, no *Gold* or *Silver* Plate, no sumptuous *Jewels*, no Embroyderd *Garments*, no *Coaches*, nor *Sedans*, with an unprofitable and troublesome *traine* of attendants are there in request The *expenses* we must be at there, are both *frugall* and *necessary*, there is nothing to incite us to a lavish imitation of every ridiculous *Prodigall*, that claps his Revenues upon his back, and by the way of *bravery* comes at last to *beggery* The Countrymans *Household-stuffe* is but ordinary, his *Tables* and *Chairs* are of plaine Timber, his *Beds* neither carv'd, nor gilded The *Cups* he drinks in, are in the *Winter* of wholesome *earth*, or the seasond *Oke*, and in the *Summer* of *glasse* His richest habit is a plaine *coate*, or *cloke* worne first by his own *sheep*, afterwards *shorne* and *spun* for himself, an able *horse*, a *man-servant* and a *maid* are all his *retinnue* And truly this plaine *Husband man* both in regard of the *Utensils* of his house, his *provision* and *course* of life, is and ever shalbe in my opinion far more happy than either the *Nobleman*, the *Courtier*, or the *Citizen*, And if we consider him for *uprightness*, and *purity* of *conscience*, I believe there is no *man* so *Irrationall*, but will confesse him to exceed them all As for the *Courtier*, all that ever he gets, comes either by some base, servile *prostitution* of his person, or by *flatterie* and *insinuation*, sometime the rich *donatives* of *Princes* and *Noblemen*,

30

40

136 *The Praise and Happiness, &c.*

wearied with their importunate begging and solicitations, conduce much to their advancement But *vultures* and *harpies* are more tollerable in a *Common wealth* than this kind of creatures, for those feed only upon *Carkasses* & the *dead*, but these prey upon and devour the *living* That *God* in whose hand the hearts of Princes are, root out of the earth all such *Caterpillers*, which have occasion'd the ruine of many pious *Kings*, and most flourishing *Kingdomes* There would be something commendable in them, if they would at last in their *old age* leave off their odious *practices*,
 10 but as the Proverb goes, *they are never asham'd to swallow the Oxe and his tayle too* Good *stomacks* they have, and can convert any thing into *bloud* and *nutriment* Such, and so fatall is the misery of man, that though he plainly sees the *errours* of his life, yet he neither will *Reforme*, nor use the *means* for *Reformation* May this *ambition* once perish, and *humilitie* take place, such an *happy* change would (no doubt) have an *holy* end

FINIS

• THE
MOUNT of OLIVES:
OR,
SOLITARY DEVOTIONS.

By
HENRY VAUGHAN *Silurist*
With
An excellent Discourse of the
blest state of MAN IN GLORY,
written by the most Reverend and
holy Father ANSELM Arch-
Bishop of *Canterbury*, and now
done into English

LUKE 21 v 39, 37

*Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may
be accounted worthy to escape all these things
that shall come to passe, and to stand before the
Sonne of Man*

*And in the day time he was teaching in the
Temple, and at night he went out, and abode in
the Mount that is called the Mount of Olives*

LONDON, Printed for WILLIAM LEAKE at the
Crown in Fleet-street between the two
Temple-Gates 1652

TO THE
Truly Noble and Religious
S^r CHARLES EGERTON
KNIGHT

SIR,

Though I should have no other *defence*, that near *relation* by which my *dearest friend* laies claime to your *person*, might in some measure excuse this otherwise *unhansome adventure* of publishing these *weake productions* under the *shelter* of your *name* But I was not so much induced to *it* by that *Tye*, though very deare unto me, as by your *love* to *Religion* and *Learning*, and the *respects* due from my selfe to your *person*, and those *reverend years*, which by a *faire* and *virtuous disposal* of your *time* you have
10 happily attained to, and wherein you *safely* are,

— *Cælo dignus canente senectâ*
Consilioque dedit, —

I know, *Sir*, you will be pleased to accept of this poore *Olive-leaf* presented to you, so that I shall not be driven to put forth my hand to take in my *Dove* againe And indeed (considering how *fast* and how *soone* men degenerate), It must be counted for a great *blessing*, that there is yet any left which dares *look* upon, and *commiserate* distressed Religion Good men in *bad times* are very scarce, They are like the *standing eares of Corne* escaped out
20 of the *Reapers hands*, or the *Vine dressers last gleanings after the first ripe fruits have been gathered* Such a *precious generation are the Just* in the *day of trouble*, and their names are like to *afflicted truth*, like the *shadow of a great rock in a weary land*, or a *way-faring mans lodge in the waste and howling Wildernesse* The *Sonne of God* himselfe (when *he was here*,) had no place to put his head in, And his *Servants* must not think the *present measure* too hard, seeing their *Master* himself took up his *nights-lodging* in the cold *Mount of Olives*

By this time, *Sir*, you may see the *reason* which moved me to
30 take *Sanctuary* at your *name*, and now I will acquaint you with my *designe* To be short, *Sir*, It is no other, but that your *name* (like the *royall stamp*) may make *current* and commend this *poore*

*mit*e to posterity And that the unfained *lover* of your *Person* may
in these few and *transitory sheets* waite upon your memory in the
ages to come, when your immortal and precious *soule* shall be
bound up in the bundle of the living, in the *ever lasting book* of
life, which is devoutly desired by

SIR,

Newton by Use
this first of
October
1651

Your very affectionate
and faithful Servant

V A U G H A N

TO THE ,
Peaceful, humble, and pious READER.

I know the world abounds with these Manuals, and triumphs over them It is not then their scarcity that call'd this forth, nor yet a desire to crosse the age, nor any in it I envie not their frequent Extasies, and raptures to the third heaven, I onely wish them real, and that their actions did not tell the world, they are rapt into some other place Nor should they, who assume to themselves the glorious stile of Saints, be uncharitably moved, if we that are yet in the body, and carry our treasure in earthen vessels, have need of these helps

10 *It is for thy good, and for his glory, who in the dayes of his flesh prayed here himselfe, and both taught and commanded us to pray, that I have published this Thou hast here sound directions and wholesome words, and if thou wilt enquire of the Lord and say, If the Lord will, I shall live, and do this or that, thou mayest Here are Morning and Evening sacrifices, with holy and apposite Ejaculations for most times and occasions And lastly, here are very faithful and necessary Precepts and Meditations before we come to the Lords Table To which last part I have added a short and plaine Discourse of Death, with a Prayer in the houre thereof*
20 *And for thy comfort after thou hast past through that Golgotha, I have annexed a Dissertation of the blessed state of the righteous after this life, written originally by holy Anselme sometimes Arch-Bishop of Canterbury*

I have purposely avoided to leade thee into this little Book with a large discourse of Devotion, what it is, with the severall Heads, Divisions, and sub-divisions of it, all these being but so many fruitlesse curiosities of Schoole-Divinity, Cui fumus est pro fundamento Neither did I thinke it necessary that the ordinary Instructions for a regular life (of which there are infinite Volumes already extant)
30 *should be inserted into this small Manuall, lest instead of Devotion, I should trouble thee with a peece of Ethics Besides, thou hast them already as briefly delivered as possibly I could, in my Sacred Poems*

And thus, Christian Reader, do I commend it to thy practise, and

the benefit thou shalt finde thereby Onely I shall adde this short Exhortation That thou wouldest not be discouraged in this way, because very many are gone out of it Think not that thou art alone upon this Hill, there is an innumerable company both before and behinde thee Those with their Palms in their hands, and these expecting them If therefore the dust of this world chance to prick thine eyes, suffer it not to blinde them, but running thy race with patience, look to JESUS the Authour and finisher of thy faith, who when he was reviled, reviled not againe Presse thou towards the mark, and let the people and their Seducers rage, be faithful 10 unto the death, and he will give thee a Crowne of life Look not upon transitorie, visible things, but upon him that is eternal, and invisible Choose the better part, yea, that part with Saint Hierome, who preferred the poore Coate of Paul the Hermite to the purple and pride of the world Thus with my simple Advise unto thee, I bid thee farewell

Thy Christian friend

Henry Vaughan

The Table

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FINIS

ADMONITIONS

• FOR

Morning-Prayer.

The night (saith *Chrysostome*) was not therefore made, that either we should sleep it out, or passe it away idly, and Chiefly because we see many worldly persons to watch out whole nights for the Commodities of this life In the *Primitive Church* also the *Saints* of God used to rise at midnight to praise the *Rock of their salvation* with *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* In the same manner shouldst thou do now, and Contemplate the *Order* of the Stars, and how they all in their several stations praise their Creator When all the world is asleep, thou shouldst watch, weep and pray and propose unto thy self that *Practise* of the 10 Psalmist, *I am weary of my groaning, every night wash I my bed, and water my Couch with my tears*, for as the *Dew* which falls by night is most fructifying, and tempers the heat of the *Sun*, so the tears we shed in the night, make the soul fruitful, quench all Concupiscence, and supple the hardnesse we got in the day *Christ* himself in the day-time taught and preach'd, but continued all night in prayer, sometimes in a Mountain apart, sometimes amongst the wild beasts, and sometimes in solitary places

They, whose Age or Infirmary will not give them way to do thus, should use all Convenient means to be up before the Sun- 20 rising, for *we must prevent the Sunne to give God thanks, and at the day spring pray unto him*, *Wisd* 16 It was in the morning that the Children of *Israel* gathered the *Manna*, and of the Just man it is said, *That He will give his heart to resort early to the Lord that made him, and will pray before the most high*, *Eccl* 39 So soon therefore as thou dost awake, shut thy door against all prophane and worldly thoughts, and before all things let thy God be first admitted, offer unto him thy first fruits for that day, and commune with him after this manner

When thou dost awake

30

O God the Father! who saidst in the beginning, *Let there be light*, and it was so, *Inlighten my Eyes that I never sleepe in death* lest at any time my Enemy should say, *I have prevailed against him*

O God the Sonne! light of light, the most true and perfect light, from whom this light of the Sun, and the day had their

beginning, thou, that art the light shining in darknesse,
 Inlightning every one that cometh into this world, expell from me
 all Clouds of Ignorance, and give me true understanding, that in
 thee, and by thee I may know the *Father*; whom to know is to
 live, and to serve is to reigne

O God the Holy Ghost! the fire that inlightens, and warms
 our hearts, shed into me thy most sacred light, that I may know
 the true Joyes of Heaven, and see to escape the illusions of this
 world Ray thy selfe into my soul that I may see what an
 10 Exceeding weight of glory my Enemy would bereave me of for
 the meer shadowes and painting of this world Grant that I may
 know those things which belong unto thee, and nothing else,
 Inflame me with thy divine love that with a true Christian
 Contempt I may tread upon all transitory Pleasures, and seek
 only those things which are eternal

Most blessed Trinity! and one eternal God! as thou hast this
 day awaked me from this bodily sleep, so awake my soule from
 the sleep of sin, and as thou hast given me strength after sleep,
 now again to watch, so after death give me life, for what is death
 20 to me, is but sleep with thee, to whom be ascribed all glory,
 wisdom, majesty, dominion and praise now and for Ever, Amen

When thou dost arise

Arise O my soul that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ
 shall give thee light Arise O daughter of *Sion*, O my soul
 redeemed with the blood of Christ! sit no more in the dust of
 thy sins, but arise, and rest in that peace which is purchas'd by
 thy Saviours merits

Christ Jesus! my most merciful and dear Redeemer! as it is
 thy meer goodness that lifts up this mortal and burthensome body,
 30 so let thy grace lift up my soul to the true knowledge and love of
 thee, grant also that my body may this day be a helper and
 servant to my soul in all good works, that both *body* and *soul*
 may be partakers of those Endlesse Joyes, where thou livest and
 reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one true God world
 without End, *Amen*

*As soone as thou art drest, before thou comest forth from thy
 Chamber, kneel down in some convenient place, and in this, or the
 like Prayer commend thy self for that day unto thy Creator's
 Protection*

40 Almighty, eternal God, the Father of our Lord *Jesus Christ*,

I blesse and praise thy holy name, and with my whole heart give thee all possible thanks, that out of thine infinite goodness thou wert pleased to watch over me this night, to resist my adversary, and to keep me from all perils of body and soul, O thou! that never slumbrest nor sleepest, how careful hast thou been of me! how hast thou protected me, and with thy holy angels, thy ministring spirits sent forth to minister for the heirs of salvation, incompast me about! yea, with what unmeasurable love hast thou restored unto me the light of the day, and rais'd me from sleep and the shadow of death, to look up to thy holy hill, Justly 10 mightst thou, O God, have shut the gates of death upon me, and laid me for ever under the barres of the Earth, but thou hast redeemed me from Corruption, and with thy *Everlasting armes* enlarged my time of Repentance

And now O Father of mercies, and God of all Consolation, hear the voyce of thy Suppliant, and let my cry be heard in thy highest heavens As I do sincerely love thee, and beg for thy Protection, so receive thou me under the shadow of thy wings, watch over me with the Eyes of thy mercy, direct me in the wayes of thy Law, and enrich me with the gifts of thy Spirit, that I may passe 20 through this day, to the glory of thy great name, the good of others, and the comfort of my own soul Keep me, O my God, from the great offence, quench in me all vain Imaginations, and sensual desires, sanctifie and supple my heart with the dew of thy divine Spirit, refresh it with the streams of thy grace, that I may bring forth fruit in due season, and not cumber the ground, nor be cut off in thy anger And to this end I do here resigne my body and my soul, with all the faculties thou hast bestowed upon both, into thy Almighty hands, Guide thou them in the works of thy Law, turne my eyes from all transitory objects, to the things 30 which are eternal, and from the *Cares* and *Pride* of this world to the *fowles of the aire* and the *Lillies of the field*, And now, O my God, seeing I am but Dust and Ashes, and my Righteousnesse a filthy Rag, having no deserts in my self but what should draw Everlasting vengeance, and the Vials of thy bitter wrath upon my body and soul, behold, I have brought with me thy first-born and onely begotten, the propitiation for my sins, the *Incense* I offer up with my prayers, *Rev* 8 3 my Redeemer and Mediatour in whom thou art well-pleased, hear thou him O look not upon my Leprosie, but on his beauty and perfection! and for the righteous- 40

11 mightst] might 1652

32 *aire G Gu* *aire*, 1652 *field*, *M field* 1652 *field G Gu*

nesse of thy *Son*, forgive the sins of thy *Servant* Grant this for his sake, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all glory and majesty, Dominion and power now and for ever Amen

Admonitions when we prepare for any farre Journey

When thou art to go from home, remember that thou art to come forth into the *World*, and to Converse with an Enemy, And what else is the World but a Wildernesse? A darksome, intricate wood full of *Ambushes* and dangers, A Forrest where spiritual hunters, principalities and powers spread their nets, and
 10 compasse it about, wouldst thou then escape these ghostly snares, this *wickednes in high places*, and return home if not better and holier, yet not worse then at thy setting out? Wouldst thou with *Jacob* passe over these *Waters* with thy staffe onely, and in thy return become two bands? *Gen 32 10* Why then, do as he did, begin thy Journey with prayer, and say, *If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eate, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my fathers house in peace then shall the Lord be my God,* *Gen 28 20, 21* This was his practise, and the practise of his fathers, *The Lord God of*
 20 *heaven* (saith *Abraham*) *who took me from my fathers house, and from the land of my kindred, &c he shall send his Angel before thee* Nor must thou pray only at thy setting forth, but all the way, and at all times, Thus *Ehezer* prayed at the Well, *Isaac* in the field, and *Ehas* (in his journey to *Mount Horeb*) under a *Juniper* tree in the Wildernesse This also (if thou wilt imitate these holy men) thou may'st do, and for that pious purpose thou hast here these following Prayers

When we go from home

Almighty and everlasting God, who art the *Way*, the *Life* and
 30 the *Truth*, look down from heaven, and behold me now betwixt the Assaults of the Devil, the allurements of the World, and my own inclinations, I cannot look abroad, but these flock about me, But O thou that ledest *Joseph* like a sheep, thou most faithful and Almighty guide, lend me thy hand, open mine Eyes, direct my steps, and cause me to walk in thy fear, Thou that didst go out with *Jacob* from *Beer she-ba* unto *Padan aran*, guiding him in the *waste plaines*, and watching over him on his *Pillow of stones*, be not now farre from me, Leade me, O Lord, in thy righteousness, make my paths straight, and strengthen my goings, that
 40 having finished my Course here, I may sit down in thy Kingdome, an Inheritance undefiled, purchased for me with the blood of my Saviour, and thy beloved Son *Jesus Christ*, Amen

II

O thou, that art every where ! *Thou that sittest upon the Circle of the Earth, and all the Inhabitants thereof are as Grashoppers before thee ! Whose Eyes discover the deep things of the night, before whom Hell is naked, and all the Devices of my spirituall Enemies !* Thou that didst leade *Abraham* thy chosen from *Ur* of the *Chaldees* into a land flowing with milk and honey, favour I beseech thee the present harmlesse Enterprise and innocent purpose of thy servant, be unto me in my Journey a Comfort, in the heate a shadow, in stormes a shelter, and in adversity my protection, That having finished my intended course, I may return in peace full of thy praises, who art near to all those that call upon thee, Grant this for *Christ Jesus* his sake, *Amen*

Meditate in the way upon the sojournings and travels of the Patriarchs and Prophets, the many weary journeys of *Jesus Christ* in the flesh, the travels of his Apostles by sea and land, with the pilgrimage and peregrinations of many other precious Saints that wandred in Deserts and Mountains, of whom the world was not worthy

Admonitions how to carry thy self in the Church 20

Holnesse (saith the Royall Prophet) *becometh thy house for ever*
When thou art going thither then, carry not the world with thee

Let vain or busie thoughts have there no part,
Bring not thy *Plough*, thy *Plots*, thy *Pleasures* thither,
Christ purg'd his Temple, so must thou thy heart
All worldly thoughts are but Theeves met together
To Cousin thee Look to thy actions well,
For *Churches* are either our Heav'n or Hell

These reverend and sacred buildings (however now vilified and shut up) have ever been, and amongst true Christians still are the solemne and publike places of meeting for Divine Worship There the *flocks feed at noon-day*, there the great *Shepherd* and *Bishop* of their souls is *in the midst of them*, and where he is, that *Ground is holy*, Put off thy shoes then, thy worldly and carnall affections, and when thou beginnest to enter in, say with *Jacob*, *How dreadful is this place ! sure this is none other then the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven !* Such reverence and religious affection hath in all ages been shew'd towards these places, that the holy men of God detain'd either by Captivity, or other necessary occasions, when they could not remedy the distance, yet to testifie their *desire and longing for the Courts of the Lord*, Psal 84 they would always worship towards them Thus *Daniel* upon the

Idolatrous Decree signed by *Darius*, goes into his house, and his windows being open in his Chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees, and prayed and gave thanks before his God as he did afore time, Dan 6 10 which fully proves it to have been his Constant manner of Devotion And of *Judith* we read that about the time that the Incense of that Evening was offered up in Hierusalem, she cried unto the Lord, Iud 9 1 But above all, most pathetical and earnest is that crye of King *David* in the 85 Psalm

How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts !

10 *My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the Lord, my heart and my flesh cryeth out for the living God*

Yea the Sparrow hath found an house, and the Swallow a nest for her selfe, where she may lay her young, even thine Altars, O Lord of Hosts, my God and my King !

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be still praising thee

For one day in thy Courts is better than a thousand, I had rather be a doore keeper in the House of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickednesse

20 Let it be thy Care then, when thou art there present to carry thy self like a true worshipper, Give none offence, neither outwardly to thy *Brethren*, nor the *Angels*, 1 Cor 11 10 Nor inwardly to thy God, whose Eyes shine within thee, and discern thy reins and thy heart Look seriously about thee, and Consider with thy self how many beauteous, wittie, and hopeful personages in their time lie now under thy feet, thou canst not tell but thy turn may be next Humble thy self in this dust, and all vain Imaginations will flie from thee Consider that thou art now in the *Cave of Macpelah*, in a sacred *Repositorie* where the Bodies of
30 Saints are asleepe, expecting that hour, *when those that are in the grave shall hear his voyce* Do not then stop thy eares against the *Charmer*, but give diligent attention, and hear him while it is yet to day, that in the day of thy death thou mayst rest there in the same hope When thy vessell is fill'd with this *Manna*, and thy soul satisfied, go not off without Thanksgiving, Be not like those nine *Leapers* who never returned to give glory to God, but come back with the thankfull *Samaritane*, and receive another blessing, *Go in peace* Saint *Luke* in the *Acts* of the Apostles making mention of the *Ethiopian Eunuch*, who came up to Jerusalem for to wor-
40 ship, tells us, that in his returne he was reading in *Isaiah* the

Prophet, This blessed *Convert* I would have thee to imitate
When thou hast fill'd thy *Hin* with this living water, leave it not
behinde thee at the Fountain, spill not thy *Milk* and thy *Wine*,
because thou hast it without *money and without price*, but carry it
home and use it Thou mayest have need of it in six dayes, and
perhaps shalt not come to draw again, untill thou drinkest it anew
with thy Saviour in *his Fathers Kingdom*

A Prayer before thou goest to Church

Lord *Jesus Christ*, who out of thy Fathers bosome wert sent
into this world to reveal his will unto sinners, and to instruct them ¹⁰
in the way of salvation, behold, I am now going to hear thy
blessed word, and these many yeers have so done, expecting still
thy good pleasure and the Consummation of thy sacred will in
me I have come unto the bread of life, and yet am hungry,
into the light, and yet am blind, unto the great Physician, and
yet my Issue runs The former and the later rain of thy heavenly
Doctrine falls still without intermission upon my heart, but this
bad ground yeelds nothing but Thornes and Briers Many dayes,
many moneths, and many yeers hast thou expected fruit, and
found nothing but leaves It is thy Infinite mercy, O Lord, that ²⁰
thou hast left unto us the seed of thy word, and sendest into thy
harvest such upright and faithful labourers, but in vain, O Lord,
shall they cry in our Ears, unlesse thou openest and renewest our
hearts Open then, I beseech thee (O blessed *Jesu*!) the eares of
my heart, that not onely the outward hearing, but the inward also
may be stirr'd up in me, and what I hear with the eare, I may
understand with the spirit O thou most mild and merciful *Lamb*
of God! the onely, and the Almighty sower! grant, I beseech
thee, that the seed which falls this day upon my heart, may never
be choak'd with the Cares of this world, nor be devoured by the ³⁰
fowles of the aire, nor wither away in these times of persecution
and triall but so Cherish it with the Dew of thy divine spirit,
that (as in a good and faithful ground) it may bring forth fruit
unto eternal life, to the glory of thy great name, and the Comfort
of my poor soul, which thou hast bought with thy most precious
and saving blood *Amen*

*Another when thou art come home, or in the way
if thou beest alone*

Lord *Jesus Christ*, my ever mercifull, and most loving Redeemer!
I give unto thee most hearty thanks for this thy heavenly, spiritual ⁴⁰
provision wherewith thou hast fed and refreshed my soul Grant,

I beseech thee that this Celestial seed may take root in me, and be effectual to my salvation, Watch over my heart, O Lord, and hedge it in with thy grace, that the fowles which descend in the shadows of the Evening may not pick it out, But so prepare and fit me for thy love, that I may never forget thy gracious words, thy blessed and saving advice, but may know in *this my day what belongs unto my peace* It is thy promise by thy holy Prophet, *That as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater* So thy word that goeth forth out of thy mouth, shall not return unto thee void, but shall accomplish that which thou plearest, and prosper in the thing whereto thou sendest it, *Isai 55 10, 11*

Even so, Lord *Jesus*, let it be as thou hast promised Let the words I have heard this day out of the mouth of thy servant, the *Dispenser*, and *Steward* of thy Mysteries prosper in me, and make my life answerable to his Doctrine, that I may not onely know what thy blessed will is, but performe also and fulfill it, so that at last by thy mediation and mercies I may attain to thy eternal and
 20 most glorious Kingdom *Amen*

Admonitions for Evening-Prayer

Remember that in the *Levitical* Law there is a frequent Commemoration and Charge given of the two daily Sacrifices, the one to be offer'd up in the morning and the other in the Evening, *Exod 30 7, 8* These offerings by *Incense*, our holie, harmlesse and undefiled High Priest hath taken away, and instead of them every devout *Christian* is at the appointed times to offer up a Spiritual Sacrifice, namely that of *Prayer*, for *God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth*, *John 4 24*

30 At these prescribed times (if thou wilt have thy Prayers to ascend up before God) thou must withdraw from all outward occupations to prepare for the inward and divine To which end thou hast here this following Meditation, that thou maiest therewith season and invite thy soul from thy worldlie employments to her proper vocation, and so come not altogether undrest into the presence of the *King of glory*

A Meditation at the setting of the Sun, or the Soules Elevation to the true light

The path of the Just (O my God) is as the shining light,
 40 that shineth more and more unto a perfect day of eternity,

Prov 4 But the wicked neither know, nor understand, they walk in darknesse, and from the inward darknesse of their minds passe at last into the outward, eternal darknesse O most miserable and undone soul ! to whom thy *Sunne* is set , that everlasting glorious *Sun* ! which in thy holy Elects never setteth, but is alwaies at the height, full of brightnesse and Consolation A heavie night sits in the noone day upon those souls that have forsaken thee , They look for light, and behold darknesse , for brightnesse, and they walk in obscurty They grope for the wall like the blind, as if they had no Eyes , They stumble at noone-day as in the night, 10 they are in desolate places as dead men But on those that walk with thee an everlasting day shines , This *Sun* of the firmament hath his Couse , it riseth, setteth, comes up again, and again goes down But thou Lord, knowest no vicissitudes, thou art the *Ancient of dayes*, thou art the *Rock of ages from Everlasting to Everlasting* O thou, *the same to day and yesterday, and for evermore* ! Thou *bright and morning Starre springing from on high*, illuminate me, who am now sitting in darknesse and in the shadow of death O *light of light, the brightnesse of thy Fathers glory*, inlighten all inward obscurities in me, that after this life I 20 may never be cast into the outward darknesse O most blessed, most merciful, and Almighty *Jesu* ! abide I beseech thee with me, *for it is towards Evening, and the day is far spent, Luke* 24 As long as thou art present with me, I am in the light, but when thou art gone, I am in the shadows of death, and amongst the stones of emptinesse When thou art present, all is brightnesse, all is sweetnesse, I am in my Gods bosome, I discourse with him, watch with him, walk with him, live with him, and lie down with him All these most dear and unmeasurable blessings I have with thee, and want them without thee Abide then with me, O thou whom my soul 30 loveth ! Thou Sun of righteousness with healing under thy wings arise in my heart , refine, quicken, and cherish it , make thy light there to shine in darknesse, and a perfect day in the dead of night

A Prayer for the Evening

Most gracious, Almighty God ! full of loving kindnesse, and long-suffering, whose mercy is above all thy works, and thy glory above the heavens , whose truth reacheth unto the Clouds, and whose words shall never passe away, forgive me, I beseech thee, my transgressions this day, my vain thoughts, idle words, and loose conversation , my exceeding neglect and forgetfulnesse of thee, my head- 40

long inclinations and lusting after the world, preferring this land of *Cabul* before the snow of *Lebanon*, and a broken Cistern before the Well of life Justly, O Lord, might'st thou have shewed me thy back this day, and cut me off from amongst thy people, *Jer* 18 17 but thou hast had mercy, and not sacrifice, thou hast shed upon me the light of thy Countenance, and removed my sins farre out of thy sight I know, O my God, it is not in man to establish his own ways, it is thy Almighty arme must do it, It is thou alone that hast led me through this day, and kept me both from doing and
 10 from suffering evill And now, O thou preserver of men! What shall I do unto thee? What shall I render unto my Lord for all the mercies and loving kindnesses shewed unto thy servant this day, and all the dayes of my life hitherto? *I will offer unto thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and call upon the name of the Lord* I will ever love thee, fear thee, praise thee, and trust in thee, My song shall be of thee in the night season, and in the day time I will be speaking of thy wondrous works, thy most merciful and liberal arme, I will make thee my *Delight* in the house of my pilgrimage, and I shall alwayes with all my strength, with all my heart, and
 20 with all my soul ascribe unto thee, all glory, wisdom, majesty, dominion, and honour this day and for evermore *Amen*

A Prayer when thou art going into bed

Most glorious, and onely wise God! to whom the light and the darknes are the same, whose dwellings are eternal, and in whose Kingdome there is no need of Candles, nor of the light of the Sunne, look, I beseech thee, upon thy servant, who tarryes in this
place all night, Gen 28 11 And forasmuch as thou (out of thy tender love and Compassion on thy Creatures) hast ordained this time for their repose and refreshing, that having past through the
 30 Cares and dangers of the day, they might under the shadow of thy wings finde rest and security, keep me, I most humbly beseech thee, from the hours and the powers of darknesse, watch over me this night in thy Almighty providence, and scatter all the rebellions and devices of my Adversaries Inlighten my soul, sanctifie my body, govern my affections, and guide my thoughts, that in the fastest closures of my eyelids my spirit may see thee, and in the depth of sleep be *Conversant* with thee Suffer me not, O my God, to forget thee in the dark; or to say, *The Lord seeth me not, The Lord hath forsaken the earth* Ezek 8 12 but so keep me in
 40 thy fear, and sanctifie me with thy grace, that all the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart may be alwayes of thee

Make my soul to thirst for thee, and my flesh also to long after thee And at what time soever thou shalt awake me from this bodily sleep, awake also my soul in me, make thy morning-star to arise in my heart, and let thy spirit blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out Quicken me O Lord, according to thy wonted kindnesse, so shall I seek thee early, and make my prayer unto thee with joyful lips And now O my most loving and faithful Creatour, take me, I beseech thee, into thy Almighty protection, stretch over me the *Arme* of thy mercy, let thine Eye be towards the work of thine own hands, and the purchased possession of thy onely begotten, and my most merciful Redeemer *Jesus Christ*, Amen

¶ As often as thou dost awake in the night, be sure to lift up thy heart unto God in this or the like short *Ejaculation* *Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabbath ! heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory* By resorting thus unto God, thou shalt finde a great furtherance and cheerfulness in thy spiritual exercises, and besides it will keep always about thee the *savour of life* And because thou shalt not be unfurnished upon any incident occasions, I have strowed here this handful of savoury herbs, which thou mayest take up as thou findest them in thy way

EJACULATIONS

When the Clock strikes

Blessed be the houre in which my Lord Jesus was borne, and the houre in which he died ! O Lord Remember me in the houre of death !

When thou intendest any businesse, or Journey

O do well unto thy servant ! that I may live and keep thy Word

When thou art persecuted

Haste thee, O God, to deliver me, make haste to help me, O Lord !

Upon some suddaine fear

O set me upon the Rock that is higher then I, for thou art my hope, and a strong tower for me against my enemy

Upon any disorderly thoughts

Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me

Upon any occasions of sadness

*Thy rebuke hath broken my heart, I am full of heavinesse, but
thou, O Lord, shalt lift me up again*

Upon any Diffidence*

*Thou art my hope, O Lord, even from my youth, through thee
have I been holden up ever since I was borne, though thou shouldst
kill me, yet will I trust in thee*

When thou dost any good work

*Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy name give the
10 praise*

When thou art provoked to anger

*Give thy peace unto thy servant, O God, let no man take away
my Crown, In patience, O Lord, let me possesse my soul*

For thine Enemies

*Lord, lay not this sinne to their Charge, they know not what
they do*

Upon any gracious deliverance, or other mercies conferr'd
upon thee

*The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want He maketh me to
20 lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me besides the still waters
He hath prevented me with the blessings of goodnesse, he hath
granted me my heart's desire, and not with-holden the request of my
lips Surely goodnesse and mercy shall follow me all the dayes of
my life And I will dwell in the house of my God for ever*

Upon any losses, or other adversities

*Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not
receive evill? Naked came I out of my mothers womb, and naked
shall I return thither, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken
away, blessed be the name of the Lord*

30 When thou hearest that any is dead

*Teach me, O Lord, to number my dayes, that I may apply my
heart unto wisdom*

Upon thought of thy sins

*Turn away thy face from my sins, O Lord, and blot out all mine
offences*

*Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who
forgiveth all thy sins, and healeth all thine Infirmities*

When thou art weary of the cares and vanities of this world
*Like as the Hart brayeth for the water brooks, so thirsteth my soul
 after thee O God*

*O who will give me the wings of a Dove, that I may flee, and be
 at rest*

¶ *Admonitions, with Meditations and Prayers to be used before we
 come to the Lords Supper*

All the Sacraments of the New Testament, in those that come
 to participate them, require a most Exquisite and sincere prepara-
 tion But this Sacrament of the Lords Table, because in *Institu-* 10
tion and *Effect* it is the highest of all, requires the most perfect
 and purest Accomplishments Our preparation to this Sacrament
 is not perfected by Contrition onely and Confession of sins, (both
 which are unavoidably requisite) but if we will be worthy receivers
 and partake of those graces which are exhibited unto us in this
 heavenly banquet, there are many other duties we must necessarily
 performe, for this Sacrament is of an infinite vertue, having in it
 the *Well-spring* of all graces, even *Jesus Christ* with all the merits
 of his most bitter passion, which admit neither number nor
 measure Wherefore such as our pre-disposition is, such also 20
 shall our proportion be of this spiritual *Manna*, for as he that
 cometh to a Well to draw water, takes no more thence, then what
 his vessel contains, which yet he cannot impute unto the Well,
 but unto his Pitcher which could hold no more, so they that
 come unto this glorious Sacrament, receive onely so much grace
 as their preparation and holines makes them capable of Now
 there are required of us, before we presume to lay hands upon
 this bread of life, three things

- { 1 Purity of Conscience
- { 2 Purity of Intention
- { 3 Fervent and effectual Devotion

30

We must (as far as it lies in us) refrain from all actual sins in
 thought, word, and deed Secondly, We must do it to a good
 end, not for any private benefit, not by compulsion, or for fear of
 Censure, or any other Ecclesiastical correction, not out of Cus-
 tome, nor for any sensual devotion or joy because of the con-
 fluence and company at these love-feasts Thirdly and lastly, we
 must watch over our owne souls, and take heed that no wind
 blows upon our garden but the spiritual and eternal, we must

labour for an heavenly settlednesse, sanctified affections, holy hopes, new garments, a clean heart, and a right spirit *Cant 2*
 The soul must be sick of love, she must long for the banqueting house, nothing now must appear but flowers, nothing must be heard but the singing of birds, and the voice of the Turtle Lord God (saith S *Ambrose*) with what contrition of heart, with what fountains of tears, with what reverence & fear, with what chastity of body and purity of mind should this divin mystery be celebrated ! where thy flesh is the meat, where thy blood is the drink,
 10 where the creature feeds upon the Creatour, and the Creatour is united unto the creature, where Angels are spectators, and God himself both the Priest and the Sacrifice, what holinesse and humility should we bring thither ?

O what pure things, most pure, must those hands be
 which bring my God to me !

As therefore some rich, odoriferous water is distill'd out of many and several sorts of fragrant herbs and flowers, so our devotion at this soveraigne Sacrament should be composed of many spiritual, acceptable affections with God, as (amongst others) are
 20 profound humility, unmeasurable reverence, ardent love, firme faith, actuall charity, impatient hunger, and an intollerable longing after this heavenly banquet

And because we may not touch these white robes with dirty hands, nor come neer the Rose of *Sharon* with ill sents and offensive fumes, it hath been ever the Custom of Gods Church to injoyne and set apart a certain limited time of purification before this mysterious solemnity, wherein all religious and worthy Communicants addressed and prepared themselves in some measure for this unmeasurable mercy Such was in our Church, that more
 30 strict and holy season, called *Lent*, and such still are the preparation-dayes before this glorious Sabbath in all true Churches Two dayes were given the *Israelites* to sanctifie themselves, and to wash their clothes, that they might be ready against the third day, upon which the Lord was to come downe (in the sight of all the people) upon Mount *Sinai*, And this onely at the reception of the Law which was given by Angels, much more then ought we to wash and cleanse our vessels from all vaine affections, idle words and actions, and to separate our selves from the world for three dayes at least, that we may be ready against that great and
 40 blessed day, wherein we are to come, not to a mountain that might not be touched, nor to the sound of a Trumpet, nor to the

voice of words spoken to us out of the midst of fire, but to the general assembly, and Church of the first-borne, which are written in heaven, and to *Jesus the Mediatour of the new Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things then that of Abel* See then that thou refuse not to come to this great marriage of the Kings Son with thy soul, and see withall, that thou comest not without a wedding garment, that is to say, unprepared *For, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord, But let a man examine himself, and so let him eate of that bread, and drink of that cup of the Lord, for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himselfe, not discerning the Lords body,* 1 Cor 11 27, 28, 29 These are the words of a faithful witnesse, and thou maiest beleeeve them

When therefore thou doest intend to be a partaker of this merciful and mysterious Sacrament, be sure for three daies at least not to intermeddle with any worldly businesse, but all that time redeeme those many daies which were vainly spent by thee, enter into thine owne bosome, examine what thou hast there, and if thou findest any sons of darknesse lurking under those fig-leaves, 20 conceal them not, but turne them out of doors, and wash their Couch with thy teares, have a care that in the Bridegroomes bed, instead of myrrhe and flowers, thou strowest not thornes and thistles The Evening before thou art to communicate, feed but moderately, and after supper use no corrupt communication, but converse inwardly with thine own heart, and meditate what an Almighty guest thou art to entertaine there next day Consider seriously thine own unworthinesse, and desire of him that he would sanctifie and furnish the roome where he is to eate the Passeeover with thee Intreat him to defend thee that night from all sinful 30 Illusions and temptations, and to keep the house cleane and garnished for himself When thou hast thus commended thy self into his hands, let thy sleep that night be shorter then usual, be up with the day, or rather with thy Saviour, who rose up early, while it was yet dark Meditate with thy self what miracles of mercy he hath done for thee Consider how he left his Fathers bosome to be lodged in a manger, and laid by his robes of glory to take upon him the seed of *Abraham*, that he might cloath thee with Immortality Call to minde his wearisome journeys, continual afflictions, the malice and scorne he underwent, the persecutions and reproaches laid upon him, his strong cries and teares in the days of his flesh, his spiritual agony and sweating of blood,

with the Implacable fury of his Enemies, and his own unspeakable humility, humbling himself to the death of the Crosse, a death accursed by Gods own mouth Consider againe (if thou canst) of what unmeasurable love was he possessed, who having designed and spent his time of life here for thy salvation, did not onely leave thee those divine Oracles and Instructions to be guided by, but to seale up the summe and make heaven sure unto thee, did by his last Testament give himself with all the merits of his life and death to be wholly thine, and instead of them took upon him all
 10 thy transgressions, bore all thine iniquities, and to appease the anger, and satisfie the Justice of his Father, became the holy, harmlesse, and undefiled sacrifice and perfect satisfaction for the sins of the world, reconciling all things unto his Father, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven

When thou hast thus considered him in his acts of love and humility, consider him again in his glory, take thine Eyes off from *Bethlehem* and *Golgotha*, and look up to the mount of *Olives*, yea, to heaven where he sits now upon the right hand of his Father, Angels, principalities and powers being made subject unto him
 20 Call to minde his Joyful resurrection, his most accomplished conquest, and triumph over the world, death and hell, his most gracious and familiar conversation with his Apostles before his Ascension, with his most loving and comfortable carriage towards them at his departure, *leading them out as farre as Bethanie, and lifting up his hands, and blessing them* Lastly, close up these thoughts with a serious and awful meditation of that great and joyful, though dreadful day of his second coming to judgement, promised by himself, and affirmed at the time of his Ascension by the two men in white apparel *Ye men of Gahlee, why stand*
 30 *ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven*

Behold! he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him, and all kindreds of the earth shall waile because of him Amen! even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus!

¶ These are the duties required of thee, and which thou must faithfully and punctually performe, if thou wouldst be a worthy Communicant, and receive those sacred and mystical Elements to that blessed end for which they were ordained But when I speak
 40 of three dayes preparation, I do not impose that proportion of time, nor conclude it sufficient, as if it were enough for thee to

recede from thy corrupt inclinations, and the myre of thy sins for such a terme, with an intention to returne and wallow in it again, when that holy season is over, for our whole life (had we the purty of Angels, and the innocence of infants,) bears no proportion at all, nor can it (without an immediate sanctification from God himself) any way qualifie, or make us fit for the reception of this unmeasurable mercy But when I spoke of such a proportion of time, I did onely propose it to my Readers for the performing of those holy and necessary duties, which have particular relation to this solemne Feast, and which (indeed) are required then from every Christian And as for a regular, sober, and holy life, we should in all places, and at all times labour for it, for *without holinesse no man shall see the face of God*, much lesse be partaker of his merits, and by this spiritual eating and drinking become a member of that body, whose life and head he is

A Prayer for the grace of repentance, together with a Confession of sins

O holy, blessed and glorious Trinity ! three persons, and one eternal God, have mercy upon me a miserable sinner

O who will give mine head waters, and mine eyes a fountain of 20 tears ! that I may weep night and day for my infinite transgressions, ingratitude and rebellion against my most milde and merciful Creatour ! O God my God be not farre from me ! hide not thy face from the work of thine hands, reject not my sighing and mournful spirit, nor the earnest endeavours and desires of mine undone and miserable soul ! O thou that breakest not the bruised Reede, nor quenchest the smoking Flax, quench not in me these weak sparks, this dawne and beginnings of the promised earnest Take away, O my God ! this heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh, renew a right spirit within me, cloath me with white 30 raiment, and anoint mine Eyes with Eye-salve, that I may know and see how wretched, and miserable, and poore, and blinde, and naked I am, and may be zealous therefore and repent ! O thou that didst cause the waters to flow out of the stonie rock, and gavest to *Magdalen* such store of teares that she washed thy feet with them, give to me true remorse, and such a measure of repentance as may become a most miserable sinner ! I confesse dear God, that I am not worthy of the least of thy mercies, much lesse to appear at this great and solemne Feast, this Feast of mercy and miracles, where none but with holy hands, pure intentions, crucified affections, and renewed spirits should presume to

enter But as for me I am all uncleannesse, a polluted, vile creature, and nothing belongs unto me at this great day, but confusion of face, and an utter separation from this glorious and saving Communion I have wasted thy stock, consumed thy talents, and destroyed thy goods I was restlesse, and unquiet till I had found out wayes to offend thee I have broken thy Commandments, laid open thine Inclosures, and most grievously trespassed against thy truth, and against the light of mine own Conscience I have preferred rottennesse and dust to the treasure
 10 of thy word, and mine own voluptuousnesse to thy revealed will
And now O thou preserver of men! What shall I do unto thee? Against thee onely have I sinned, and my transgressions are ever in thy sight Lord God! I lay me down at thy footstool, *and if thou wilt be extreme to mark what is amisse*, I shall from my very heart acknowledge and adore thy Justice But O my dear Creatour, for Christ Jesus his sake have mercy upon me! look not on my deserts, but on thy glory, O Lord do not refuse me, but reforme and restore me! O Lord hearken, and do, and deferre not, but speak peace to my troubled soul, and send thy loving
 20 spirit to strengthen and confirme me in the way of holnesse, bring me home, O Lord, and leade me now unto these living waters, incorporate me into the saving vine, and purge me, that I may bear more fruit O cast me not away like an abominable and withered branch, but make me to flourish in the Courts of thy house, where thy Children are like Olive-branches round about thy table! O Lord hear, and have mercy, and forgive me, and be reconciled unto me for *Christ Jesus* his sake! To whom with thee and the holy Ghost be glory in the Church through all ages world without end, *Amen*

30 *A Meditation before the receiving of the holy Communion*

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of Hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory! Behold to the Moone, and it shineth not, and the Starres are darknesse in his sight The Pillars of heaven do tremble, and are astonished at his reproof O who then am I, that I should appear before thee, or *what is man that thou shouldest regard him?* O light of light, the all seeing light that shineth in darknesse, and the darknesse comprehendeth it not, what will become of me, when I shall appear before thy glorious and searching Eye! What an habitation of darknesse and death wilt thou finde
 40 within me? What abominable desolations and emptinesse?

What barrennesse and disorders wilt thou see there? Many a time hast thou knockt, and I have shut the doors against thee, thou hast often called, and I would not answer Sleeping and waking, early and late, day and night have I refused instruction, and would not be healed And now, O my God, after all this rebellion and uncleannesse, wilt thou come and lodge with me? O Lord, where shall I prepare, and make ready for thee? *What communion can there be betwixt light and darknesse*, purity and pollution, perfection and deformity? O Rose of *Sharon*! thou undefiled and everlasting flower, the glory of the fields, and the 10 first fruits of the dead, shall the wilde Asses and the beasts of the wilderness feed now upon thee? Wilt thou give the bread of life unto dogs, and cast thy pearls before swine? O *Jesus Christ*, the lover and the redeemer of all humble and penitent souls! Thou that feedest among the Lilies untill the day breaks and the shadows flee, what is there in my heart where onely tares and thistles grow, that thou canst feed upon? Thy blessed body was wrapt in fine and white linen, (which is the righteousness of the Saints) It was laid in a new and undefiled grave, hewen out of a rock, wherein never man was laid before But all my righteousness is 20 a filthy rag, my heart neither new nor undefiled, but a nest of unclean birds, where they have not onely laine, but hatched and brought forth their viperous young ones

I confesse, dear God, I confesse with all my heart mine own extrem unworthyness, my most shameful and deplorable condition But with thee, O Lord, there is mercy and plenteous redemption Thou dost not use to reject and cast off those that unfeignedly repent and return unto thee, the great design and end of thine Incarnation was to save sinners Thou hadst never come into this world, but for thy love to thy lost sheep, and those thou 30 didst then love, thou dost love still unto the end Thou didst not come unto the whole, but to the sick The first (had there been any such,) had no need of a *Physician*, and the last (hadst not thou come to restore them,) had perished for ever It was thy gracious pleasure (while thou wert here in the world) to receive Publicans and sinners, and though thou art now ascended to thy Father, yet hast not thou changed thy nature Thou art the same yesterday, to day, and for evermore Thy life here was nothing else but a pilgrimage and laborious search after sinners, that thou mightst finde them out and make them whole And 40 how willingly (O blessed *Jesus*!) didst thou lay down thy robes of glory, and cloath thy self with flesh, that thou mightst afterwards

lay down thy life a propitiation for our sins¹ How many scorching and wearisome journeys didst thou undergo for our sakes¹ How many cold and tedious nights didst thou watch and spend abroad in prayer, when the birds of the aire lay warme in their nests, and thou hadst not a place to put thy head in¹ In the day time I finde thee preaching in the Temple, and all night praying in the Mount of *Olives*, a little after on thine own Sabbath travelling for me in the corne-field, Another time (wearied with thy journey) sitting on the Well of *Jacob*, and begging a draught of that cold water from the

10 woman of *Samaria*, Now again I meet thee on the Asse, made infinitely happy by so glorious a rider, by *the God of Jeshurun who rideth on the heavens, and in his excellencie on the skies* Sure, it was his simplicity and ordinary contempt with man, that made him so acceptable in thy sight But (Oh¹) with what language shall I attempt thy passion² thy bloody sweat, thy deep and bitter agony, thy lingring peece mealed death, with all the lively anguishments, and afflictions of thy martyr'd Spirit? O my most loving and merciful Saviour¹ It is onely thy own Spirit, that can fully character thy own sufferings

20 These miracles of love and most comfortable circumstances encourage me (O my God) to draw neer unto thee for it is not probable that thou wouldst have subjected thy self to such bitter reproaches, blasphemies, and torments, had not thy love to man (for whose redemption thou didst suffer them,) been as infinite as thy self, *And greater love then this hath no man, that a man lay down his life for his friends* And lay it down thou didst, for *no man could take it from thee* Thou couldst have commanded twelve legions of Angels from thy Father, and when thou wentest forth to meet thy murtherers, they went backwards and fell to the

30 ground, and without thy permission (in whose hand their breath was) they could have done nothing These merciful passages, together with thy own voice and frequent invitation much encourage me to draw neer unto thee

Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest Matth 11 28

If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink, John 7 37

These, with many more, are thy loving Invitations This is the voyce of the great Shepherd, and thy sheep hear thy voyce Thus thou didst cry, and these were the words thou didst speak

40 while thou wert here upon earth, and shall I then turn away from thee, *that speakest now from heaven?* *Thou art a Priest for ever*

after the order of Melchisedech, and thy preaching and Intercession shall last untill the heavens be no more, and woe unto them that refuse to hear thee

Wherefore, most holy *Jesus*, seeing thou dost invite sinners to thee, and didst die to redeem them, and *art able to save them to the uttermost, that come to God by thee, and dost live for ever to make intercession for them*, Heb 7 25, 26 I the most wretched and the worst of sinners in full assurance of thy mercies, and that *thou art touched with the feeling of mine infirmities*, Heb 4 15 and wilt have compassion upon my penitent soul, draw near to thy throne of grace, that I may obtaine mercy, and finde grace to help in time of need

O Lord be merciful unto me, forgive all my sins, and heal all mine infirmities Cleanse my heart, sanctifie my affections, renew my spirit, and strengthen my faith, that I may at this great Feast discern thy blessed body, and eate and drink salvation to my self, to the glory of thy great name, and the comfort of my poor and sorrowful soul, *Amen*

Now unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever, and ever *Amen*

*A Prayer when thou art upon going to the
Lords Table*

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the holy Ghost, *Amen* !

Jesus Christ, the Lamb, the Branch, the bright and morning-Starre, the bread of life that came down from heaven, have mercy upon me ! It is thy promise, that whosoever eateth thy flesh, and drinketh thy blood, he shall have eternal life in him, and thou wilt raise him up at the last day Behold, O God, I am now coming to thee, O thou fountain of purgation ! thou Well of living waters wash me cleane ! be unto me the bread of life to strengthen me in my pilgrimage towards heaven ! grant that I may suck salvation from thy heart, that spring of the blood of God, which flowes into all believers Thy flesh is meat indeed, and thy blood is drink Indeed O give me grace to receive both worthily, that I may never incur thy anger, and eternal condemnation ! Lord *Jesus Christ* ! I beleieve all that thou hast said, and all that thou hast promised, helpe thou

**Cyprian de cæna
domini Cruci hære-
mus, sanguinem fu-
gimus, & inter ipsa
redemptoris nostri
vulnera figimus lin-
guam*

40

mine unbelief, thou art the Author, be thou the finisher of my faith, And for thy glories sake, for thine own names sake, leade me in the right way to this great mercy and mystery, *Amen* !

Immediately before the receiving, say,

O Lord I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which thou hast shewed unto thy servant, all my life long unto this very day, much lesse am I worthy thou shouldst come now under my roof but seeing it is thy institution and free
 10 mercy that will have it so, be jealous, O God, of the place of thine honour, cause me to remember whose Temple I am, and suffer not my last state to be worse then the first Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly, *Amen* !

¶ *Admonitions after receiving the holy Communion*

When you have received the Sacred Elements, you should not presently after spit, nor eate and drink, but refrain untill they are perfectly digested and resolved You must lay aside all worldly communication, and humane discourses, though never so serious, for judge of your self, what an uncivil part it will be in you, when you have received so great a guest as *Jesus Christ* with all his
 20 merits, to turne your back upon him presently, and neither to meditate of him, nor to discourse with him, and keep him company Wherefore you should all that day be instant in prayer, meditations, thanksgiving, and good works, you should consider and think upon the love of God, who so loved the world, that he gave his onely begotten Son to redeeme it You should meditate upon his birth, life, doctrine and passion, his death and buriall, resurrection and ascension, and his second coming to judgement You should pray, that you may be found blamelesse and without
 30 spot of him, and so much the more, because you see the day approaching Tread not under foot the Son of God, and his precious blood wherewith you are sanctified and saved, by returning again to your former sins, like the dog to his vomit, but be sure that you walk warily, and fall not wilfully into the myre Be not regular and holy for a day or two, but all the dayes of thy life, and number thy dayes, that thou mayst apply thy heart unto wisdom Cast thy bread upon the waters, (be merciful to the poor) and remember thy Creator, for the dayes of darknesse are many, but the outward darknesse is eternal, and from it there is no redemption

40 Instead of printed Meditations which are usually prescribed

after communicating, I would advise the pious receiver to read over all these following parcels of Scripture, *John 6 22 to the end, John 17 Rom 8 2 Cor 5 Ephes 1 & 4 Heb 10 1 Pet 1 Rev 5*

A Prayer after you have received

Lord Jesus Christ, very God, and very man, made in all things like unto us, sin onely excepted, I blesse and praise thy holy name, and with all my heart, with all my strength, and with all my soul give thee all possible thanks for thy infinite love and pity towards lost man Blessed be the hour in which thou wert born, and the hour in which thou didst die ! Blessed and for ever hallowed be thy most comfortable and glorious name, the name J E S U S C H R I S T, at which every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, for thy name is above every name, and there is no other name by which we can be saved O most holy, most humble and harmlesse Lamb ! how didst thou make thy self of no reputation, and becamest obedient to the death of the Crosse for my sake ! And when thou wert to drink the cup of thy Fathers anger due to my sins, didst instead of it ordain and bequeath to me the cup of life and everlasting salvation ! O Lord give me a heart to understand, and eyes to see what thou hast done for me, O never suffer me to crucifie thee again by returning to my former iniquities and pollutions, but write thy sufferings and the price of my redemption in the tables of my heart, set them for a signet upon mine hand, and for a bracelet upon mine arme, that by a continual and careful remembrance of them, I may in the strength of this bread received to day at thy table travel to thy holy mountain, and that this drink which I drank out of the spiritual rock may become a Well of living waters, springing up in me to eternal life Grant this, O God, for thy glories sake, and for that love and mercies sake which brought thee hither out of thy Fathers bosome to suffer so many things for his Elects sake, Amen!

Worthy is the Lamb that was slaine, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing, for he hath redeemed us to God by his blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hath made us unto our God Kings and Priests, and we shall reigne on the earth

Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead my Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant,

Make me perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in me that which is well-pleasing in his sight through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen !

A Prayer in time of persecution and Heresie

Most glorious and Immortall God, the Prince of peace, unity and order, which makest men to be of one mind in a house, heale I beseech thee these present sad breaches and distractions ! Consider, O Lord, the teares of thy Spouse which are daily upon her cheeks, whose adversaries are grown mighty, and her enemies
 10 prosper The wayes of Zion do mourne, our beautiful gates are shut up, and the Comforter that should relieve our souls is gone far from us Thy Service and thy Sabbaths, thy own sacred Institutions and the pledges of thy love are denied unto us, Thy Ministers are trodden down, and the basest of the people are set up in thy holy place O Lord holy and just ! behold and consider, and have mercy upon us, for thy own names sake, for thy promise sake suffer not the gates of hell to prevaile against us, but return and restore us, that joy and gladnesse may be heard in our dwellings, and the voyce of the Turtle in all our land Arise O God,
 20 and let thine enemies be scattered, and let those that hate thee flee before thee Behold, the robbers are come into thy Sanctuary, and the persecuters are within thy walls We drink our own waters for money, and our wood is sold unto us Our necks are under persecution, we labour and have no rest Yea, thine own Inheritance is given to strangers, and thine own portion unto aliens Wherefore dost thou forget us for ever, and forsake us for so long a time ? Turne thou us unto thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned, renew our dayes as of old Lord hear, and have mercy, and be jealous for the beloved of thine own bosome, for thy truth, and for the words of thine
 30 own mouth Help us, O God of our salvation, and for thine own honours sake deal Comfortably with us, Amen, Amen

A Prayer in adversity, and troubles occasioned by our Enemies

O holy and almighty God, full of goodness and compassion, look I beseech thee with thine Eye of mercy upon my present sad sufferings and most bitter afflictions ! Behold, O God, I put my mouth in the dust, and confess I have deserv'd them I despise not thy Chastenings, but begge grace of thee that I may not faint, and that they may yeild the fruits of righteousness unto

me, who am now exercised by them Thou seest, O God, how furious and Implacable mine Enemies are, they have not only rob'd me of that portion and provision which thou hadst graciously given me, but they have also washed their hands in the blood of my friends, my dearest and nearest relatives I know, O my God, and I am daily taught by that disciple whom thou did'st love, that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him Keep me therefore, O my God, from the guilt of blood, and suffer me not to stain my soul with the thoughts of recompense and vengeance, which is a branch of thy great prerogative, and belongs wholly unto thee Though 10 they persecute me unto death, and pant after the very dust upon the heads of thy poore, though they have taken the bread out of the childrens mouth, and have made me a desolation, yet Lord, give me thy grace, and such a measure of charity as may fully forgive them Suffer me not to open my mouth in Curses, but give me the spirit of my Saviour, who reviled not again, but was dumb like a Lamb before his shearers O Lord, sanctifie all these afflictions unto thy servant, and let no man take away my crown Remember those that are in troubles for thy truth, and put their tears into thy bottle Grant this, O merciful Father, for my dear 20 Saviours sake, and bring me quickly into thy Kingdom, where I shall have all these teais wiped away from mine eyes, Amen, Amen !

M A N
I N
Darknefs,
O R,
A DISCOURSE
O F
D E A T H.

Eccles 11 7, 8, 9, & 10

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the Sun

But if a man live many dayes and rejoyce in them all, yet, let him remember the dayes of darknesse, for they are many

Rejoyce, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheere thee in the dayes of thy youth, and walk in the wayes of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgement

10 *Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evill from thy flesh, for chulthood and youth are vanity*

¶

Draw neer, fond man, and dresse thee by this glasse,

Mark how thy bravery and big looks must passe

Into corruption, rottennesse and dust,

The fraile Supporters which betray'd thy trust

O weigh in time thy last and loathsome state,

To purchase heav'n for tears is no hard rate

Our glory, greatnesse, wisdom, all we have,

If misimploy'd, but adde hell to the grave

10 Onely a faire redemption of evill Times

Finds life in death, and buryes all our Crimes

It is an observation of some *spirits*, that * *the night is the mother of thoughts* And I shall adde, that those thoughts *A Proverb in Italy, are *Stars*, the *Scintillations* and *lightnings* of the La notte e madre soul struggling with *darknesse* This *Antipathy* in de pensieri her is *radical*, for being descended from the *house of light*, she hates a contrary *principle*, and being at that time a prisoner in some measure to an enemy, she becomes pensive, and full of thoughts Two great *extremes* there are, which she equally abhors, *Darkness* and *Death* And 'tis observable, that in the *second death*, when she shall be wholly mancipated to her enemies, those ¹⁰ two are united For those furious and unquenchable burnings of hell (which the *Scripture* calls *the lake of fire*, &c) though they be of such an insuperable *intense heat*, as to work upon *spirits*, and the most subtle *Essences*, yet do they give no light at all, but burn blacker then *pitch*, *Cremationem habet, lumen verò non habet* (Greg Mor c 46) The Contemplation of *death* is an obscure, melancholy *walk* an Expatiation in *shadows & solitude*, but it leads unto *life*, & he that sets forth at *midnight*, will sooner meet the *Sunne*, then he that sleeps it out betwixt his curtains Truly, when I consider, how I came first into this world, and in what ²⁰ condition I must once again go out of it, and compare my appointed time here with the *portion* preceding it, and the *eternity* to follow, I can conclude my present *being* or *state* (in respect of the *time*) to be nothing else but an *apparition* The first man that appeared thus, came from the *East*, and the *breath of life* was received there Though then we travel *Westward*, though we embrace *thornes* and swet for *thistles*, yet the businesse of a *Pilgrim* is to *seek his Countrey* But the *land of darknesse* lies in our way, and how few are they that study this *region*, that like holy *Macarius* walk into the wilderness, and discourse with the skull ³⁰ of a dead man? We run all after the present world, and the Primitive Angelical life is quite lost

It is a sad perversnesse of *man*, to preferre warre to peace, cares to rest, grief to joy, and the vanities of this narrow Stage to the true and solid comforts in heaven The *friends of this world* (saith a holy father) are so fearful to be separated —Contempsit mori from it, that nothing can be so grievous to them as Qui non concupit to think of death They put farre away the evil scit— day, and cause the seate of violence to come neer, They lie upon beds of *Ivory*, and stretch themselves upon their *Couches*, they eat the lambs ⁴⁰ out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall, They chant to the sound of the viol, they drink wine in bowls, and anoint

themselves with the chief ornaments, they account the life of the righteous to be madness, and his end to be without honour, Amos 6
 In this desperate and senselesse state they cast away their precious souls, and make their brightest dayes but *dayes of darknesse and gloominesse, dayes of clouds and of thicke mists* They consider not the day that *shall burne like an Oven, when the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the Elements shall melt with a fervent heat, when the wicked shall be stubble, and all the workers of iniquity shall be burnt up* Miserable men ¹ that knowing their masters pleasure,
¹⁰ will not do it, that refuse Oyle and balsame to make way for poyson and corrasives And why will they call him *Master, Master*, whose precepts they trample on, and whose members they crucifie? It is a sad observation for true Christians to see these men who would seem to be Pillars, to prove but reeds and specious dissemblers For what manner of livers should such *professors* be, seeing they expect and beleieve the dissolution of all things? With what constant holinesse, humility and devotion should they watch for it? How should they *passee the time of their sojourning here in fear, and be diligent that they may be found of him*
²⁰ *in peace, without spot, and blamelesse?* What preparation should they make against the evill day? What comforts and treasures should they lay up for that long voyage? For what a day of terrors and indignation is the day of death to the unprepared? How will they lie on their last beds, *like wilde Bulls in a net, full of the fury of the Lord?* When *their desolation shall come like a flood, and their destruction like a whirle-wind, How will they say in the morning, would God it were Even, and at night, would God it were Morning!* for the fear of their heart wherewith they shall fear, and for the sight of their Eyes wherewith they shall see? This
³⁰ is a truth they will not believe, untill death tells it them, and then it will be too late, It is therefore much to be wished, that they would yet, while it is life time with them, remember their last ends, and seriously question with themselves, what is there under the Sun, that can so justly challenge their thoughts as the contemplation of their own mortality? We could not have lived in an age of more instruction, had we been left to our own choice We have seen such vicissitudes and examples of humane frailty, as the former world (had they happened in those ages) would have judged prodigies We have seen Princes brought to their graves
⁴⁰ by a new way, and the highest order of humane honours trampled upon by the lowest We have seene Judgement beginning at Gods Church, and (what hath beene never heard of, since it was

redeem'd and established by his blessed Son,) * we have seen his Ministers cast out of the Sanctuary, & barbarous persons without *light* or *perfection*, usurping holy offices A day, an hour, a minute (saith *Causabone*) is sufficient to over-turn and extirpate the most settled Governments, which seemed to have been founded and rooted in Adamant

* There is extant a little book called *Speculum Visionis* printed at *Normberge* 1508, wherein this fearful desolation and destruction of the Church by Lay-men is expressly fore told

Suddenly do the high things of this world come to an end, and their delectable things passe away, for when they seem to be in 10 their *flowers* and full strength, they perish to astonishment, And sure the ruine of the most goodly peeces seems to tell, that the dissolution of the whole is not far off It is the observation of a known Statesman, (*Sir Water Rawleigh*) *That to all dominions God hath set their periods, who though he hath given to man the knowledge of those wayes, by which Kingdoms rise and fall, yet he hath left him subject unto the * affections* *N *Marcellus* de doctorum indagine Potest fatum morum mutabilitate converti, ut ex his celerius vel tardius ut bonum fiat, aut 20 pessimum.

permanency, will be sure to leave us even then, when we are most in chase of it And what comfort then, or what security can poor man promise to himself? whose breath is in the hand of another, and whose few dayes are most commonly out-lived by every creature, and sometimes by a *flower* of his own *setting* Or what benefit can these * humane de- lights though blest with succeſſe, and a large time of fruition, afford him at his death? for satisfaction in this point, let us but have recourse to the ages that are past, let us aske the *Fathers*, 30

* Non est, fallens, hæc beata non est, Quam vos creditis esse, vita non est Fulgentes manibus videre gemmas, Aut auro bibere, & cubare cocco Qui vultus Acherontis atri, Qui Styga tristem non tristis videt, Audetque vitæ ponere finem, Par ille regi, par superis est

& they will tell us If we insist upon eminent persons, the rulers of this world, & the Counsellors of the earth who built *sumptuous Palaces for themselves and filled their houses with silver*, we shall have no better account from them, then if we enquired of the *prisoners* & the oppressed They are gone all the same way, *their pomp & the noise of their viols is brought down to the grave, the worms cover them, and the worms are spread under them Riches and power* 40 travel not beyond this life, they are like *Jobs* friends, *deceitful as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they passe away, which*

vanish when it is hot, and are consumed out of their place Hast thou found riches (saith one) then, thou hast lost thy rest Dis-
 tractions & cares come along with them, and they are seldome
 gotten without the worme of conscience. It was an act of
Anacreon becoming the royalty of a *Poets* spirit *Policrates* rewards
 him with five talents, but he, after he had been troubled with the
 keeping of them for two nights, carries them back to the owner,
 telling him, that, *if he had been accustomed to such companions he*
had never made any verses Certainly there is so much of *Mammon*
 10 and *darknesse* in them, as sufficeth to shew their *parentage* is low,
 and not very far from *hell* Some such thing we may gather from
 that exclamation of *S James* against the rich men, *Your gold and*
your silver is canker'd, and the rust of them shall be a wnesse
against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire, you have heaped
treasure together for the last dayes But to return thither from
 whence we are digrest What is become now of these great
Merchants of the earth, and where is the fruit of *all their labours*
under the Sun? Why, truly they are *taken out of the way as all*
others, and they are cut off as the tops of the eares of corn Their
 20 dwelling is in the dust, and as for their place here, it lies wast, &
 is not known *Nettles and Brambles come up in it, and the Owle*
and the Raven dwell in it But if you will visit them at their *long*
homes, and knock at those *desolate doors*, you shall find some
 remains of them, a heap of loathsomness and corruption O
 miserable and sad mutations! (*Petrarch de otio Rel*) Where is
 now their *pompous & shining train*? Where are their *triumphs*,
fire-works, and feasts, with all the *ridiculous tumults* of a *popular*,
prodigious pride? Where is their *purple and fine linen*, their chains
 of *massie gold*, and sparkling ornaments of *pearls*? Where are
 30 * *Ingeniosa gula est siculo scarus* their *Cooks and Carvers*, their * *fowl-*
æquore mersus *ers and fishers*? Where are their cu-
Ad mensam vivus perducitur, inde rious *Utensils*, their *Cups* of *Agate*,
lucris *Chrystal*, and *China-earth*? Where
Eruta littonibus vendunt conchylia are their sumptuous *Chambers*, where
cænas are they inclosed themselves in *Cedar*,
Ut renovent per damna famem *Ivory*, and *Ebeny*? Where is their
Jam Phasidos unda, *Musick*, their *soft and delicate dress-*
Orbata est ayibus, mutoque in *ings, pleasing motions, and excellency*
littore tantum *of looks*? Where are their rich *perfumes*, costly *Conserves*, with their
Solæ desertis aspirant frondibus *precious and various store of forreign and domestick wines*? Where
 40 *aureæ*

4 (of *Latm*) Phasidos] Phasides 16525 (of *Latm*) tantum] tantū 1652

are their *sons* and their *daughters* fair as the *flowers*, strait as the *Palm-trees*, and *polish'd as the corners of the Temple*? O pittiful and astonishing transformations! all is gone, all is dust, deformity, and desolation *Their bones are scatter'd* —mors sola fatetur
in the pit, and instead of well-set hair, there Quantula sunt hominum
is baldnesse, and loathsomnesse instead of corpuscula —
beauty This is the state of their *bodies*, and (O blessed *Jesus*!) who knowes the state of their *souls*? To have a sad guesse at this, it will not be much out of our way, if we step and visit a *Roman Emperour* upon his death-bed If you desire his name, 10 it is *Hadrianus*, the most ingenious and learned that ever sate upon the throne of *Cæsar* You may beleieve, he was royally accommodated, and wanted nothing which this world could afford, but how farre he was from receiving any comfort in his death from that pompous and fruitlesse abundance, you shall learn from his own mouth, consider (I pray) what he speaks, for they are the words of a dying man, and spoken by him to his departing soul,

Animula vagula, blandula,
 Hospes comésque corporis,
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
 Pallidula, querula, nudula,
 Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos

20

*My soul, my pleasant soul and witty,
 The guest and consort of my body,
 Into what place now all alone
 Naked and sad wilt thou be gone?
 No mirth, no wit, as heretofore,
 Nor jests wilt thou afford me more*

Certainly, this is the saddest *poetrie*, that ever I met with, and what he thought of his soul in that last *agony*, when the *pangs* of 30 *death* came *thick* upon him, is enough to draw tears and commiseration from a heart of flint O happy then, yea Infinitely happy is that religious liver, who is ever meditating upon the houre of death before it comes, that when it is come, he may passe through it with joy, and speak to his * Egrederere, quid times? soul in the language of old *Hilarion*, * Go egredere anima mea, Septuaginta prope annis Christo forth, O my soul, go forth, what is it that thou art afraid of? Seventy yeers almost Hieron in vitâ Hilar hast thou serv'd Christ, and art thou now afraid of death?

Alas! what is *life* if truly and thoroughly considered, that we 40 should trust to it, and promise to our selves a multitude of years, as if we held *time* by the *wings*, and had the *spirit* of life in our

6 of their] of their of their 1652

own hands? Our present life (saith Chrysostome) is a meere apparition, and differs but very little from a dreame, therefore that minde which is proud of a shadow, and relies upon a dreame, is very idle and childish. Natural histories tell us of a bird called *Hemerobios* by the river *Hypanis*, which receives his life in the morning, sings at noon, and dyes at night. This bird may very well signifie our life, and by the river we may understand time, upon whose brink we are always pearching. Time runs faster then any streame, and our life is swifter than any bird, and oft-times
 10 all the pomp of it comes to an end in one day, yea sometimes in an houre. There is no object we can look upon, but will do us the kindnesse to put us in minde of our mortality, if we would be so wise as to make use of it. The day dyes into night, the spring into winter, flowers have their rootes ever in their graves, leaves loose their greenenesse, and drop under our feete where they flye about and whisper unto us. The beasts run the Common lott with us and when they dye by our hands to give us nourishment, they are so kinde as to give us Instruction also. And if from these
 20 frailer objects we turne our Eyes to things that are more permanent, we may by the doctrine of contrarieties make them as useful as any of the former, And this is elegantly done by the poet, who was then serious and stayed enough, though somewhat passionate

Nam mihi quid prodest quod longo flumina cursu
 Semper inexhaustis prona feruntur aquis?
 Ista manent nostri sed non mansere parentes,
 Exigui vitam temporis hospes ago

What is't to me that spacious rivers run
 Whole ages, and their streams are never done?
 Those still remain but all my fathers di'd,
 30 And I my self but for few dayes abide

Thus he of the water-course, which he saw would out-run him, and will do so with all that come after him. But the quick tyde of mans life, when it is once turned and begins to ebbe, will never flow again. The Spring comes constantly once a yeere, and flowers, when the frosts are past, keep house no longer under ground, but feel the Sun, and come abroad. The leaves come again to whisper over our heads, and are as green and as gay as ever, but man dieth and wasteth away, yea man grveth up the ghost, and where is he? In these sad contemplations was the British
 40 Bard, when he broke out into this Eloquent complaint

1 Chrysostome] Chrysostome 1652

5 Hemerobios conj G Gu Hemerobios 1652

38 man] man 1652

wasteth] wasteth 1652

receives] receives 1652

Mis mawreddh rhyddhig Adar,
Hob peth y ddhatu itwz ddhagar,
Ond y marw maur by garchar

*In March birds couple, a new birth
Of herbs and flowers breaks through the earth,
But in the grave none stirs his head,
Long is th' Impris'ment of the dead*

The dayes of darknesse are many, and he that goeth down to the grave shall not come up, his place shall not know him, nor shall he returne to his house, he shall not be awaked nor raised out of his sleep, untill the heavens be no more These last words were put in for our comfort, and imply the resurrection or the time of restoring all things This was manifested to *Ezekiel* by the vision of dry bones with a noise and a shaking amongst them, and they came together bone to bone, and were clothed with sinews, flesh and skin, and the breath of life entered into them, and they stood upon their feet an exceeding great army We have it also confirmed out of the mouth of *Jesus Christ* himself, *John* 5 28, 29 his words are these, *Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the grave shall hear his voyce, And they shall come forth that have done good unto the resurrection of life, but they that have done evil unto the resurrection of condemnation* The *Scripture* is every where full of these proofs But I shall insist only upon three

1 *For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the later day upon the earth And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God Whom I shall see for my self, and mine eyes shall behold and not another, though my reins be consumed within me* Job 19 25, 26, 27

2 *Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise, Awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead* Isa 26 19

3 *Behold (O my people) I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, And ye shall know that I am the Lord when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves, and shall put my spirit in you, and yee shall live* Ezek 37 12, 13, 14

And thus have we most full and absolute promises from the *divine spirit*, and from *Jesus Christ*, who is the life of the world, for the redemption of our bodies Nor are we left destitute of very clear and inexcusable demonstrations of it in nature We see mortal

29 19] 19 1652 32 Isa] Isa 1652 41 inexcusable] inexcussable Gu

men when the *body* and *substance* of *vegetables* is consumed in the *fire*, out of their very *ashes* to make *glasse*, which is a very bright and noble *body*, how much more shall the Immortal and Almighty God (who created all things of nothing) out of dust and corruption, raise us up incorrupt and glorious bodies? *Thou fool*, (saith St *Paul*) *that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die first, and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, but God giveth it a body as he pleaseth* There are in *nature* many *creatures* which at certain *seasons*, that their *spirit* is inconsistent with, fall into a *dormition*, or *dead sleep* which differs little from *death*, and convey themselves into *secret places*, as *hollow trees*, or some *desolate ruines*, where they may rest in safety during that *season*, as being taught by some *secret informant* that they shall *awake* again Here have we a clear type of the *resurrection*, for what else is *death* but *sleep*, as the *Apostle* calls it? A great *Philosopher* and *Secretary* to *nature* discoursing of the *resurrection* of the *dead*, tells us, *that he oftentimes lighted upon some of those creatures in that dark state of dormition, and did dissect some of them, and cut off the limbs of others, and yet* (saith he) *could*

10 *I perceive no signe of life at all in them, their arteries and flesh being as hard and as dry as a stick, but casting them into a pot of seething water, they would soften by degrees, and shortly after stir about, and those very parts which were dissected, would give very clear and satisfactory indications of life* This is so strong a *Symbol* of the *resurrection*, that I think it needlesse to make any application Onely this I shall adde, that the curious observers of nature reckon these creatures amongst those of the *lunar order*, And indeed if we consider well the nature of that *planet* (whose *sphere*

20 ** Omne quod est supra lunam is the veil or *partition drawn betwixt æternumque bonumque us and Immortality) and whose relation to this lower world is more*

30 *Esse scias nec triste aliquid cœlestia tangit intimate, and of a greater tie than Quippe ultra fines lunæ illætabile nil est, any of the other six, we shall finde Cuncta mala in terris posuit Dens, illaque clausit that she exactly typifies and demonstrates unto us those two famous In medio, & vetuit sacrum contingere cœlum states of terrestrial bodies, viz their Supra autem lunam lucis sunt omnia plena state of darknesse and their state of Nec non lætitiæ & pacis, non glory, their dissolution and restoration tempus & error for she doth agonizare, and Et senium & mors est illi, nec suffers a monethly recession of light, inutile quicquam Mar Pal*

40 and in a short time becomes *full* again And I pray, are

not *light* and *life* compatriots? What else is *death* but the recession and absence of *life*? or *darknesse* but the absence of *light*?

Sic nostros casus solatur mundus in astris

So our decays God comforts by
The Stars concurrent state on high

Do not we see divers birds of this *regiment* such as are commonly known to us, with other meaner Creatures as *silk worms* and the *humble-bee*, which yet are not so contemptible, but they may serve us for noble instances in this point, seeing there is in them a *living spirit*, and that creatures of the same *rank* with them are recorded in Gods own *word*, yea, and are own'd by him as *memorable* and *select Instruments* of his service, as Joshua Chap 24 ver 12 *And I sent the hornet before you, which drove them out from before you, even the two kings of the Amorites, but not with thy sword, nor with thy bowe* And Isaiah Chap 6 ver 18, 19 *And it shall come to passe in that day, that the Lord shall husse for the flye that is in the uttermost parts of the river of Egypt, and for the Bee that is in the land of Assyria, And they shall come, and shall rest all of them in the desolate valleys, and in the holes of the rocks, and upon all thornes, and upon all bushes* I say then, do not we see that these *birds* and inferiour *creatures* which in the *spring* and *summer* continue here very merry and *musical*, do on a sudden leave us, and all *winter*-long suffer a kind of *death*, and with the *Suns* warmth in the *youth* of the year *awake* again, and *refresh* the world with their *reviv'd notes*? For the singing of birds is *naturalis musica mundi*, to which all *arted strains* are but *discord* and *hardnesse*, How much more then shall *Jesus Christ* the *Sun of righteousness* rising with healing under his wings, awake those that sleep in him, and bring them again with a joyful resurrection?

Having then these *promissions* and strong *proofs* of our *restoration* laid out in *nature*, besides the promise of the *God* of nature, who cannot faile, let us so dispose of this short time of our sojourning here, that we may with joy and sure comforts expect that day of refreshing Let us number our *dayes*, and apply our hearts unto wisdom. What ever happens here under our feet, let it not draw down our eyes from the *hull*, whence cometh our help Let not these sudden and prodigious mutations (like violent *earth-quakes*) shake our *foundation*, let us hold fast the *faith*, and presse towards the *mark*, that whether absent or present we may be

7 divers] divets 1652

9 humble] humhle 1652

accepted of him, for many are already gone astray, and have slipt into the same damnable estate with those *wretches*, whom a very *Heathen* could reprove,

Sunt qui in fortunæ jam casibus omnia ponunt,
Et nullo credunt mundum rectore moveri,
Naturâ volvente vices & lucis & anni

*There are that do believe all things succeed
By chance or fortune, & that nought's decreed
By a divine, wise will, but blindly call
Old time and nature rulers over all*

10

Let us consider him that is *invisible*, and *those that are righteous*, let them be righteous still, let them have respect unto the recompence of the reward, for he comes quickly, and his reward is with him Let us endure unto the end, and overcome, that we may have right unto the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the City for, *Ex hoc momento pendet æternitas* Upon our little inch of time in this life, depends the length and breadth, the height and depth of Immortality in the world to come even two eternities, the one infinitely accursed, the other infinitely blessed I remember (saith
20 a reverend Author) that I have read (and not without admiration) of some Primitive *Christian*, that considered with himself the eternity of the torments to be endured in hell, after this manner
"What man living (said he) that were in his right minde and reason,
"if he were offered the most spacious and flourishing Kingdoms of
"France, Spain and Polonia, onely for lying continually upon any
"one part of his body in a bed of roses for the space of forty yeers,
"would accept of them upon that condition? And though perhaps
"such a mad man could be found, as would accept of the offer, yet, it
"is a thing most certain, that before three yeers would come about, he
30 "would get him up, and beg to have the conditions cancell'd And
"what madnesse then is it, for the enjoying of one minutes pleasure,
"for the satisfaction of our sensual, corrupt appetite, to lie for ever in
"a bed of burning brasse, in the lake of eternal and unquenchable fire?
"Suppose (saith the same Writer) that this whole Globe of earth
"were nothing else but a huge masse, or mountain of sand, and that
"a little Wren came but once in every thousand yeers to fetch away
"but one grain of that huge heap, what an innumerable number of
"yeers would be spent, before that world of sand could be so fetcht
"away? And yet (alas!) when the damned have laine in that fiery
40 "lake so many yeers as all those would amount to, they are no nearer
"coming out, then the first houre they entered in To the same
purpose is this *Hymne* of the *Ancients*

8 fortune] fortune 1652

14 the] ehe 1652

*Ex quo poli sunt perfecti
Aude numero complecti
Stellas cœli, stillas roris,
Undas aquei fluoris,
Guttas umbris pluvialis,
Floccos velleris nivalis
Quot sunt vere novo flores,
Quot odores, quot colores,
Quot vinacios Autumnus,
Poma legit & vertumnus,
Quot jam grana tulit æstas,
Frondes hyemis tempestas,
Totus orbis animantes,
Aer atomos volantes,
Pilos fera, pecus villos,
Vertex hominum capillos,
Adde littoris arenas,
Adde graminis verbenas,
Tot myriades Annorum,
Quot momenta sæculorum
Hæc adhuc æternitatis
Portus fugit à damnatis !*

10

20

Æternum, æternum ! quanta hæc duratio, quanta !
Quàm speranda bonis, quàmque tremenda malis !

From the first hour the heav'ns were made
Unto the last, when all shall fade,
Count (if thou canst) the drops of dew,
The stars of heav'n and streams that flow,
The falling snow, the dropping showres,
And in the moneth of *May* the flowres,
Their sentes and colours, and what store
Of grapes and apples Autumne bore,
How many grains the Summer beares,
What leaves the wind in Winter tears,
Count all the creatures in the world,
The motes which in the air are hurl'd,
The haire of beasts and mankind, and
The shores innumerable sand,
The blades of grasse, and to these last
Adde all the yeers which now are past,
With those whose course is yet to come,
And all their minutes in one summe
When all is done, the damns state
Out-runs them still, and knows no date

30

40

O *Eternity, eternity* (saith a holy *Father*) *whose strength is able
to bear out thy torments ! And the smoke of their torments ascendeth*

2 *Aude M Aude* 1652

25 heav'ns] heav'n's 1652

up for ever & ever! & they have no rest day nor night! O what is this same for ever and ever! Gladly would I speak something of it, but I know not what to speak All that I know, is this, That it is that, which onely the infinitenesse of the Almighty God doth compasse about and comprehend Seeing then it is so, that eternal pleasures or eternal pains do inavoidably and immediately overtake us after our dissolution, with what unwearied care and watchfulness should we continue in well-doing, and work out our salvation with fear and trembling? How should we as strangers
 10 *and pilgrims abstain from fleshly lusts, which warre against the soul? What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godlinesse? With what Christian thrift and diligence should we dispose of every minute of our time that we might make our calling and election sure? It is a fearful thing to die without reconciliation, And with what confusion of face and horror of spirit (if we die in that state,) shall we appear before the Judge of all the world? when he shall come in the Clouds of heaven with his holy Angels, and all mankind from the first man created, unto the last that shall be borne upon the earth shall appear before his*
 20 *Judgement-seate Me thinks I see the remisse, lukewarme professor, and the hypocritical, factious pretender of sanctity looking up to the Clouds, and crying out, O that throne! that flaming, white, and glorious throne! and he that sits thereon, with the sharp sickle in his hand and the crown of pure gold upon his head! Revel 14 14, from whose face the heaven and the earth flye away, and the foundations of the world are brought to nothing Oh! is he the Lamb that was slain whose blood was poured out like water upon the earth to save his people from their sins? Is he the Prince of life that was crown'd with thornes, scourged, spit upon, crucified, pierced through,*
 30 *and murdered, and comes he now to judge the world? Oh! It is he! It is he! miserable wretch that I am! What shall I do, or whither shall I go?*

Such will be the *dreadful agonies and concertations* in that day betwixt the *Hypocrite* and his *conscience*, betwixt the *enemies* of Gods truth and their *gasping undone souls* When the people that forget God shall go down quick into hell, and the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed and laid open before Angels and men, For in that day all their dark and private lusts, their closet-sins, bosome-councils, specious pretences, and bloody machinations, which now (like so many
 40 *foul spirits*) lurk in their gloomy breasts, shall be forced out, and will appear as visible to all mankind, as if they were written with the beams of the Sun upon the pure and unclouded firmament In

the * mean while the very *fowles of the aire*, and their own *horrid guilt* either in time of *distraction* (which they are alwayes subject to) or in their *sleep* (which is alwayes fraught with *penal visions* and *spiritual tumults*) may make a *full discovery* of their most *secret villanies* before the appointed time

* Est poena præsens conscie
mentis pavor,
Animusque culpâ plenus,
& semet timens
Scelus aliquis tutum, nullus
securum tulit

It was a blessed and a glorious age the Primitive *Christians* lived in, when the *wildernesses* and the *solitary places* were glad for them, and the *desert* rejoiced and blossom'd as the rose When the blood of *Christ* was yet warme, and the memory of his *miracles* and *love* fresh and vigorous, what *Zeale*, what powerful *faith*, what perfect *charity*, hearty *humility*, and true *holiness* was then to be found upon the earth? If we compare the *shining* and *fervent piety* of those *Saints*, with the *painted* and *illuding appearance* of it in *these of our times*, we shall have just cause to fear that our *Candlestick* (which hath been now of a long time under a Cloud) is at this very instant upon removing But I had rather you should be informed of their true *holiness* and *love* to *Christ*, by an *Eye-witness* that was conversant with them, and went in and out amongst them, then by a bare 20 relation from my pen Heare therefore what he

saith *Vidi ego, & verè vidi thesaurum Christi in humanis absconditum vasculis, &c vidi enim apud eos multos Patres in terra positos cælestem vitam agentes, & novos quosdam Prophetas tam virtutibus animi, quàm vaticinandi officio imbutos, &c Non-nullos namque eorum ità ab omni malitia, cogitatione & suspitione vidimus alienos, ut nec si aliquid mali adhuc in seculo gereretur, meminissent, tanta in eis erat tranquillitas animi, tantisque in eis inoleverat bonitatis affectus, &c Commanent autem per eremum dispersi & separati cellulis, sed charitatis vinculo connexi Ob hoc 30 autem dirimuntur habitaculis, ut silentii sui quietem & intentionem mentis nec vox aliqua, nec occurus ullus, aut sermo aliquis otiosus obturbet Intentis ergo in suo quisque loco animis velut fideles servi adventantem dominum expectant Omnes hi nullam cibi, aut indumentis, aut ullius horum sollicitudinem gerunt Justitiam & regnum Dei requirunt, armis orationum pugnant, & scuto fidei ab inimico insidiantie protecti patriam sibi cælestem conquirunt* "I have seen (saith he,) and I was not deceived, the treasure of Christ laid up "in earthen vessels, for amongst those Christians in *Egypt* I have "seen many Fathers who had here upon earth already begun the 40 "heavenly life, and regenerate Prophets who were indued not "onely with holy habits, but had received therewith the Spirit of

Hieron in vit Pat

- “promise for I have known many of them that were so free from
 “malice, perverse thoughtfulness and suspicion, as if they had
 “never known that there were such evil wayes to be followed in
 “the world, Such a great tranquillity of mind, and such a powerful
 “love or longing after goodnesse had wholly possessed them
 “They lived dispersed up and down the wilderness, and separated
 “from one another in several Cells or Cots, but knit all together
 “in the perfect bond of Charity The reason of their distinct and
 “distant habitations, was, because they would not have the silence
 10 “of their retirements disturbed, nor their minds diverted from the
 “contemplation of heavenly things by any noyse, sudden occurrence,
 “or idle discourse, for this cause they have every one their par-
 “ticular mansion, where with intente or earnest minds they do
 “(like faithful servants) expect and look for the coming of their
 “Master They take no thought for meat and drink and cloathing,
 “nor for any such accommodations, they seek onely the Kingdome
 “of God and the righteousness thereof, they fight with the
 “weapons of prayer, & being guarded with the shield of faith
 “from the devices of their spiritual enemies, so travel on towards
 20 “their heavenly country This was the *old way*, and whether we
 are *in it*, or *out* of it, is not hard to be decided A pretended
sanctity from the teeth outward, with the frequent *mention* of the
Spirit, and a presumptuous assuming to our selves of the stile of
Saints, when we are within full of *subtily, malice, oppression, lewd*
opinions, and diverse lusts, is (I am sure) a convincing argument
 that we are not onely *out* of it, but that we have no mind to returne
into it The *way* to heaven is *wet* and *slippery*, but it is made so with
teares and not with *blood*, it is through the *vale of miseries, and the*
raine filleth the pooles, Psal 85 There is no *voyce* in those *shades*
 30 *of Palme*, but the *voyce* of the *Turtle*, which is alwayes *growing*, and
Naturalists say, *she hath no gall* It is ill coming to the *Lamb* of
 God in a *Wolfes* skin, They that do so, must be taught that he
 hath another *attribute*, and they shall finde him a *Lion* It is strange
 that (after the experience of almost *six thousand yeares*) men will
 hazard so highly, as to purchase a few dayes false honours, with
 the losse of eternal and true glory In what a horrid darknesse
 and agony will the pleasures of this world leave us, after we have
 cast away our bodies and souls in the acquisition of them? how
 suddenly must the *rich man* leave his *barnes*, and the *oppressour*
 40 his ill-gotten *power*? how do they labour under the load of their
 private guilt, and feele the flames of hell while they are yet alive?
 With what gloomy and despairing looks do they passe from hence,

as if that eternal darknesse they are going into, were already in their faces? It was a sad and a dark reply that *Henry the fourth* made to his *hasty son*, when he had taken away the *Crowne*, *God knowes* (said he and sighed) *what right I had unto it* Tyrants and oppressors may very well be compared to the *Hyæna*, while they prosper, and devour the *prey*, there is nothing to be seene amongst them but *mirth* and *triumphs*, but when they have drank *blood* enough, when they are full and cloyed, *then they *weepe* The onely difference is this, that the *Sinnes are not felt, till *Hyæna's* teares are deceitful, but the teares they are acted 10 of Tyrants springing from their inward guilt and horreur, are wofully true, though (like *storms* in *harvest*) they are unprofitable and prodigious

The difference betwixt the *righteous* and the *wicked* is to be seen in their *death* The good man goes hence like the *Sunne* in the *summers evening* chearful and unclouded, his memory is precious here with men, and his spirit is received into the *joy of his Master* This Saint *Hierome* saw in the death of *Paul the Heremite*, whose *coate of Palm-leaves* he prefer'd to the *purple robes* of the proud *Let me now* (saith he) *aske the great men of this world, whose possessions* 20 *are numberlesse, and whose dwellings are of marble, what was it, that was ever wanting to this poor old man? They drink rich wines out of gold, and he drank clean water out of the fountains They have silk and gold weav'd into their coates, and he had not so much as the coarsest wooll But then is he out of that simple habit carried into Paradise, and they out of their silk and gold into hell Paul the Heremite hath no covering but the *common earth, Their karkasses are laid up in ¶ costly Sepulchres of marble and brasse, but Paul shall be raised to glory, and they to condemnation* And presently after directing his speech to the Reader, he concludes thus *Who ever thou art, that shalt reade this Book, I beseech thee to remember Hieronymus the ** sinner, who (if God would grant him his desire) had rather be master of Paul the Heremites coate with his rewards then of the purple robes of Princes with their punishments A dinner of herbes with a good conscience is heavenly fare, and godli-* nesse is great gaine, if we would be contented therewith I do not so

* Cœlo tegitur, qui non habet urnam
¶ Jam ruet & bustum, titulusque in marmore sectus, 30
—tumulis autem morientibus, ipse
Occumbes etiam, sic mors tibi teitua restat

** Non sanctum dixit, sed peccatorem

—O quantum bonum est ob stare nulli, carpere securas dapes!

Humi ejacentem scelera non intrant casam 40

much admire *Apitius* his feasts, and *Cleopatra's* banquets of dissolved *pearles*, as I do the *Raven* of *Elias*, and *Hilarion's Crow* Neither can I in this place passe by that *old Cilician* and Countrey-man to Saint *Paul*, who (I verily beleeeve,) for a reward of his contented and harmlesse life, had the *honor* and the *happinesse* to have it described and left for ever upon record to posterity, by that inimitable *Prince* and *Patriarch* of *Poets*,

Virg lib 4 Georgic

- Namque sub Oebaliæ memini me turribus altis
 10 Corycium vidisse senem cui pauca relictæ
 Jugera ruris erant, nec fertilis illa juvenis,
 Nec pecori opportuna seges, nec commoda Baccho
 Hic rarum tamen in dumis holus, albæque circum
 Lilia, verbenæque premens, vescumque papaver,
 Regum æquabat opes animo, seræque revertens
 Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis
 Primus vere rosam, atque Autumno carpere poma
 Et cum tristis hyems etiamnum frigore saxa
 Rumperet, & glacie cursus frænaret aquarum,
 20 Ille comam mollis jam tum tondebat Acanthi
 Æstatem increpitans seram, Zephirósque morantes

Englished thus

- I saw beneath Tarentum's stately towers*
An old Cilician spend his peaceful houres
Some few bad acres in a waste, wild field,
Which neither Grasse, nor Corne, nor Vines would yield,
He did possesse, There (amongst thorns and weeds)
Cheap Herbs and Coleworts, with the common Seeds
Of Chesboule or tame poppeys he did sowe,
 30 *And Verveyne with white Lilies caus'd to grow*
Content he was, as are successeful Kings,
And late at night come home (for long work brings
The night still home,) with unbought messes layd
On his low table, he his hunger stayd
Roses he gather'd in the youthful Spring,
And Apples in the Autumn home did bring,
And when the sad, cold winter burst with frost
The stones, and the still streams in Ice were lost,
He would soft leaves of Beares-foot crop, and chide
 40 *The slow West-winds, and lingring Summer tyde!*

Saint *Hierome* in the life of *Antonius*, (who was nobly borne and as tenderly bred) tells us, that about the age of *eighteen* (his parents being then dead,) he gave away all his possessions, & resolving upon a strict, religious life betook himself to the *wildernesse*, where having erected for himself a poore narrow *Cottage*, he digg'd

hard by it, and found a *well*, with whose streams he watered a small piece of *ground*, which he did sowe and set with some ordinary *herbs* for his own provision To this place thus furnished by his industrie, the *wild asses* would in great numbers very often resort, and not contented to borrow of his *water*, they would some times trespasse upon his *garden*, and make bold with his *sallads* But he upon a time comming amongst them, commanded the *leader* of them, which he had observed to *guide* the *rest*, to stand still, and beating him upon the sides with his hand, reproved him in these words, *What is the reason that thou com'st to eat that which* 10 *thou hast not sowed?* *Et exinde* (saith my Author) *acceptus aquis ad quas potandas ventitabant, nec arbusculam, nec holera unquam contigebant* We see by these Examples how safe it is to rely upon our *Masters* promise, and how needlesse and superfluous in the Christian state this worldly abundance is This our Saviour himself hath admonished us of, and upbraids our diffidence with the examples of the *birds* and the *lilies* of the *field* Certainly it is dangerous meddling with the *world*, It is like the * *Torpedo*, he that catcheth it, comes to lose his life by the bargain Love not the world (saith *ever he is struck,*) so be- 20 *St John*) *neither the things that are in the world, if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him* *neums the Angler, that he dies* We should therefore be very cautious how we deal *Arcanas hyemes & cæca papavera ponti Abdo sinu, & celerem frigidâ vincula necem* with it, or with the followers and favourites of it *Condescend to men of low estate*, saith the *chosen vessel*, This is good counsel, but it lies so low that most men tread upon it, & very few are they that will stoop to take it up There is nothing can bring us sooner to it then the serious consideration of our own frailty This is the *Catharma* that turns away the plague, and as 30 *Physicians* say of *fasting*, that it cures almost all bodily diseases So may I say of this, that it prevents (if timely applyed) all the *depravations and diseases* of the mind It will bring down every *high thought* & set us upon even ground, *Qui jacet in terra, non* where we shall be in no danger of soul or *habet unde cadat* body Our Saviour was buried in a Rock, and he that builds upon his grave, he that mortifies his affections, and hides his life in him, needs feare no *stormes* What beauty is there in a *deaths-head* crownd with *roses*? If we carry the *one* about us, we shall be safe enough from the temptations of the *other* Let sensual *natures* 40 judge as they please, but for my part, I shall hold it no *Paradoxe*

16 upbraids] upbraids 1652 diffidence] diffidence 1652

to affirme, *there are no pleasures in this world* Some coloured
griefes and blushing woes there are, which look so clear as if they
 were *true complexions*, but it is a very sad and a tryed truth that
 they are but *painted* To draw then to an end, let us looke alwayes

Omnem crede diem tibi upon this *Day-Like* of life, as if the
 diluxisse supremum *Sun* were already *set* Though we *blossome*

and *open many mornings*, we shall not do so always, *Soles occidere*
 & *redire possunt*, but *man* cannot *He hath his time appointed*
him upon earth, which he shall not passe, and his days are like the

10 *days of an hireling* Let us then so husband our time, that when
 the *flower* falls, the *seed* may be preserved We have had many
 blessed Patterns of a holy life in the *Brittish Church*, though now
 trodden under foot, and branded with the title of *Antichristian*

I shall propose but * one to you, the most

* Mr *George Herbert* of
 blessed memory, See his
 incomparable prophetick
 Poems, and particularly
 these,

Church musick,

Church-rents, and schisms

20 *The Church militant*

obedient *Son* that ever his *Mother* had,
 and yet a most glorious true *Saint* and
 a *Seer* Heark how like a *busie Bee* he
hymns it to the *flowers*, while in a handful
 of *blossomes* gather'd by himself, he fore-
 sees his own *dissolution*

I made a *Poste* while the day ran by

Here will I smell my remnant out, and tye

My life within this band,

But time did becken to the flowers, and they

By noon most cunningly did steal away,

And wither'd in my hand

My hand was next to them, and then my heart

I took, without more thinking, in good part

Times gentle admonition,

30 Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,

Making my mind to smell my fatal day,

Yet sugring the suspicion

Farewel dear flowers! sweetly your time ye spent,

Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,

And after death for cures

I follow strait without complaint or grief,

Since if my sent be good, I care not if

It be as short as yours

As often therefore as thou seest the *full* and *ripe corne*, to succeed the *tender* and *flowery Spring*, the *Petrar de Contenti mundi*
Autumne again to succeed the *Summer*, *Immortalia ne speres monet*
and the *cold* and *snowy Winter* to succeed *annus, & alium*
the *Autumne*, say with thy self, *These seasons* *Quæ rapit hora diem*
passé away, but will returne againe but *Frigora mitescent Zephyris,*
when I go, I shall returne no more *ver proterit æstas*
Interitura simul

When thou seest the *Sun* to set, and *Pomifer Autumns fruges*
the melancholy *shadowes* to prevaile and *effuderit, & mox*
increase, meditate with thy selfe, *Thus when my life is done, will* 10
the shadowes of death be stretched over me, And yet this Sun which
now leaves me, will be here againe to morrow but when the Sun of
my life sets, it shall not returne to me, until the heavens be no more

When the *night* is drawn over thee, and the whole world lies slumbring under it, do not thou sleep it out, for as it is a *portion* of time much abused by wicked livers, so is it of all others the most powerful to excite thee to *devotion*, be stirring therefore, and make special use of that *deepest* and *smoothest current* of time, like that vigilant *Pilot* who alwayes mistrusted the *greatest calms*,

Sydera cuncta notat *And rising at midnight the Stars espi'd* 20
tacito labentia cœlo *All posting Westward in a silent glide*

When thou also seest those *various, numberles, and beautiful luminaries* of the night to move on in their *watches*, and some of them to *vansh* and *set*, while all the rest do *follow after*, consider that *thou* art carried on with *them* in the *same motion*, and that there is no hope of subsisting for thee, but in *him who never moves, and never sets*

Consider thy own *posterity* (if thou hast any) or those that are *younger then thy self*, and say, *These are travelling up the hill of life, but I am going head-long down* Consider thy own *habitation*, how 30 many have been there before thy *time*, whom that place must never know again, and that there is no help, but *thou* must follow Consider the *works of thine own hands*, the *flowers, trees* and *arbour*s of thine own planting, for all those must survive thee, Nay, who knows but thou mayst be gone, before thou canst enjoy those pleasures thou dost expect from them, for the *Poet* in that point proves oftentimes a *Prophet*,

The trees, we set, grow slowly, and their shade
Stays for our sons, while (we the Planters) fade

Virg Georg

Tarda venit, serisque futura nepotibus umbra.

4 (of Latin) simul] simul 1652 22 various,] various 1652
39 (we) we (GC

To be short, acquit thee *wisely* and *innocently* in all thy Actions, live a *Christian*, and die a *Saint* Let not the *plurality* of *dayes*, with the numerous *distinctions* and *mincing*s of thy *time* into *moneths*, *weeks*, *houres* and *minutes* deceive thee, nor be a means to make thee mispend the *smallest portion* of it, let not the *empty honours* and *pompous nothing* of this world keep thee back from the *grapes* of the *brook* of *Eshcol* Remember that we must account for every idle *word*, much more for our *actions* If thou hast lost any *dear friends*, have them alwayes before thine eyes, visit their graves
 10 often, and be not unkind to a *Jonathan* though in the *dust* Give eare to *heaven*, and forget not what is spoken to thee from thence Behold, *I come as a thief*, *blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments*, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame The time of life is short, and *God* (when he comes to see us) *comes without a bell* Let us therefore gird up the *loynes* of our *minds*, and be sober, and hope to the end Let us keep our selves in the love of *God* as obedient children, not grieving his *holy Spirit*, by which we are sealed unto the day of redemption And let us not give place to the *devil*, nor be weary of well-doing, but let us be renewed daily in the spirit of our
 20 mind that when he comes (*who will not tarry*) we may be found faithful, and about our masters businessse

Let us feare *God*, and forgive men, blesse those that persecute us, and lay up treasure for our selves in *heaven*, that where our treasure is, there our hearts may be also, and this (if *God* permits) will we do, and then

— We can go die as sleep, and trust
 Half that we have
 Unto an honest, faithful grave
 Making our pillows either down or dust

30 Now unto him, who shall change our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himselfe, even unto *Jesus Christ* the Prince of the Kings of the earth, and the first begotten of the dead, be glory and dominion for ever and ever Amen

A Prayer when thou findest thy self sickly, or when thou art visited with any Disease

Most merciful, and wise *God*, who bringest light out of darknesse, and true comforts out of the greatest afflictions, I do in all humility and with all my soule resigne my selfe unto thy divine pleasure,
 40 and give thee most hearty and unfeined thanks for this thy present visitation, an infallible argument of thy fatherly love, and that

tender care which thou hast of my salvation Thou gavest me health, and I took no notice of thy *gift*, and but very little of the *Giver* Thou gavest me dayes of gladnesse and I *numberd them not* Wherefore with most true sorrow for my unthankfulnesse, and with all the *sad Resentments* of a most penitent heart I do acknowledge thy *justice*, adore thy *providence*, and beg thy *mercy* O *righteous Father* ! Though I have gone astray, do not thou cast me off though *I am no more worthy to be called thy son*, yet have thou a minde to the work of thine own hands Confirm my *faith*, sanctifie my *affections*, give me a lively and enduring *hope*, with 10 an unwearied *patience*, And strengthen me in all my *Agones* with the *celestial assistance* and *inexpressible refreshments* of thy *overcoming spirit* Thou that didst give to thy blessed and faithful *Martyrs* such a glorious *measure* of thy Almighty *spirit*, as encouraged them for thy sake to be *sawed asunder*, to be *burnt, stoned and beheaded*, give unto me now such a gracious *portion* of the same *Comforter* as may leade me through *death* unto *life* Or if thou wilt in mercy restore me again, and enlarge my time, give me, I beseech thee, a thankful *heart*, holy *resolutions*, and a stedfast *spirit* to performe them, And for *Jesus Christ* his sake never 20 suffer me to forget thy *tender and fatherly compassion*, or to fall again into my old sins, and *heap* up for my self thy eternal anger and most just indignation

For what end soever thou hast sent this present *sickness*, whether for my *dissolution*, or for a temporal *correction* of my sinful life, grant I beseech thee, that both may be for thy *glory*, and the salvation of my poore soule, purchased with the *precious blood* of thine only *Sonne* and my dear *Redeemer*, to whom with thee and the *holy Ghost* be ascribed by *Angels* and *men*, all wisdom, dominion and majesty for ever and ever, *Amen* ! 30

A Prayer in the hour of Death

O my most blessed and glorious *Creatour* that *hast fed me all my life long*, and *redeemed me from all evil*, seeing it is thy merciful pleasure to take me out of this fraile body, and to *wipe away all teares from mine eyes*, and all sorrowes from my heart, I do with all humility and willingness consent and submit my self wholly unto thy sacred will *I desire to be dissolved and to be with my Saviour* I blesse and praise thy holy name for all thy great mercies conferred upon me, from the first day of my life unto this present hour I give thee all possible thanks for this gracious & 40 kind *visitation*, in which thou art mercifully pleased to order this

190 *The Mount of Olives, &c.*

last act of thy poor creature to thy glory, and the fruition of those heavenly comforts which have already swallowed up my whole spirit
O let *all* that come after me speak of thy *wondrous mercies*, and the *generations* which are yet unborn give praise unto thy *name*

Lord *Jesus Christ* my most loving Redeemer, into thy saving and *everlasting Armes* I commend my *spirit*, I am ready my *dear Lord*, and earnestly expect and long for thy good pleasure, *Come quickly*, and receive the soul of thy *servant* which trusteth in thee

Blessing, and honour, and glory and power be unto him that sitteth
10 *upon the throne, and unto the Lamb and to the holy Ghost for ever and ever Amen*

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men !

Blessed be God alone !
Thrice blessed three in one !

M A N

I N

Glory:

O R,

A Discourse of the blessed

state of the Saints in the

New JERUSALEM

Written in Latin by the most

Reverend and holy Father

ANSELMUS

Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and now
done into English

Printed *Anno Dom* 1652

Reader,

Anselmus Archbishop of *Canterbury* lived here in *Britaine*, in the reigne of *Rufus*, and striving to keep entire the Immunities of the Church, (which the spirit of Covetousnesse and Sacriledge did then begin to encroach upon,) he was twice banished, first by *William* the second called *Rufus* or *red-hair'd*, and after by *Henry* the first his youngest brother and successor Men of fierce and unmanagable spirits they were, and by so much the fitter for the throne The first was such an infamous lover of money, that the
 20 *Neophyte-Jews* were at a constant fee with him, for renouncing *Christianity*, and the later (like a true son of *Ottoman*,) caused
 * *Robert* Duke of *Nor-* his eldest * brothers eyes to be pull'd out,
mandy who was then his prisoner in the Castle of *Cardiffe* To avoid the fury of *Rufus* (who had thus banished him,) our Author here retired into *France*, and shelter'd himself in the Abbey of *Clunie*, where by way of discourse with that reverend family, he shed forth this Dissertation, which (at the same time it proceeded from him,) was exactly taken, and put into writing by *Eadinerus*, a Canon regular of the Church of *Canterbury*,
 20 and his *Amanuensis* in his banishment Some brokages and disorderly parcels of it, are to be found in his book *De Similitud*, but the entire and genuine discourse was first made publick at *Paris* 1639 where it took so well, that it was presently translated into French This much I thought fit to acquaint thee with, and so I shall leave thee to thy owne affaires, which I wish to be such as may bring thee to the fruition of those joyes, which are showne thee here through a glasse darkly, and but in part, untill that which is perfect shall come, and this which is in part shall be done away

30

Thy Friend

HEN VAUGHAN

Here holy *Anselme* lives in ev'ry page,
 And sits Arch-bishop still, to vex the age
 Had he foreseen (and who knows but he did ?)
 This fatal wrack, which deep in time lay hid,
 'Tis but just to believe, that little hand
 Which clouded him, but now benights our land,
 Had never (like *Ehas*) driv'n him hence,
 A sad returer for a slight offence
 For were he now, like the returning year,
 Restor'd to view these desolations here, 10
 He would do penance for his old complaint,
 And (weeping) say, That *Rufus* was a Saint

Revel Chap 7

1 *And after this I beheld, and lo a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people, and tongues stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands*

2 *And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb*

3 *And one of the Elders answered saying unto me, Who are these 20 which are arrayed in white robes ? and whence came they ?*

4 *And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb*

5 *Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his Temple and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them*

6 *They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the Sun light on them, nor any heate*

7 *For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed 30 them, and shall leade them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes*

7, 8 precede ll 5, 6 in 1652

Many men, when a holy conversation and good works are proposed unto them, and when they are advised to exercise themselves therein, and not to follow after the vanities of this world, are wont to question for what end, reward, or retribution shall they do so? The answer to these men must be this Because it is written, *that Eye hath not seen, nor eare heard, neither have entred into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him*, 1 Cor 2 Which words, because they cannot plainly understand what is meant by them, must be
 10 expounded to them by other circumstances, and it must be told them, that the reward which in the life to come shall be given unto those that serve God in this life, is, everlasting life, eternal happinesse, never-ending pleasures, and a fulnesse and sufficiency of all accommodations to their own desires without any scarcity, or want at all When these things are thus told them, they seeme to be (as they are indeed) very great, and very good But because, that neither by this expression they do perfectly apprehend, what those things are which they shall receive in the life to come, nor can they of a sudden rightly perceive what is meant by a sufficiency
 20 of all accommodations without any want at all, they continue still in a doubtful minde, and are not effectually drawn to take any relish or delight in the things so told them What course then shall we take to render these eternal rewards more relishing and delightful to them? I hold that the best way is, to feed them as Nurses feed their little children, who, (if at any time they give them a large faire apple, which for the tendernesse of their teeth, and the narrownesse of their mouths they cannot feed upon) cut it (according to the capacity of the child) into several bits or parts, and so give it them to eate by peece-meales
 30 We shall therefore divide this great sufficiencie of all accommodations in the life to come, into several parts or portions, that (by so doing) they may with those things we shall deliver be fed to eternal life And because they may appear more plainly to them, we shall consider what those things are, which the minde of man most affects in this life, and by those, (as farre as we may) we shall make it evident that they shall enjoy them after a more excellent manner in the life to come if being placed here in the midst of dangers and worldly temptations, they stick fast to the precepts of Christ, and when they have kept them, they will of
 40 themselves quickly perceive, that by no meanes they shall lose, nor be deceived of the utmost of their desires This Course we

shall take in the Explication of this Doctrine, and beginning with the least, passe on to our desired end

That we may then in the first place briefly summe up all those things which have reference to the body, I suppose them to be such things as are (indeed) desirable of themselves, and for whose service or use all other things are desired of men, and those are Beauty, Activity, Strength, Liberty, Health, Pleasure, & Long Life But if amongst these we have reckoned, there are some things, which the servants of God have no respect to, but take special care to neglect and avoid them, as (for instance sake) beauty 10 and pleasure are, yet do they not therefore despise them, because that naturally they affect them not, but because they would not offend God in them, for if they certainly knew that by caring for such things, they could not offend God, nor have their affections with-drawn from heavenly things, without doubt they would take more delight in the fruition of them, then in a contrary state These things being now thus premised, I shall as briefly as I may treat of every one of them distinctly, or by it self, and labour to demonstrate unto you (as God shall enable me) after what manner they shall be enjoyed by us after the resurrection of the body 20

To begin then, *Beauty* is a certaine good, which all men naturally desire to have But in the life to come the beauty of the righteous shall shine equally with the Sunne, this the sacred Scripture testifies, *Matth 13 Then shall the righteous shine forth as the Sun in the Kingdome of their Father* Adde to this, that the body of our Lord Jesus Christ (which none I hope will deny) shall out-shine the brightnesse of the Sun But by the testimony of the Apostle *we shall be made like unto him*, for he saith, *He shall change our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body*, and this is the confession of that authority, which 30 to contradict, is blasphemy Now if any man would have this proved to him by reason, I beleeve it ought not to seeme incredible to any, that the righteous in that life which is to come, *when this mortality shall be swallowed up of life*, shall shine as bright as the Sun, seeing they are truly called, and truly are the temple and the seat of God himself, which (as I remember) is no where in sacred Scripture spoken of this visible Sun

As for *Activity*, which is every way as desirable as *Beauty*, we shall be indued with such a measure of it, as shall render us equall for swiftnesse to the very Angels of God, which in a 40 moment passe from the highest heaven unto the earth, and from the earth again into heaven, which swiftnesse, if it were necessary

to prove it so in the Angels, we might for instance produce that place of Scripture, where it is written, that the Angel of the Lord took *Habakkuk* the Prophet by the haire of the head, and carried him through the vehemency of his spirit, (when he was yet in the flesh) from *Jury* into *Babylon*, and having delivered the dinner unto *Daniel*, brought him again immediately to his own place. Therefore I say again, that a swiftnesse every way equal to that which is in them, shall be given to those, who labour in their lives here to be like unto them. The Apostle also, who affirms
 10 that our bodies shall in the twinkling of an eye be perfectly raised, notwithstanding that our limbs be separated or dispersed one from another, and the distance of place never so great, hath thereby sufficiently proved, that our very bodies which in that day shall be raised incorruptible, shall be gifted with the very same swiftnesse, for he testifies that *this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality*, 1 Cor 15. An instance or demonstration of this swiftnesse we have in the beams of the Sunne, which as soone as ever the body of that Planet appears above the earth in the East, passe in a moment to the utmost
 20 West. By this consideration we may conclude that what hath been spoken touching our velocity in the life to come, is not impossible, especially because that animated bodies have in them a greater agility, then those which are inanimate. To this instance of the Sun-beams we may adde another of the like nature, which we have in our selves, for the beams or ray of the Eye, when we open our eye-lids passeth immediately to the utmost point of the Horizon or visible part of the sky, and when we shut them returns wholly and unimpaired into it self. Again, it is a thing certainly known, that the souls of the Elect which are in
 30 the hand of the Lord, have not yet enjoyed the fulnesse of felicity, untill their bodies shall be restored unto them incorruptible, which when they shall enjoy, there will be nothing more left for them to wait for and desire. But these bodies whose redemption they long and grone for if they would retard or hinder their swiftnesse, they would rather abhorre their fellowship, then long for it, therefore it is certain that such a swiftnesse or agility as we have spoken of shall be given us of God in the life to come.

The next thing we are to treat of is *Fortitude* or *Strength*, which most men affect, as it is opposite to imbecillity and faint-hearted-
 40 nesse. But they who shall be worthy to walk with the Citizens of the new *Jerusalem*, shall excell so much in strength, that nothing can have power to resist them whether their desire be to remove,

or over-turn any thing out of its station, or by any other way to divert it, nothing can hinder them, nor shall they in compassing their desire be put to any more trouble or pains, then we are put to at present when we move an Eye, or turne it towards any object we desire to look upon. But let us not in this place forget to instance in the Angels, to whom we labour in this life to assimilate our selves, for if in this branch, or in any of the rest which we are to handle, we can finde no other example or demonstration, we must apply to them. I suppose there is none will deny, but that the Angels excel so much in strength, as to be able to effect whatsoever shall be enjoyned them. But here some body may ask, of what use shall this fortitude or strength be unto us in that life, when all things shall be put in such perfect order, that there cannot be a better, when there shall be no need of mutations, eversions, or reformation wherein this fortitude or strength may be employed? Whoever shall ask this question, let him attend a little to me, and consider what use we make at present of the faculties given us in this life, and he shall finde that we do not alwayes imploy some of those abilities with which we are now gifted in the body, as the faculty of seeing, our utmost strength, and our knowledge of some select things, with many more. In the like manner shall it be then with this fortitude we are now speaking of, for the onely possession of it will be an incredible pleasure and joy unto us, though we shall have no use for it, all things being (as it is said before) in the state of perfection. If this *objection* be made concerning *velocity*, or any of the other *branches* which are to follow in this discourse, I hold this *solution* (if we finde not a better) satisfactory enough.

We are now come to the fourth branch, which is *Liberty*, and is no lesse desired then any of the former. Whoever then shall leade an Angelical life here upon earth, shall without doubt be admitted into an equal liberty with the Angels in heaven. Therefore as nothing can resist, hinder, or confine the Angels, but that they may passe freely through all things according to their own desires, so shall there be no obstacle or restraint of the Elects there shall be no inclosure that can hold us, nor any Element which shall not be pervious or passable for us, when, and how we please. An eminent and most certain example of this we have left us in the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, to which blessed body (Saint Paul affirms) *that our vile bodies shall be fashioned and made like, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself*. Now the Scripture beares record that he

rose from the dead after the Sepulchre was made sure and sealed, and that he came in to his Disciples, the doors being shut upon them, and at the same time caused *Thomas* to thrust his hand into his side, all which (without doubt) was laid down for a strong and comfortable demonstration to us *of the glorious liberty of the children of God*, Rom 8

In this fifth place comes *Health*, which of all temporal blessings is the principal, and the most to be desired And of this what can be better said, then that which hath been already spoken by
 10 the Psalmist, *The salvation of the righteous cometh from the Lord*, Psal 37 What infirmity then can lay hold upon those, whose health or salvation is from the Lord? But what example or similitude to introduce, whereby you may perceive what manner of health that shall be which we are to enjoy in the world to come, I do not know, for neither I in my own body, nor the holiest man that ever lived in the flesh, can finde in himself any state of health which may be compared or liken'd to this eternal and incorruptible health For in this life (when we finde our
 20 bodies without any paine or disturbance) we conclude that we are in health, and yet are we therein oftentimes deceived For it happens very frequently that we are infirme or sickly in some particular member, which yet we can by no means discover, but by motion of the said member, or by touching the place affected But to come to those that are not thus affected, but seeme to themselves to be in perfect health, what shall we judge of them, that they are in health, or that they are not? Propose to thy self some one of a most healthful constitution, and that thou shouldst enquire of him concerning the state of his body he will tell thee, that in his own judgement he finds himself in perfect health
 30 But let his body be examined and felt with a little rigidnesse more then ordinary, or wring him hard in any part of it, he will presently cry out, forbear, you hurt me What is this? Did not he a little before affirme himself sound, and being now but moderately touched, doth he cry out of paine? Is this man thinkst thou in health? Truly I think not It is not then such a health as this (which is but a meere remission) that they shall receive in the life to come, whose salvation is expressly promised to proceed from the Lord, Rev 21 *For God shall wipe away all teares from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither*
 40 *sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more paine, for the former things are past away*, Rev 7 *They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, nor shall the Sun light on them, nor any*

heate, for God shall cover them with his right hand, and with his holy arme shall he defend them What then shall be able to hurt them whose covering and inclosure shall be the arme of God? But what manner of health that shall be, I know for a certain, that neither I, nor any man else, (either by my owne or anothers apprehension or experiment) can possibly expresse If any man desires to know the qualities of Feavers and diverse other diseases, I can quickly satisfie him, as well by the experience I have had of them in my own body, as by relation from others, but that which neither by my own understanding nor sensation I have 10 never perceived, nor received any knowledge of it from another, how can I say any thing of it? Onely this I shall absolutely assert (and I do verily beleieve it) that this health of the life to come shall fill the whole man with such an immutable, inviolable, and inexpressible sweetnesse and solace, as shall utterly repel and for ever drive away all thoughts of infirmities, their accessions, or revolutions And let this suffice to have been spoken of our health in the world to come

The next branch that comes in order to be now spoken of, is *Pleasure*, which by another name, or definition rather, we shall 20 call the *Delectation* of the corporeal senses And this (truly) most men are very much taken with, because the corporeal senses in every man delight in those things which are adjudged proper or peculiar to them, and withal beneficial or helpful For (to instance in a few) the sense of smelling is much recreated or pleased with the variety of sweet and comfortable odours, the sense of tasting with the different relishes or gust of several meats, confections, and drinks, And all the rest (as every mans natural appetite carries him) have their several and different delights But these delectations are not alwayes pleasing, nay, they prove 30 oftentimes distastful and troublesome to their greatest lovers, for they are (indeed) but transitory and bestial But those delectations or pleasures which in the world to come shall be poured out upon the righteous are everlasting and rational And for this cause I do not see how it is possible to expresse them so, as to make them intelligible, or subject to our understanding in this life, especially because we cannot find in the pleasures of this life any example or similitude which hath in it any collation with them, or can give us the least light or manifestation of them, for those heavenly delights, the more we enjoy them, will be the 40 more deare and acceptable to us, for the fulnesse of those joyes breeds no surfeit. And such delights as these are, I beleieve no

man ever in this world did so far perceive or taste, as to be able to describe unto others the true state or savour of them Two blessed and two miserable states of man we know to be, the greater and the lesser His great or perfect state of blisse is in the Kingdome of God, his lesser is that which *Adam* forfeited, the joy of Paradise As for his states of misery, his great and endlesse one is in the lake of fire and brimstone, and his lesser in the continual travels and afflictions of this present life Now it is clear, that no man in this life (after *Adam*) did ever taste of
10 either of those two states of blisse But if we had tried or tasted of (onely) that lesser state of blisse which *Adam* enjoyed in Paradise, we might then perhaps by the mediation or means of the lesser conjecture or guesse at the greater As now being borne and bred up in the lesser state of misery, we can give many plain and convincing demonstrations of our deplorable condition in the greater Wherefore seeing the pleasure we speak of, is a branch or portion of that greater state of blisse, I cannot conceive of any possibility to expresse it, unlesse we may do it by some similitudes that are quite contrary to the greater state of
20 misery, and drawne from the lesser For example, or instance, let us suppose that there stood before us a naked man with hot and flaming irons thrust into the very apples of his eyes, and into every part and member of his body, his veines, nerves and muscles, so that neither his marrow, nor his entrails, nor any the most inward and tender parts were free from the anguish and immanity of the torment, and that he were as sensible of the paine in every member, as he must needs be in the very balls of his eyes What shall I say now of this man? is he not miserably tormented? And who amongst these dispersed and ubiquitary
30 paines thus inflicted will be so irrational as to think that he can have any ease or pleasure? In the same manner, but by a quite contrary consideration may we conjecture or guesse at the delectations and pleasures of the life to come, for as this man is filled and pained all over with torments, so shall ineffable and endlesse pleasures be poured upon, and over-flow the righteous Their eyes, their eares, and their hearts, yea their very bones (as the Prophet *David* saith) *shall be glad and rejoyce*, every part and every member of them shall be crowned and replenished with the fulnesse and the life of pleasures Yea their whole man shall be
40 truly and abundantly satisfied with the fatnesse of Gods house, and he shall make them drink of the river of his pleasures, *for with him is the fountain of life, and in his light shall we see light*

Whosoever then is the happy man that shall be counted worthy to enjoy these heavenly pleasures, I cannot see (as to the comforts of the body) what more he can desire The onely thing that (in order to what we are to treat of) shall be added to him, is long life And this shall not be wanting there, for our Saviour testifies, that the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal, *Matth 25*

Having done now with these blessings bestowed upon the body, there remaine other more excellent gifts, which are every way as desirable, but these belong to the soul as the former did to the ¹⁰ body We shall reduce them all into seven principal heads, and here they follow, 1 *Wisdom* 2 *Friendship* 3 *Peace* 4 *Power* 5 *Honour* 6 *Security*, and 7 *Joy* Our wisdom then, which in this life all men desire, and worthily too, shall be so great in the life to come, that nothing shall be hidden from us, that we have a minde to know, for we shall know all things, which God ordained to be known of man, as well those things which are past, as those which (in this world) are yet to come There all men shall be known by every man, and every man shall be known by all men Neither shall any one there be ignorant of what ²⁰ Countrey, Nation, stock or lineage every one is descended, nay, he shall know all that ever we did in our life time Here some body perhaps may say, how is this? shall all men know the secret sins that I have committed? Is my confession of them come to this? Is it thus that they are blotted out, forgotten, and never more discovered? Well, this is thy objection But when thou in that state of glory shalt stand in the presence of God, purged from all thy sins, canst thou be unthankful to him for that great mercy shewed thee in the remission of all thy offences? And how canst thou be thankful, if none of those sins for whose ³⁰ forgiveness thou doest owe those thanks unto him, will be left in thy memory? That therefore thou mayest for ever take delight in the singing of his praises, thou wilt (I beleeve) have alwayes in thy mind those great transgressions and eternal miseries from which he delivered thee Seeing then that the consciences of all men shall (in that state) remaine entire to them, I dare affirme that those sinnes for whose remission thou doest then give thanks, shall likewise be openly known, not to thy confusion, but to the glory of God, and the mutual rejoycing of the Saints, for thou shalt be no more troubled then with the remembrance of thy ⁴⁰ sins, nor be any more ashamed of thy most secret transgressions, then any one is in this life with the memory of some dangerous wounds

or loathsome disease that he is perfectly cured of, or then we are in the state of men of those inconveniences we were subject to when we were little infants in our cradles and swaddling-bands, for in that life when we shall be blessed with inviolable health, perfect purity, a full remission and most certain impunity of all our sins, why should the memory or publike knowledge of them be any more grievous to us then his denying of *Jesus Christ* is now to *Peter*, or his persecution of him to *Paul*, or her sins which were many to that blessed Convert *Mary Magdalen*, with diverse
 10 others whose sins and infirmities are already in this world publickly known of all men? And besides all this, by this publike manifestation of sins, as of thy enormous and loathsome infirmities, the power and wisdom of the great Physician will by all the Elect be so much the more admired, praised and magnified, and the praise and magnificence of the divine glory (if rightly considered by thee) is thy glory. But thou wilt say, I consent indeed that the praise of God is my glory, but when from all parts of the earth such an exceeding number of innocent and righteous persons (if compared to me) shall appeare there, who
 20 considering the odious obscenity of my life, will (as it is most fit) abhorre me as a most abominable creature, what shall I say then, seeing there is a reward as well for unrighteousnesse as for righteousness? Thy feare in these circumstances is needlesse, for it will be otherwise there with thee then thou dost suppose, for thou shalt finde, that those Elects which (in comparison of thee) thou dost hold righteous and innocent, will have no such thoughts of thee, as thou at present dost suspect. For they upon the first sight of thee, will presently know and consider, that by committing those obscenities thou didst not sin against them, but
 30 against God. And when they see that God hath freely and fully forgiven thee, they will not so much as have a thought of abhorring, or judging thee in the smallest matter, for they know, that if they should any way contemne or censure thee in that state, What God hath cleansed, wherein thou shalt be perfectly reconciled, call not thou common, to the Father and all thy transgressions
Acts 10 15 blotted out, they would thereby sin grievously against the Lord. They will therefore be the more thankful, and have in greater admiration the infinite mercy of God both towards thee, and towards themselves. Towards thee,
 40 because he brought thee up out of hell, and saved thee from thy grievous and crying sins. Towards themselves, because it was his free grace that saved and held them up from falling into the like

enormities By praying God thus they will magnifie and admire
in thee after Gods goodnesse, his power
and * sure mercies by relying on which * Constantiam
thou didst escape and get out of the pit of perdition , into which
pit (had they been left to themselves) they would have fallen as
well as thou didst , and here they will consider, that had they
been in that dangerous state, they should (perhaps) have been
utterly cast away, and not break the snare as thou didst Thou
seest now that a publike manifestation of thy sins will in the
state of glory be no disgrace nor prejudice at all to thee, and how
great a furtherance of divine praise and thanksgiving the knowne
remission of them will prove Yea, if the very Angels should
reprove and censure thee (for the heynousnesse of thy sins) to be
altogether unworthy of their society, yet hast thou left thee very
just reasons wherewith to vindicate and defend thy self And
here perhaps thou wilt aske me, how this may be done? do but
give attention, and I will tell thee Suppose that any one of the
Angels should rebuke, or upbraid thee in these words * dost thou a fraile and
mortal creature, made of the dust of the earth, and whose doome was to returne
into dust again, after thou hast rebelled against thy Maker, and wallowed in all
manner of sins and pollutions, seek now to be like one of us, who never in any
thing resisted the divine will? To this Charge thou mayst answer
thus If I (as you say) have been formed out of the dust, it is
no wonder then that (being driven up and down by every wind of
temptation) I fell at last into the mire of sin , but afterwards
(having first acknowledged, and then believed in the mercies of
Jesus Christ,) I did renounce and cast off all those courses which
I knew to be contrary to his will, and exercised my self in all those
wayes which I understood to be well-pleasing unto him I fainted
not, nor refused to under-go and suffer for his glory diverse
tribulations and distresses, in hunger, in thirst, in watchings,
persecutions, reproaches and manifold afflictions , And having
utterly cast off and contemned all the pleasures of the world,
I strongly endeavoured, and earnestly desired to be perfectly
reconciled unto my Saviour But you never suffered any of these
things for his sake, you dwelt alwayes in glory, and the joyes of
heaven , The arme of God alwayes sustained and defended you
from being assaulted by any sinne, so that you were never stained

* This is onely proposed,
not asserted, nor (indeed)
can it be, for our Saviour
himself tels us, That there
is joy in the presence of
the Angels of God over
one sinner that repenteth,
Luke 15 10 and their
song is, *good will towards
men*

with the least spot of it Wherefore it is his owne free gift, whose hand with-held you from it, that hath kept you from falling away from his will But because this way of reasoning may be onely used by those who have forcibly resisted their owne damnation, and taken the kingdome of heaven by violence, they that shall enter into it upon other conditions, must finde another reason by which they may claime a parity, or equal degree of glory with the Angels And if they desire to know what manner of reason that is, it may be this which followes They may tell them that the
 10 ground upon which they lay their just claime to an equality of blisse with them in the kingdome of God, is the free mercy and donation of *Jesus Christ*, who for that very end vouchsafed to be made man, and to suffer death upon the Crosse, that being saved from our sins, and justified through his blood, we might be with him where he is, and be partakers of his kingdome, consider you therefore, if the blood of *Jesus Christ* which was shed for us is not a sufficient price for our salvation, and for an equality of glory with you What reply now can the Angels (who because they are good of themselves, will be therefore the sooner won with reason)
 20 make unto this? truly none at all, unlesse by way of Confession, that men redeemed with so high a price may justly claime and partake with them an equal glorification When therefore both Angels and men, whom thou didst judge more righteous then thy self shall consent unto thy glory, and hold thee worthy in all things of those true and eternal honours conferred upon thee, consider (if thou canst) how acceptable and pleasing such a knowledge will be to thee, which shall make thee known to all men, and all men to be known of thee

And shall not consequently out of that mutual and perfect
 30 knowledge arise a certaine inestimable and inviolable friendship? which shall so warm the hearts of every one towards another, that the love which every one shall have for another, shall be evident and convincing in the knowledge of all Neither do I see how it can be otherwise, seeing that all in that kingdome are but one body, and Christ himself (who is very peace,) the head thereof, neither will they with lesse affection imbrace one another, then the members of one natural body are united to one another Thou wilt therefore in that state love all men as thy self, and every one will love thee as dearly as himself O (now thinkest thou,) how
 40 full of love shall I be towards all men, if I were in that happy

32, 33 ewe | dent knowledg- | 1652 36 another] anothtr 1652
 37 members] membets 1652

state? But passe by that Meditation, and consider him, by whose mediation and grievous sufferings all these blessings were purchased for thee, and thou wilt then perceive that he will love thee incomparably more then any others, yea, more then thou canst love thy self, and so wilt thou with a certaine inward, inexpressible delight come to love him more then any others, yea infinitely more then thou canst love thy self

But seeing it falls out very frequently amongst men, that those persons who continue in a reciprocal and unanimous love, do not in all circumstances accord and consist, but differ in opinion, and sometimes also in their passions, while that which seems right to the one, appears clean contrary to the other, and the one may affect something which the other hath no appetite at all unto, It follows of necessity that to this perfect friendship in the state of glory, we must adde perfect concord or agreement There will be therefore such perfect agreement and unity there betwixt all, that none shall dissent from that which another desires As many as shall be counted worthy of that kingdome, shall be one body, one Church, and one Spouse of *Jesus Christ*, and there shall be no more discord betwixt them, then there is betwixt the members now in the natural body But as you see in the motion of the Eyes, that which way soever the one is turned, the other immediately followes, so whatsoever any one in that state shall delight in, he shall finde all the rest to consent to it * Seeing then that God himself with all the Angels and Saints will be propitious and favourable to thy desires, it is cleare that thou wilt desire nothing which thou mayst not obtaine So that in a modest sense it may be said, thou shalt be Almighty in respect of thy will, because the Almighty God will in all things consent to it, for thy will shall be then his will, and his will shall be thine

Seeing then that they shall excell so much in power, there is no doubt to be made, but that an honour proportionable to that power shall be given unto them Now what manner of honour that shall be, we shall labour to demonstrate by this following similitude Let us suppose there were laid before our eyes, some poore begger destitute of all comfort, and smitten in every part with ulcerous biles, corrupt sores, and all manner of infirmities, and having not so much as a rag to cover or defend him from the cold If some mighty and mercifull King passing by, should look upon this begger lying in so miserable a condition, and having

compassion on him, should give command to heale his infirmities, and being afterwards recovered, should give order to have him cloathed with his own royal apparel, and being brought before him in that habit, should adopt him for his son, and give strict command that he should be received and acknowledged by all men for his son, and that he should be contradicted in nothing by any of his subjects, he having adopted him for his son, and made him coheire with his onely begotten, and calling him after his own name You would easily grant that this were a great honour to be
 10 conferr'd upon so despicable and loathsome a begger But all this and more will the merciful God most certainly confer upon his faithful servants, for of his own free mercy will he receive us, who being born of the corruption of the flesh are surrounded with many miseries, in which we are estated as it were, and destitute of all comforts, but alwayes subject to, & overcome by many noxious passions, which fill us up with foule and ulcerous sins, and most odious corruptions, from all which he will purge and heale us, and being restored to perfect health, he will cloath us with the ornaments of true righteousness and incorruption, and adopt us
 20 for his sons, making us his Consorts in his own kingdome, and coheires with his only begotten Son who is in every thing coequal with himself, *changing our vile bodies, that they may be like unto his glorious body*, and commanding every creature to be subject unto us in all things, calling us also by his own name, and making us gods, for he saith in the Scripture, *I have said you are all gods, and the sons of the most high* But he himself is the *God desiring*, and we are but *deified*, or *gods* made by him But perhaps thou wilt say, This reason of mine may stand good in the Apostles and other holy Martyrs, but with thee who art a wretched sinner, and
 30 desirest onely to be the least in the kingdome of heaven, thou canst not see how it can consist Give eare and understand, for God in that recited Scripture, *I have said you are all gods, &c* excepts none But that thou mayst more clearly perceive, Consider the nature of fire and of all things that are put therein, if happily thou canst imagine with thy self after what manner, (in the degree appointed for thee) thou shalt be glorified The fire (thou seest) is but one, and of nature hot, put into it either wood, or lead, or iron, or all these together, when the wood is turn'd into embers, so that nothing appears unto thee but fire, & the lead so
 40 melted, that it cannot admit of a greater degree of heat, yet can neither of them be equall to Iron for an intense burning heat, which perhaps hath not yet grown red with the fire Now although

every one of these doth exceed the other, & is of a more superlative heat, yet every one of them (as we commonly say) is fire So shall it be in that glorious society of the Elect, which we now speak of, For as those, who are neerer to the *Divine Majesty*, and therefore better then others, shall be called *gods* So even those, who are inferiour to them, because they participate according to their capacity of the same *Deity* with those that are superiour, shall be likewise honoured with the same title of *gods*

When therefore together with so much happinesse, thou hast attained to so much honour, I do not see with what reason thou canst desire a greater Preferment Whiles then thou art blessed with the possession of those high Benefits, which we have mentioned, wilt thou not think thy selfe sufficiently happy? Yes verily, thou wilt say, well then! but if thou couldst really enjoy all those things as we have described them, but for one short *day*, wouldst thou not rejoyce? No question, but thou wouldst But if thou shouldst enjoy them for a *moneth*, or one whole *year* thou wouldst rejoyce exceedingly neither indeed do I thinke it possible to expresse thy manner of joy Suppose then if thou shouldst possesse this happinesse all thy *life-time*, what thou wouldst do What price wouldst thou give for so great a Blessing? Even willingly all that ever thou hadst nay, thy very owne selfe, if thou couldst purchase it at no other Rate

But if besides all this Fruition, thou wert certaine also of a perpetuall security, and that all thy life long no accident whatsoever could rob thee of thy happinesse, I will not determine, whether it were possible for thee to imagine, how great thy joy would be Seeing then that in the life to come, thou shalt live for ever, and together with the possession of all these things, thou shalt also be eternally secured from all danger of losing them, I beseech thee, how dost thou thinke it will go with thee? I beleieve truly, that at the very name of security, there springs in thee a certaine joy of heart, and thou dost greedily desire to know, whether thou mayst with safety, and for ever enjoy such great and extraordinary Blessings? I tell thee then, if thou art like to lose these things, thou must either voluntarily, and of thy owne accord relinquish them, or God must take them from thee whether thou wilt or no, or else another, who is more powerful then God, must rob thee of them in spite of God, and thy selfe But certainly, neither wilt thou reject so great a Blessing, and relapse into those miseries from which thou hast beene graciously delivered, neither will God at any time take that away which his

large and mercifull goodnesse hath bestowed upon thee , nor is there any stronger then God, who should be able to make thee miserable against thy will, as long as God is thy Protector Thou shalt therefore securely, and for ever enjoy all these Benefits, nor shalt thou feare the attempts of any, who would willingly deprive thee of them

What dost thou thinke then will thy condition be, when thou shalt eternally enjoy all these things , namely, Beauty, Strength, Swiftnesse of motion, Liberty, Health, Pleasure, Length of life,
 10 Wisedome, Love, Peace, Power, Honour, and a Security of all, as we have described them nay, above all humane Description or Conception, in a more glorious, and a more stately manner, then we can possibly expresse Will not thy condition be all Joy, which is the End and Effect of these Blessings? Verly I cannot see how that man should not abound with inestimable Joy, who is compast about with all the riches of eternall happnesse Thou shalt therefore most certainly attaine to such a Joy, because nothing can happen to thee, that should minister occasion of Grief For if thou hadst any Friend, whom thou didst love as
 20 well as thy selfe, and in whose good thou wouldst rejoyce as in thy owne, and shouldst see this friend admitted to the same Heaven, and happnesse with thy selfe , wouldst thou not extremely rejoyce in his Felicity? But if thou hadst two or three, or more such friends, and shouldest see them all glorified with a state equal to thy own, would not thy joyes also exceed, and increase together with their number? And as formerly, when we discoursed of Love, we did there shew how all the Inhabitants of the world to come, should love thee as well as themselves, and thou on the contrary shouldst love them as thy owne soul How is it there-
 30 fore possible for any man to apprehend the manner of that *mutual Joy*, seeing there are there above a thousand thousands and ten thousand times hundreds of thousands nay, an innumerable company, and all of them enjoying the same Beatitude , nor is there any one of them, who doth not as much rejoyce in the happnesse of another, as he doth in his owne Moreover, they seeing God love them in a more excellent way then they love themselves, and againe perceiving themselves (after some inexpressible manner) to love God better then themselves, they do infinitely triumph in his Glory, and in his wonderful and in-
 40 pressible Joyes They have Joy therefore within, and Joy without

Joy from above, and Joy beneath In the Compasse, and Circuit of them there is Joy, and in a word every where

And this (as we think, and as we have exprest our selves in the beginning of this Book) is that thing which God hath prepared for those that love him, namely *Joy* Therefore in my opinion, eternal Beatitude, or eternal felicity is nothing else but a sufficiency, or fulnesse of all good things, according to our own desire, and without any indigency, which felicity all the friends of God shall fully enjoy in the life which is to come For when we speake of good things, we do not say but that life eternal is farre more great 10 and glorious then this temporal life, which we have mentioned onely by way of Manuduction Seeing then that the Just shall be rewarded with so great a Felicity, it remaines on the contrary, that the unjust shall be visited with some extraordinary Infelicity For as we have described the Elect according to those abilities which God gave us namely that their Beauty, Swiftnesse, and Strength, their Liberty, Health and Pleasure should render them Cheerful and Triumphant So on the other side a certaine horrible, inestimable deformity, a dulnesse of motion and spirit, together with their Impotencie, and Captivity in Chaines of Dark- 20 nesse, as also their Melancholy, and paine shall make the Reprobate to mourne and howle Verily that *Length of Life*, which the just shall most joyfully embrace, because it conduceth to their fruition of eternal happinesse, will be very odious, and a meere Curse to the unjust, because it exposeth them to an endlesse sense of ever-lasting tortures If I look on their *Wisdom*, I know not what to speak of it, unlesse I say, that as to the just it will be great joy and honour, so in the unjust knowledge shall be turned into sadnesse and distraction of spirit As for Love, whereby the Saints of God shall be link'd together with joy unspeakable 30 It shall be a meer Affliction to the Impious, for by how much the more they love one another, by so much will they be the more troubled one at anothers punishment If it be question'd whether they may enjoy any peace or concord? It is answered, they will be at discord with every creature, and every creature with them Hence in opposition to the power of the Saints, the wicked shall be deprived of all power They shall never be able to attaine to any thing they would have, and what they can have, even that is it which they would not have The wicked then instead of the honour and eternal happinesse of the Saints shall 40 receive to their portion eternal shame, and now what more shall we say for a Conclusion to these things? Truly, that as the friends

of God shall alwayes triumph in the security of their everlasting Beatitude, so the Enemies and Adversaries of God shall utterly despaire of any redemption from their endlesse Miseries But in lieu of the eternal ineffable joyes of the Blessed, they shall inherit unspeakable everlasting woes, especially such, who because of their impenitency for their sinnes, shall be condemned to passe into the society of Devils

FINIS

Soli Deo Gloria

Flores Solitudinis.
Certaine Rare and Elegant
PIECES;
Viz

Two Excellent Discourses
Of { ¹ *Temperance, and Patience,*
 ² *Life and Death*

BY

I E NIEREMBERGIUS

THE WORLD
CONTEMNED;

BY

EUCHERIUS, Bp of LYONS

And the Life of

PAULINUS,

Bp of *NOLA*

Collected in his Sicknesse and Retirement

BY

HENRY VAUGHAN, Silurist.

Tantus Amor Florum, & generandi gloria Mellis

London, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* at the
Princes Armes in *St Pauls Church-yard* 1654

TO
THE TRUELY NOBLE

And Religious

Sir CHARLES EGERTON

Knight

SIR,

If, when you please to looke upon these Collections, you will find them to lead you from the Sun into the shade, from the open Terrace into a private grove, & from the noyse and pompe of this world into a silent and solitary Hermitage doe not you thinke then, that you have descended (like the dead) in Occidentem & tenebras, for in this withdrawing-roome (though secret and seldome frequented,) shines that happy starre, which will directly lead you to the King of light You have long since quitted the Publick, & to present you now with some thing of solitude and the contempt of the world, I would looke like a designe to Flatter you, were not my Name, argument enough for the contrary Those few that know me, will (I am sure) be my Compurgators, and I my selfe dare assert this, you have no cause to suspect it But what ever the thoughts of men will be, I am already sure of this advantage, that we live in an age, which hath made this very Proposition (though suspected of Melancholie,) mighty pleasing, and even meane witts begin to like it, the wiser sort alwaies did, for what (I beseech you,) hath this world, that should make a wise man in love with it? I will take the boldnesse to describe it in the same character which Bisselius did the handsome concubine of Mahomet the great

Puella tota quanta, nil erat aliud

Quàm Illecebra picta, delicatus harpago, &c

*The whole wench (how compleat soe'r) was but
A specious baite, a soft, sly, tempting slut,
A pleasing witch, a living death, a faire,
Thriving disease, a fresh, infectious aire,
A pretious plague, a furie sweetly drawne,
Wild fire laid up and finely drest in Lawne*

*This delicate, admir'd Inchantresse (even to those who enjoy her 30
after their owne lusts, and at their owne rate,) will prove but a
very sad bargain, she is all deception and sorrow This world
and the prince of it are the Canker-Rose in the mouth of the fox,*

Decipit, arefit, pungit *But those future, supreme fruitions which God hath in store for those that love him are neither Phantasmes, nor fallacies, they are all substantiall and certaine, and in the Apostles phrase, Καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν αἰώνιον Βάρος δόξης,* a far more exceeding and eternall weight of glory *Nothing can give that, which it hath not, this transitory, changeable and corrupt world cannot afford permanent treasures All it gives, and all it shewes us, is but trash & illusion The true incorruptible riches dwell above the reach of rust and thieves*

- 10 *Man himselfe in his outward part, which was taken out of the world, feels the like passions with the world, he is worn, washed, dissolved and changed, he comes hither, he knowes not how, and goes from hence, he knowes not whither Nescio quo vado, valet posterit' was the Roman's Epitaph One generation commeth, and another passeth away Properant & decurrunt in absconditum, they hasten and drive on to their appointed place, untill the great day of accompt All the severall shapes and gestures we see in this wild Masque of time are but so many disguises which the Spirits that first assumed them, cast off againe when they have acted their*
- 20 *parts Most elegantly did Augurellius sing to Peter Lipomanus upon the death of his sister Clara,*

Amæna, Petre, cum vides, &c

- Peter, when thou this pleasant world dost see,
 Beleeve, thou seest meere Dreames and vanitie,
 Not reall things, but false and through the Aire
 Each where, an empty, slipp'rie Scene, though faire
 The chirping birds, the fresh woods shadie boughes,
 The leaves shrill whispers, when the west wind blowes
 The swift, fierce Greyhounds coursing on the plaines,
 30 The flying hare distrest 'twixt feare and paines
 The bloomy Mayd decking with flowers her head,
 The gladsome, easie youth by light love lead
 And whatsoe'r heere with admiring eyes
 Thou seem'st to see, 'tis but a fraile disguise
 Worme by eternall things, a passive dresse
 Put on by beings that are passiveles*

All the gay appearances in this life seeme to me but a swift succession of rising Clouds, which neither abide in any certaine forme, nor continue for any long time, And thus is that, which

40 *makes the sore travell of the sonnes of men to be nothing else, but a meere chasing of shadowes All is vanity (said the Royall Philosopher,) and there is no new thing under the Sun*

I present you therefore with a discourse perswading to a contempt

The Epistle Dedicatory. 215

☞ a desertion of these old things which (our Saviour tells us) shall passe away, And with an historicall, faithfull relation of the life and happinesse of a devout, primitive father, who gave all that he had upon earth to the poore, that he might have treasure in heaven Some other Additions you will finde, which meeting now in this volume under your name, will in their descent to posterity, carry with them this fairest Testimonie, I loved you This (Sir) is my maine and my sole designe in this Adresse, without reservation and without flattery, for which respect, and for no other, I beleeeve you will accept of what I have done, and looke upon my 10 suddaine and small Presents, as upon some forward flowers whose kinde hast hath brought them above ground in cold weather The uncertainty of life, and a peevish, inconstant state of health would not suffer me to stay for greater performances, or a better season, least loosing this, I should never againe have the opportunity to manifest how much and how sincerely I am

Newton by
Uske neare
Sketh-Rock
1653

Sir
Your Servant and
well-wisher

Henry Vaughan 20

To the Reader.

Candidus & medicans Ignis deus est *So sings the Poet, and so must I affirme, who have been tryed by that white and refining fire, with healing under his wings Quarrelling with his light, and wandring from that fresh and competent gourd, which he had shadowed me with, drew those Sun-beames upon my head, whose strong and fervent vibrations made me oftentimes beg of him, that I might dye In those sad Conflicts I dedicated the Remissions to thy use, Reader, & now I offer them to thy view If the title shall offend thee, because it was found in the woods and the wilder-*
 10 *nesse, give mee leave to tell thee, that Deserts and Mountaines were the Schoole of the Prophets, and that Wild-hony was his diet, who by the testimony of the Sonne of God, was the greatest amongst those that are borne of women It may be thy spirit is such a popular, phantastick flye, as loves to gad in the shine of this world, if so, this light I live by in the shade, is too great for thee I send it abroad to bee a companion of those wise Hermits, who have withdrawne from the present generation, to confirme them in their solitude, and to make that rigid necessity their pleasant Choyse To leave the world, when it leaves us, is both sordid and sorrowfull,*
 20 *and to quit our station upon discontents, is nothing else, but to be the Apes of those Melancholy Schismaticks, who having burnt off their owne hands in setting the world on fire, are now fallen out with it, because they cannot rule it They are Spirits of a very poore, inferiour order, that have so much Sympathy with worldlie things, as to weepe at Parting, And of as low a Parentage are those, that will be sick of Leap yeares & Sublunarie mutations I honour that temper, which can lay by the garland, when he may keepe it on which can passe by a Rosebud, and bid it grow, when he is invited to crop it,*

30 ——— Whose gentle measure
 Complies and suits with all estates,
 Which can let loose to a *Crown*, and yet with pleasure
 Take up within a *Cloyster* gates
 This Soule doth *Span* the world, and hang content
 From either *pole* unto the *center*,
 Where in each *Roome* of the well-furnished tent
 He lyes warme and without adventure

Prince Lewes, the eldest Son of Charles King of Naples, at the age of twenty one yeares, and just when he should have been married to
 40 *the youthfull Princesse of Majorica, did suddenly at Barcellona put on the rough and severe habit of the Franciscans The Queens and Princesses there met to solemnize the marriage of his sister Blanch*

with James King of Aragon, employed all their Rhetorick to dissuade him from it, but to no purpose, he loved his Sackcloth more then their silks, and (as Mounsier Mathieu (alluding to that young Princesse,) speakes of him,) Left Roses to make Conserve of thornes Resolution, Reader, is the Sanctuary of Man, and Saint Pauls content is that famous Elixir, which turnes the rudest mettall into smooth and ductible gold It is the Philosophers secret fire, that stomach of the Ostrich which digests Iron, and dissolves the hard flint into bloud and nutriment It was an honest Reply that his Cook made unto the Duke of Millain, when worsted in a great 10 battell by the Florentines, the over passionate resentment of so unexpected a repulse, made him quarrell with his meate If the Florentines (said he) have spoyled your tast, that is no fault of mine, the meate is pleasant, and well drest, but the good successe of your Enemies hath made your appetite ill

I protest seriously unto thee, and without Scepticisme, that there is no such thing in this world, as misfortune, the foolish testnesse of man arising out of his misconstruction and ignorance of the wise method of Providence, throwes him into many troubles The Spouse tells us, that the fingers of the Bride-groome are deckt with 20 Beryll and pretious stones what ever falls upon us from that Almighty hand, it is a diamond, It is celestiall treasure, and the matter of some new blessing, if we abuse it not God (saith the wise King,) created not Evill, but man (who was created upright) sought out many inventions these indeed beget that monster, his ill digestion of his punishment (which is a kinde of divine diet,) makes him to pine away in a sinfull discontent If thou art sick of such an Atrophie, the precepts layd down in this little booke (if rightly understood, and faithfully practised) will perfectly cure thee

30

All that may bee objected is, that I write unto thee out of a land of darkenesse, out of that unfortunate region, where the Inhabitants sit in the shadow of death where destruction passeth for propagation, and a thicke black night for the glorious day-spring If this discourage thee, be pleased to remember, that there are bright starrs under the most palpable clouds, and light is never so beautifull as in the presence of darknes At least intreat God that the Sun may not goe down upon thy own dwelling, which is hartly desired and prayed for, by

Newton by Usk in
South-wales
April 17 1652

Hen : Vaughan. 40

To the onely true and glorious
 God, the Sole disposer of
 Life and Death

O doe not goe, thou know'st I'll dye,
 My *Spring* and *Fall* are in thy Booke !
 Or if thou goest, doe not deny
 To lend me, though from far, one looke !

My sinnes long since have made thee strange,
 A very stranger unto me,
 No *morning-meetings* (since this change)
 Nor *Evening-walkes* have I with thee

10 Why is my God thus hard and cold,
 When I am most, most sick and sad ?
 Well fare those blessed dayes of old,
 When thou did'st heare the *weeping Lad* !

O doe not thou doe as I did,
 Doe not despise a love-sick heart !
 What though some *Clouds* defiance bid,
 Thy *Sun* must shine in every part.

Though I have spoyl'd, O spoyle not thou,
 Hate not thine owne deere gift and-token !
 Poore *Birds* sing best, and prettiest show,
 20 When their *neast* is fallen and broken

Deare Lord ! restore thy Ancient peace,
 Thy quickning friendship, mans bright wealth,
 And if thou wilt not give *me* Ease
 From sicknes, Give my *Spirit* health !

Two Excellent
DISCOURSES

Of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 \text{ Temperance and Patience} \\ 2 \text{ Life and Death} \end{array} \right.$

Written in Latin by

Johan : Euseb Nierembergius.

Englified by

HENRY VAUGHAN, Silurist.

— *Mors Vitam temperet, & vita Mortem*



LONDON

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and
are to be sold at the *Princes Armes*
in *St Paul's Church-yard* 1654

OF TEMPERANCE AND PATIENCE.

The *Doctrine* of good living is short, but the *work* is long and hard to be perswaded, though easie to bee learnt for to be good, is of all things the most easie, and the most ready, if wee could learne but one other *Art*, which *Antisthenes* termed the most necessary, I will add, the most difficult, and that is, *to forget to doe Evill* I find that *peace* and *joy* have two *handles*, whereby we may take hold of them, *Patience*, and *Temperance* Rule thy *Evil* with these, and then thy *will* may rule thee well Horses are ruled with bridles and spurs In prosperity use the first, that is, 10
restraine, or keepe in thy selfe In adversity the last, that is, Incite, and use thy selfe to a gallant *Apathie*, and contempt of misfortunes Generous and metlesome *Coursers* when they are breathed, or rid abroad, are compelled to trample upon those very things, whose first sight startled and terrified them, doe so with thy selfe tread under thy feet thy most hideous adversities, so shalt thou forget the feare of fortune, which makes men unfit for vertue Patience in adversity is temperance in prosperity Nor can it be easily resolved, which of these two excells This is most certaine, that noble sufferance is as necessary to man, as the 20
virtue of temperance Some few Crosses thou canst beare well, but fortune can afflict thee with many, and thou by patience (the greatest of virtues) must afflict her with more, for

— *The naked man too gets the field,
And often makes the armed foe to yield*

It costs not much to live well, and it is as cheape to learne it The whole Art is comprised in these two words, *Patience*, and *Temperance* In these lies all the *Mysterie* of Peace you would think it a *Secret* of the Priests of *Ceres*, it is so unknown to any, but sacred minds These are the Domestick Gods of tranquility, 30
and the tutelar Angels of good men beleeve with *Epictetus*, that the Quintessence of all Philosophie is squeezed into these two, *Ἀνέχου, καὶ ἀπέχου*, beare and forbear He neither obtaines, nor retaines his joy, that doth not abstain, and sustaine These are the two

Poles upon which tranquility and vertue move To obtain peace,
you must bear, to retain it, you must forbear An odd way of
fruition, By refusing you obtaine, and by suffering you preserve
by refusing the favours, and suffering the spite of fortune By this
very carriage did *Diogenes* beleve that he had quite deposed and
overthrown her hee crowned his temples with branches of *Pine*,
the old *Isthmian* ceremonie and walked like an absolute victour
in the Sacred Games Being required by a crosse fellow, not to
usurpe that honour till he had lawfully strived, he answered, that
he had overcome two enemies, *Pleasure* and *Griefe*, the one by 10
forbearing, the other by bearing Make not thy self a Woman
thou hast (if thou wilt use them) both *Temperance* and *Patience*,
the best Stratagems, and Countermines against the Wiles of
Fortune Her storms and suddaine furies (which are alwaies
clean, and without dissimulation,) thou mayst break and overcome
by bearing, Her Arts, her deep and cankerd hatred, by listning to
Reason, and a warie, stayd Circumspection, while she spends and
wasts with her owne malice The wrath of furious and hasty
persons is sincere, and without artifice, It hath no poyson, but
what breakes out presently at the tongue, or the hand Fortune 20
too, when in this humour, is lesse Noxious, for She makes then an
indifferent use of all Tooles, and disposeth of them without Study
But when She begins to hate, She becomes slow and weary,
and not contented with open valour, addes to it Treachery She
pines with the Memory of her old favours, and that She may pull
down what She built, adornes her most deadly Intentions, as
Poverty and grievous Miseries, in the dresse of Felicity All her
projects, machinations and Enginès to Torture and vex Man,
amount to no more, then to give him what he would not have, and
to deny him what he would have He breaks her neck that 30
abstaines from the *first*, and contemnes the *last*

But here is our double Disease, by which *Virtue* Conceived for
a great end, together with *Felicity*, become both abortive, that wee
neither rightly wish, nor rightly abstain, loath, or love, but doe
both most absurdly, most preposterously We Covet most un-
seasonably, when even necessity is necessary, and this to him that
wants, is no more then a wish We covet, I say, such things as
fortune hath not, and in a time when they may not be had Wee
would have *Cherries* in *January* These wishes are their own
Torments Fortune too most Commonly gives them but cold 40
Comfort Why should we Covet extraneous Goods? It is better
to serve the necessity of the time, then to be a slave to Fortune

222 *Of Temperance and Patience.*

Wee are set upon longing like Woemen with Child, that labour with strange appetites and depraved stomachs, that loath healthfull Viands, and (which in them is very strange) abhorre sweet meats, That affect raw, absurd compositions, that eat lime, Charcoles and Ashes, that in the dead of Winter long for Summer-fruits, and in Summer for Winter-fruits What dost thou think is bearing and forbearing? It is to be even with Fortune, discreetly to abstaine, discreetly to will, and to covet nothing Abstain then otherwise what wilt thou do by Coveting, but make way for Fortune, and
 10 enlarge her Empire? Though she would not, she must needs hit thee Her being blind, hinders not but she may shoote well When the mark is *nowe at all*, and *every where* an Archer without Eyes cannot misse it Though unwilling, her Arrowes cannot wander from him, whose lust wanders after all things She will hit him without Ayming, whose hope aymes at every thing No Weapon falls in vaine amongst a multitude Her scope to hurt, is the same scope thou takest to wish

Thou must know that the Command of Fortune over man about these outward things, lies in the midst of the will, as the hand in
 20 the midst of a bended bow If thou holdest thy will by the middle, then art thou master of both ends, and mayst doe any thing If thou commandst the one halfe, I will not say, thou hast no hold at all. Liberty hath two Lambs, to *Will*, and to *refraine* The one is a stronge *Arme*, the other a weak *Hand* What thou hast not, thou mayst refraine from wishing to have, but no man can have what ever he would have When you refrain from willing, then have you Power over all things, when your will lusteth, then you are subject to all things Outward goods are fleeting things, and the faithfull servants of unfaithfull chance O how great a treasure, how
 30 provident and infallible a supply against these sudden Ebbs and diminutions is a regular and resolute will! Why are we troubled at them! We are too hard for Fortune, and by much too hard, if wee command but the one halfe of our will, that maimed and halting hand (if I may so speak) will overtake and bring back the most averse and winged Felicities It will enrich us sooner and surer then all the Treasures of *Cræsus* Those are but beggerie before thee if thou covet them not, if thy will be not a begger Not to will, makes thee securely rich, even when thou wilt, that is, when thou doest will nothing Thou makest Fortune poore by
 40 leaving her no power over thee, and nothing in her self, wherewith to please thee, I meane to deceive thee Thou wilt be richer than *Attalus* by contemning his store, and of greater power than *Midas*,

for his was placed in fruition and touching, but thine in absence and emptinesse By wishing nothing thou hast all, yea those things which thou seest not and what wonder then, if those things thou seekest not, being abundantly enriched by thy most pretious povertie? It was Divinely argued by *Eusebius*, *That he onely should be esteemed rich, who was perswaded that he had enough* For those that adde still to what they have already gotten, and never thinke that they can get enough, though richer than Midas, are most poor and miserable beggers, because they are nothing rich in their own minds And in another place, *An unreasonable covetousnesse* (saith he) *is sooner driven away with the losse of riches already gotten, then by a plenteous and dayly accesse of more treasures* Wherefore thou art then only rich, and possessest all things to thy mind, when to have nothing is in thy will When ever thou sayest, *It is enough*, thou hast all Yea, thou hast more then thou shouldst have All that comes afterwards doth but load and overwhelme thee

Of such an Immoderate use is Temperance, and I Judge Patience to be of no lesser Happily it may be easier, for having learnt to abstain, we may the better sustain Impatience ariseth naturally out of Cupidity, and feare is the Daughter of hope Cast these away, and you will find, that an adverse Fortune may be entertained, not onely with Patience, but with much wellcome *Crates*, or *Zeno* (a gallant man, if either of the two) being at Sea in a great storm, caus'd all his goods (wherewith the Ship was Loaden) to be thrown over board, and thanked Fortune for the kindnesse doe thou the like, and approving of thy misfortunes, say, *It is well done, Fortune, thou hast read me a good lesson, thou hast had care of my Soul I thank thee that thou art Come thy selfe to fetch these burthens, which I should have brought thee home Thou hast dealt courteously to lend me their use, and to prevent their Abuse I like thy Method, and prefer thy advise to thy favours, I know thy meaning I must make a wise use of these crosses, I must have recourse to virtue, to my self, and to my God Thou dost not onely Incite, but compell me to goodnesse I am brought safe to shore, by the splitting of the Ship hereafter I will be better provided Behold, thou hast left yet behind thee some moveables, which thou shouldst have taken with thee, they are thine by right Thou gavest me so many things, that thou canst not well remember them I desire not to conceale them, take all thy Reliques and appendences with thee, all that is here besides my selfe, I hold thy leavings not worthy of acceptance from the mind of man. I wish that we would so deal with Fortune, as a certain old man did with theeves that*

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came to rob his house *Take with you* (said he) *all that you see here* They did so, leaving nothing behind them but an empty purse, which the old man tooke up, and following after, called to them, *Take this also with you, which you forgot to put up* Fortune perhaps amazed at such a Noble, Serene disposition, would restore all It is most certaine the Theeves did But let a Christian reject this figment of Fortune, and in all worldly mutations acknowledge and kisse the divine hand

But if after all this, thou wilt not excuse the outward and
 10 ravenous manners of Fortune, there will be no Just cause for thee to accuse them, having received no damage by her If thou wilt purge thy mind from wishes and hopes, thou mayst safely place thy selfe before her very Arrowes, and defie them And truly I believe it will be thy most secure station When *Stratonicus* saw an unskilfull fellow shooting at *Buts*, he got presently close to the *White*, as the onely place free from danger and being asked his reason for that unusual Refuge, he answered, *Least that fellow should hit me* Fortune (we say) is blind, stand then in her way She hits that the least, which she most aimes at, but if all her
 20 shafts should fall upon thee, they can draw no blood from thee, as long as thou art not drawn by covetousnesse If you break off the point of the Weapon, it cannot hurt you Our own Covetousnesse is Fortunes edged toole, take that away, and you disarme her, and secure your selfe blunt weapons wound not to blood

I suppose now that *Epictetus* his abridgement, or reduction of Philosophy into two words, *Abstain* and *Sustain*, will seeme prolix enough to you The first we have past through, the second and last, I meane *Sustain*, or the *Art of bearing well*, wee shall find tedious enough Hee cannot be said to wish for nothing, that
 30 finds fault with that which he hath This bearing well is to desire nothing but what wee have A Serene, bright Will then, not clouded with thick and muddy desires, will find the burdens of Fortune to be very light For Fortune of her selfe is very light and easie, but she hath for *pannels* our own Lusts, which are heavier than her *packs*, and without these shee puts not one load upon us Nothing tires and weighs us down but our own wishes, which evils (being ignorant that our burthen proceedes from them,) we multiply with an Intent to ease our selves, but in the meane time the weight increaseth A certain plain Countryman wearied with
 40 ploughing, and returning home from the field after his daies task, tyed the Plough to his Asse, and afterwards mounted himself upon his back, but the tyred Asse, and overladen, could not stirre

from the place, whereupon the Country-man lights, and with the Plough upon his backe remounting the Asse, tells him, *Now I hope thou canst goe well, for it is not thou, but I that carry the Plough* Wee are every day as ridiculous, though not so harmlesse as this Country-man Wee study with new cares and new desires to ease and diminish our old lusts, which not onely keeps under, but choaks and presseth to death all the seeds of Joy and Content This is nothing else, but to retain the former load undiminish'd, and to put another on the top of it As long as we tolerate these burthens, we become intollerable to our selves, without any ¹⁰ exaggeration of Fortune Let us shake them off, let us cast off hope, that troublesome *Tympany*, so shall we find Fortune light, and be able to bear both her and our selves All things may be born of him, that bears not future Evills, Those are grievous burthens, which miraculously oppresse us, and so strangly accommodate themselves to our hurt, that they exist in the heart, and vexe it, before they can exist in time Not onely Evil, but Good, when it is hovering and uncertain, doth afflict us Of Evills themselves there cannot come so many together upon us, as we can feare fortune can throw at us but few darts at one time, ²⁰ and were she not still furnished by our lusts, we should quickly see her quiver empty Abstinence then, or the restraining of our desires is the Nurserie of patience, by a like title as the toleration of evill and good

But when I name Patience, I speake not of a *Simple* thing, for there is not onely patience in *Evill*, but in *Good* also, and this later is sometimes the most difficult There is one when we *suffer*, and another when we *act* There be also other divisions of Patience Holy *Ephrem* makes it threefold the *first* towards *god*, the *second* towards the *tempter*, or wicked Angel, and the *third* ³⁰ towards *man*. I shall add a *fourth*, and the most difficult of all, towards our *selves*, or I will make it onely *twofold*, *first* towards *those* that are *without us*, the *second* and last towards our *selves*, or those *commotions* which fight against us from *within* This last is the greatest, because it teacheth us to beare those pressures which lean upon us, and bow us down It is harder to resist those weights which come forcibly upon us from above, then those which come oppositly, or over against us The beasts can draw more after them, then they can carry upon their backs Man hath enough to beare withm himselfe but evills are a great familie, and ⁴⁰ keep aswell without doores as within Every minute of our

12 Fortune] Fortune 1654

24 good] good 1654

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tranquility is purchased with patience, It is the great Sacrament of peace, the Sanctuary of Security, the Herald and the badge of felicity What will it availe us to be at peace with those that are without, while we suffer intestine warres and tumults within? let us have peace in our selves, and having mastered the rebellion and disorders of the will, let us be the patients of our sadnesse, yea of our Impatience, and some times of our patience

As nothing is more accidentall to man then to suffer, so should he conclude, that nothing is more necessary for him than patience
 10 It is the naturall medicine for all humane calamities, with which (as the *heart* with *Dittany*) wee pull out the heads and splinters of those arrowes which the *mighty hunters* of this world shoot at us Nature dealt not more unkindly with man, than with other creatures The *Boare* is cured with *Jove*, the *Dragon* with *wild lettuce*, and the *Snake* with *Fennell* Others have their cure nearer, in their owne members his *tongue* is the *Balsom* to a wounded *dog*, and the *Catholicon* of man is silence and patience But did I say that to suffer was accidentall to man? I blot out that errour, and affirme, It is necessary wherefore patience is most necessary,
 20 for by that we are freed from a slavish sufferance, as by a certaine gifted premunition and defensive faculty By patiently enduring we become impassible The minde is invulnerable, unlesse in the fits of impatience, as *Achilles* was in the heele Think not the Art of patience to be any more, then not to suffer voluntarily, at least, not in spight of thy will Hee that gently endures, doth by a short cut free himself from the tedious labours and numerous punishments of life Necessities should be chearefully borne. The hands, the feet, and the other limbs will sooner fail to execute their duties, then to be Insensible of paine The sick, the
 30 maimed, yea and the dismembred are not so mortified, but they are subject to sensation It was an excellent saying of *Herod* the Sophist, when hee was pained with the gout in his hands and feet, *When I would eat*, (said he) *I have no hands*, *when I would goe I have no feet*, but *when I must be pained, I have both hands and feet* So entyre and whole are we alwaies to grieve, which sufficiently sheweth, that the soundnesse of man is best seene in his patience, and such a strong necessity of suffering is laid upon us, that when our limbs faile us in their offices, they must not faile of sufferings Thou wilt aske then what can they suffer, when without spirit and
 40 motion? I will tell thee, Not to be apt to suffer, is their suffering Nothing is lacking to the misery of man, though his limbs should be wanting, his griefe by that defect will abound the more
 Deeply, and into the Inmost Closets of our hearts should that

saying of the *Temante* descend, *Man* (said he) *is borne unto trouble, and the bird to flye* Observe, if the birds be unfurnish'd of any thing for flight they are all over arm'd for it, Their Bills are keen and sharp-pointed, and serve like *foredecks* to cut their aire, Their pinions are two swift *rowers*, and the feathers in both wings placed orderly every one longer then the other represent soe many *oares* Their traines are the *Sternes*, with which they bend their whole bodies, and govern them in their flights, and with their feete and crooked clawes like *Anchors*, they stick and fasten themselves to the green branches, which are their *Havens*, and 10 shady Harbours Though thou hadst never seene them use their wings, yet by their very *Structure*, thou would'st Judge that those feathered *Sayles* were design'd for the aire, and flying Man is every way as well accoutred for trouble Observe him Thou shalt find nothing wanting that may conduce to his passion, though he wants much of Patience Man is every way most exactly trimmed and adorned for trouble, He was made unfit for labour, that he might be fit for sufferings, He hath no wings to fly from them, he is poor, infirme, naked, defencelesse, and (which is worse than all) forsaken of himself Betwixt nakednesse and 20 poverty he is on all sides exposed and appointed for misery, as the bird is for the flight Thou shalt observe all this in him, for wanting all the necessaries which support life, he is surrounded onely with those sad necessities and intanglements which make life grievous and burthensome, as a *Sparrow* is drest and cloathed all over with those soft habiliments which make his flights easie and pleasant. The onely difference betwixt them is this, that those Instruments of flying may faile the birds, but those of suffering cannot faile Man So carefull was Nature of Mans condition, that she would not trust Fortune with his relatives. The *Eagle* 30 may casually lose his sharpnesse of sight, the *Roe* her swiftnesse, and the *Lyon* his strength, but Man while he lives cannot misse of afflictions There is a greater care had of our affaires, And to a glorious end are these Calamities made sure unto us, if wee can make them beneficiall

The first token, and evidence of life is crying The *Prim-roses*, or first blossoms of it are teares, from these it takes its inauguration Man is not borne before he suffers Yea, he grones and complaines in his very passage into the World The first homage he payes to life is sufferance, and from that minute to his last, he becomes 40 (as *Blesensis* saith) *a constant tributary to misery*. I Judge him

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that murmurs at this payment, that kicks under this generall burthen, to wrong and disesteem the Noblest Nature, I mean Man, and to be worthy of this very punishment, *not to be at all* He is a most vile abuser of Humane Nature, that thinks it not worth his patience, and values himselfe at a most sordid rate, let him beare in his manhood, what he bore in his Infancie, and not be ashamed of his Investiture, because he felt affliction, before he felt the light It is the first lesson we are taught here, and the last that wee shall learn All other Creatures, as soone as they
 10 are born, make some use of their strength, but Man knowes no use of any thing but teares He must afterwards be taught the cause of them We must teach him every thing, but weeping All other things are given him for his labour, but teares he can have for nothing This onely faculty was bestowed upon him *gratis*, all other concessions are the rewards of his paines, but teares were given him freely, because they ease and allay his sorrowes. This convenient *Salve* did nature ordain for some inevitable Sores She prepared this *Oyle* to allay the aking of those stripes the World gives us, which without this *Nature*
 20 *Oyntment* would have smarted more for those wounds, whose anguish is not vented at the Eyes, lie heaviest upon the heart And by this I am induced to believe, that it is naturall for man to Suffer, because he onely naturally weepes Every extraneous felicity of this life is violent, or forced, and these constrained, though splendid *Admunts* of Fortune are therefore short, because noe violent thing can be perpetuall To suffer is the naturall condition and manner of man, this is believed to be his misery without patience, I confesse, it is Nature never failes us in those things which are needful, much lesse divine providence and grace
 30 Wee shall therefore never faile of Sufferings, because they are the great *Necessaries*, & *Medicines* of Humane Nature Wee read of many men that never laught, but never heard of any that never wept. *Democritus* himself came weeping into the World, none ever came without labour, none without grieve

Thou wilt ask, why man, the only creature addicted to beatitude, should bee borne to trouble? why through the vale of teares travells he to the house of joy? why is he alone, being capeable of felicity, made subject unto misery? Because he is borne for virtue, the next and readiest instrument to attaine beatitude Now troubles,
 40 or miserie are the masse, or first matter of virtue, and without this hard rudiment, without this *coyne* of sorrow he cannot purchase it.

Nor are the good offices which these calamities doe for us, either meane or few, for wherefore flowes, yea overflows the divine mercy upon man, but because he is miserable? wherefore is Gods sure power and saving arme stretched out, but because he is fraile? wherefore are his comforts and refreshments so plentifully showed down, but because he is sorrowfull and helplesse? wherefore is his liberality and most faithful providence seen every minute, but because he is poore and constantly needy? yea wherefore is Immortality, everlasting pleasures, and a glorious resurrection secured unto us, but because our bodies are mortal, and subject to death 10 and putrefaction? By this time perhaps you see the appositnesse of that comparison which *Eliphaz* made betwixt *man* and a *bird*. The bird by nature lifts himself above the earth upon his wings, he passeth from hence into the cleare confines and neighbourhood of heaven, where he dwells for a time, and looks with contempt upon this inferiour darksome portion of the world when hee descends towards the earth, he keepeth still above us, he lodgeth in the height and freshnesse of the trees, or pitcheth upon the spires or ridges of our houses, or upon some steepe rock, whose height & inaccessibleness promise him securitie, something that 20 is eminent and high he alwaies affects to rest upon. Man likewise ordained for heaven, and the contempt of this spot of earth is by his very calamities borne up and carried above the world, yea into heaven, as an Eagle by the strength of his wings ascends above the clouds. O the depth of the riches of the wisdom of God! O the mercifull designe, and device of his providence! who knowing our corrupt nature, hath laid upon us a necessity of seeking those blessings, whose inestimable value ought to stirre us up to a most voluntary and diligent searching after them. To this necessity by the same chain of his providence hath 30 hee tyed *utility*. These are sufficient motives to perswade us to patience. It was wisely said by some *Arabian*, that the *hedge about patience was profit* for he that thinks gaine to be necessary, must think labour so too. Although Fortune should be so prodigal as to poure all her Treasures into the bosome of one man, and not repent when she had done, yet would this very man sometimes feeble strong exigencies in indigencie. *Pompey*, and *Darius* were both hardly distressed with thirst, they that were Lords of so many Rivers, did then wish for one drop of Water. *Alexander the Great*, in some of his expeditions was like to perish with cold, 40 though his Dominion did in a manner extend to the very Sun, for in the *East* (which I may call the Suns House,) he was such an

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absolute Lord, that (bating the Power to forbid the Sun to rise) there was nothing more could be added to his conquests

Seeing then that labour or troubles are a necessity imposed upon man, it followes, that there are other labours belonging unto him, which are also as necessary, and those I shall terme *Voluntarie Labours* Of these the Elegant Philosopher *Eusebius* hath excellently spoken, *Voluntary Labours* (saith he) *are necessary, because of future Labours which hang over our heads he will beare those with more ease when they fall upon him, who of his own*
 10 *accord, and beforehand hath exercised himself in them* But you see that in this course also the maine remedy is patience He that suffers willingly, suffers not, even that which is necessary to be suffered One wedge drives out another Venemous bitings are allayd by Venemous Medecines, therefore in necessary troubles, there is a necessity of voluntary Labours, that *Violent Evills* meet not with *Obstinate Wills* but the unavoydablenesse of suffering would not be grievous, nor the necessity or Law of Nature any way rigorous, did not we by our owne exaggerations adde to their weight, and our owne pain Wee helpe to encrease our owne
 20 *Calamities by reason of our Inerudition, as Diphilus tells us, who adviseth even the happy man to learn miseries* What can wee doe more becomming our fraile condition, then to teach our Mortality the troubles of life, which are certain prolusions, or arguments of death? What is more beneficiall, then to learn great tryalls and dangers, that wee may leave that servile custome of fearing Fortune, whose burthens we ought to bear as willingly, as if wee desired to undergoe them?

It is a great rudiment of patience to suffer willingly, when we least expect sufferings It is strange, that although wee see
 30 nothing in the course of this life more frequent then miseries, yet will wee not be perswaded that they may fall into our share Our griefes come most commonly before we believe they may come Nothing can make us believe, that we may be miserable, untill misery it selfe assures it to us The mind therefore should be tryed and prepared for it, with some lusorie or mock-misfortunes Nor must we give eare to *Democritus*, whose saying is, *That if there be any things for us to suffer, it is good to learn them, but not to suffer them* It is good indeed to learn them, but if they must be unavoydably suffered, what will our learning of them avail us?
 40 A most ridiculous advise, in my Judgement And if the Author of it had been wise, he had laughd at nothing more then at this his

owne Conclusion It is good to learn to *suffer Evills*, but not to *be evill* It will benefit us much to learn to suffer them, if not as they are Evills, yet lest wee our selves become Evill, for such we shall be by impatience Besides the overcoming of reall evils, there remaine other slight hurts, as the discourtesies of nature, chance and furie, of our enemies and our selves also, which we cannot avoyd, but these last are no *evills*, but the *sheaths* or *quivers* of *evills*, out of these either our *opinion*, or our *impatience* draw evils upon our selves *Bion* used to say, *that it was a great evill, not to be able to beare evils* Without this ability, life cannot 10 be pleasant to any, and in this consists the skill and knowledge of life

Let the mind then learne to buckle with these rude toyles of life, and by a frequent velitation or light skirmishing with troubles so improve it selfe, that when we come to deale with the serious hand, and close encounters of fortune, we may receive her *at sharpe*, and like active, vigilant *Duellists*, put by her most Artfull and violent thrusts One *Salustius* that lived in the time of *Simplicius* did put upon his bare thigh a burning cole, and to keepe in the fire did gently blow it, that he might try how long hee could endure 20 it I beleeve that fire did put out and quite extinguish all the burnings and raging flames of incensed fortune If crosses foreseen are alwaies held light, those we tast and make experiment of before they come, must needs be lighter, because after tryall we feare them not feares are the fore-teeth of miseries, which bite us sorest, and most intollerably It was a most ridiculous judgement which that *Sybarite* (mentioned by *Serinus*) past upon the valour of the *Spartians* This tender Citizen travelling by chance into *Lacedemon*, was so amazed at the severe discipline of that manly nation, who brought up their children in all rigorous and laborious 30 exercises, that being returned home hee told the *Fidlers* of * *Sybaris*, that the forwardnesse of the * *A towne in the higher Calabria in Italy 20 miles distant from Rome the Inhabitants were mightily given to pleasure, and taught their horses to dance to the pipes, which the Crotoniatæ their deadly enemies observing, brought into the field a company of minstrels the Sybaris horses hearing the pipes 40 began to dance, and disordered their Army, by which means they were overthrowne to the number of 300000*

improved them, that they could not onely slight the necessary and common afflictions of life, but overcome also (by a noble *volunteering*,) the very prerogative of fate, violating even the violence of death, while they dyed unconstrained and undisturbed *Mithridates* his feare of being poysoned, made him use himselfe to a venomous diet, by which he came at last to disgest all sorts of poysons without any prejudice to his health so that afterwards when he would have poysoned himselfe in good earnest, he could not possibly doe it By this destroyer of mankind did he secure
 10 himselfe even from himselfe, and by long acquaintance made this deadly enemy a faithfull friend he fed life with the provision of death By a like sagacity should we forearme our selves against the conspiracies (if I may so say) of nature Let us labour against labours, It will much availe us our very feares will prove comforts, by using our selves to sufferance, the Antidote of life, which is Patience, becomes effectuell

Of such great importance is this assiduous exercise in troubles, that it lets in the nature of *Constance*, and is a sure manuduction to that sincerest vertue The *Roman* Fencers, players for prizes,
 20 barbarous and dissolute livers, if but indifferently skild, received their wounds without grones, or any alteration of gesture or countenance, because they would not be judged pusillanimous, nor cowardly decliners of danger, If at any time they fell by the violence of wounds, they sent presently to know their masters pleasures, (because they would satisfie them,) for they themselves were contented to dye, If their masters (finding them incurable) bad them prepare for death, they would presently hold forth their throats and receive the sword most willingly O the serious faith of Playes! O the faith of Players in serious dangers! It is all one
 30 then, whether thou thinkest fortune a meere pageant and pastime, or not, Thou shouldest obey with an Immortall faith even to the death Let a wise man execute the commands of his creator, let him like a faithfull souldier of JESUS CHRIST certifie his great master, that he is ready and willing to doe him service, that he will lose his life, & choose rather to dye, then not to submit to his pleasure The conflicts of a good man with calamities are sacred he is made a spectacle to the world, to Angels and men, and a hallowed *Present* to the Almighty Let him in this state overcome his Enemies! A more glorious garland then the *Olympick*
 40 Olive-branches shall crown an enduring Patience, which by an humble, but overcoming Sufferance wearies the hands of those that beat us It is the part of a wise man, to tire and weare out

the malice of his Enemies I say not by Suffering, but by Patience, which makes him neither their Patient, nor trampled upon, but a trampling overcomer This was the glory of *Melancoma*, who lived not one day without an Enemy In the most vehement season of the yeare, hee judged his single-selfe hard enough for his two Adversaries He could beare with the *Sun*, his most obstinate *Antagonist*, though fighting against him in the heate of the Summer with so many hands as he had *Rayes* When he might have gotten the Victory by Opposition, he would not but by Submission Hee considered, that the best might be overcome by the worst, if force should take place. That Victory was in his Judgement the Noblest, when the Enemy, yet whole and without any hurt, was compell'd to submit Then is he overthrown, when not by wounds, but by himselfe

Therefore what vice, and a spurious Patience did in the *Roman* Fencers, let Virtue and true Patience performe in thee and what custome and exercise wrought in *Melancoma*, let reason and Judgement worke in thee. What reason effected in *Possidonius*, let grace effect in thy heart, and let not grace which workt mightily

in *Eustathius*, and sufficiently in many others, languish and faile in thee alone

The power of God is perfected in weakness, giving us some prelibations (as it were) of it self, whither by bearing with our Infirmities, or by our bearing his Operations I believe this last for the glory of an almighty power against a weak thing would be very small, how little then against Infirmitie it selfe? That power is truly glorious, and hath matter for glory, which prevailes against the mind, a free unconfined thing, and holds it firme though surrounded with Infirmities The power of God Glories more in prevailing against us, then against our infirmities

But if wee seek for more delicate or easie remedies, and dare not arme our selves against misfortunes with this harnesse of prooffe, because we think it too heavy, It remains that we must make use of either

Hope, or *Expectation* Evills that are foreseen, lose much of

* One of the Courtiers of the Emperor Traian, and afterwards a most glorious Martyr

Being in Chase of a Stagge, he observed betwixt his hornes the signe of the Cross, and heard a voice out of his mouth, speaking to him in the Latin tongue, Curme persequeris? Whereupon leaving his game, he rettyred presently into his own house, and having called together his wife and children, were all baptized and received the Christian Faith But in the persecution under Hadrian, he and his wife Theophila for their faithfulnessse to JESUS CHRIST, were burnt together in a brasen bull, And so having overcome and endured unto the end, they received the morning star, and crownes of life, which shall never be taken from them See Volater lib 15

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- their edge But because we promise our selves the favours of Fortune (of whom we have alwaies a good opinion, though wee seldome speak well of her, and she deserves as ill,) our calamities, while this credulous remissnesse keepes us from looking to them, find way to surprize and oppresse us at once Against violent misfortunes we may not use violence Expectation will sometimes serve us best, if it be accompanied with a strong and irremisse belefe, that the *Crosse* is at hand, and will not delay For what happens in this life more frequent, than unthought of events?
- 10 Wee meete oftentimes even in one day with matter of grief, and matter of Patience It is strange, that for those two meales we eat in the day, wee are all the day, and all our life long providing But for trouble, for griefes and sadnesse, which take not up two houres in the day, but all the houres and daies of our lives, wee never think to make any preparation Cast up (if thou canst) how many things must be had to humor the pride of mans appetite, more than for a Sacrifice It is no small state, nor ceremonie that the belly is serv'd with How many men doth this worms-meat Employ, Cookes, Bakers, Fishers, Fowlers, Hunters, Sheepfeeders,
- 20 Herdsmen, Millers, Colliers, and Butchers? How many Instruments, Spits, Pots, Trivets, Cauldrons, Chafing dishes, Chargers, Platters, and a thousand other utensils of gluttonie? And to what end is all this preparation? But to please one palate once in the day, or twice at most. O foolish men! Wee are ever providing for pleasures, but never for troubles, which not twice, but for a great portion of our time, (if not continually) wee must needs endure. Who against the certain approach of an Enemy, will be secure and quiet, and upon the comming of a friend watchfull and solicitous? Why do we provide so much for pleasures and
- 30 vanitie, and provide nothing against the day of trouble and miserie? We are guarded about with Cloaths of state, Canopies, Couches, Silk-Curtains, Feather-Beds and Pillowes, wee arme our selves for delights and softnesse, for sleeping and eating, because they are every daies works, but hear not every day telling us, that the Evill day is behind We labour to provide for the backe and the belly, why not for the better part, why not for our fraile condition? The Sense of the secure liver is too too delicate The affliction of the Inconsiderate or unprepared too bitter Chance throwes downe the carelesse
- 40 violently and Fortune tires the idle even to vexation The rude and unexperienced in troubles afflicts and macerates himselfe with an impatient mind in the very midst of his most

affected blandishments, and in the bosome and calme of all his pleasures

I hold Impatience to be a kind of *Night-Mare* which comes upon us waking, or the *Day-hag* of life This troublesome disease (for our time of rest is his time of misrule, and when wee are sleeping, then is he stirring,) sets upon us when wee are most at ease, and with a certain strange heavinesse seemes to oppresse and smother us, when in the meane time that weight which so much oppresseth us, is laid on by our owne Imagination and this sometimes makes us crye out, as if wee were killed, others, according to *Lucretius*,

*Struggle & grone as if by Panthers torne
Or Lyons teeth, which makes them lowdly mourn
Some others seem unto themselves to dy
Some clime steep solitudes & Mountains high,
From whence they seeme to fall inanely down,
Panting with fear, till wak'd, and scarce their owne,
They feel about them if in bed they lye,
Deceiv'd with dreams, and nights Imagerie*

But the greatest trouble of all, is, that without any hope of ²⁰ remedy, they vainly strive and endeavour to shake off this shadow of heavinesse,

*In vain with earnest struglings they contend
To ease themselves for when they stir & bend
Their greatest force to do it, even then most
Of all they faint, and in their hopes are crost
Nor tongue, nor hand, nor foot will serve their turne,
But without speech and strength within they mourne*

What more expresse Image can there be of Impatience lying heavily especially upon those, who drowse away their time in a ³⁰ vitious rest and Idlenesse? They are opprest, cry out, rage, and vainly resist, without any burthens but what their own fancy layes upon them They feele the weight the heavier, the more they stirre it, without they shake it quite off To refuse, or not willingly to undergoe burthens, is the onely burthen of Impatients But if they would awake to themselves (which of necessity they must, for when can the will be more Rational, than when necessity is unreasonable) all these factitious weights and seeming heavinesse would quickly vanish Force must not be used against Fortune, but Patience This excells so much in strength, that it bears all For it bears ⁴⁰ what ever it will, and for this very reason because it *Wills*. *Samson* carryed away the dores, the two posts, and the barre of the Gate of the City of *Gaza*, but this strength lay in his haire,

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like the locks of *Nisus* and *Pterelaus* A miraculous strength, but weakly secured The strength of Patience is more safely seated, It lyes not in a lock, which may be cut off by some *Dalilah*, or *Comethe*, or *Scylla*, or any womanish and fearfull hand To *Will*, is the Sanctuary of its strength, by being willing it is not onely enabled to bear, but also beareth The backe and shoulder of Patience is the *Will* This voluntary fortitude of the mind will do all its businesse, without the help of outward Engines, It needs not the assistance of the Armes, nor the weak use of wishes The strength of Virtue is not external, but in it self

There remaen also other necessary Indurances, though not to those that suffer them allready, yet to others that may, or are about to undergoe them For the preservation of our Country & liberties we ought patiently to suffer even unto death It is not too deare a rate to pay that debt wee owe to Nature, for the defense of Nature in our publick Persons To this we want not the Incouragement of examples What ever hath been suffered heretofore, may be suffered now by us But if those presidents rather cool, then provoke our Courage, why dare not wee suffer a little, seeing they suffered so much? To teach us this Virtue of Patience, and strengthen our ruinous brittle condition, the motherly love and fatherly care of the eternal, Divine mind, did provide and disperse through certaine spaces and Intervalls of time (like knots for the strengthening of a weak reed,) persons of such eminent Patience and Piety, as might by their examples sustaine and beare up mankind, untill the *Antient of daies*, and Father of Immortality himself should descend into this mortall life, and be born for Patience, and for death In the meane time, that the populous World might not want a Glasse to dresse themselves by, he sent these to be the substitutes and forerunners of his mighty and inimitable Patience The first he consecrated to this dignity was *Abel*, in whom *Patience* (saith holy *Aldhelmus*) was *Original*, as *Sinne* was in *Adam* God joyned Patience to his Innocence by a certain Original Justice or claim in him, but to the rest of the Just it descends together with sufferings, by right of Inheritance to none more, to none better then to the Innocent But now even by this, those suffer most, that should suffer least, the good and the Just But those sufferings are most sacred, that are most unjust. *Adam* found out afflictions, and *Abel* Patience, the medicine presently followed the disease Evils were the Inventions of Sinne, Patience was the Device of Innocence So

that Patience as their peculiar Treasure abounds more, and is more beloved by the Just, then by any else But that Posthume Cry fo *Abel* proceeded not from Impatience For God would not have taken to himself the cause of one dying discontentedly, and with Indignation, but as devout *Alexandrinus* saith, **Ἀβελ ὁ δίκαιος, &c* *Abel the Just dying unjustly was the first of men that shewed the foundations of death to be ruinous, wherefore he being dead yet speaketh* Death, whose right came by unrighteousnesse, laid ruinous foundations indeed, because ill-layd, upon the Just dying unjustly It hath cause to grieve, that it erred so foully in its first 10 stroke, seeing it might have made a better beginning in wicked *Cain* But there was *Drumtie* in it, that death taking possession of mankind by the Murther of the Just, might be justly exterminated and swallowed up in Victory by the undefiled *Virgin-Prince* of the Just, who for that end was born of a Virgin *Ephrem* saith, *that death howled or lamented in her very beginning, which shewed what would be her end* The *Hern* by instinct of Nature Chatters and mourns, before he becomes the prey of the *Falcon* Death dyed by him, over whom she had no power Only there is the might of 20 death, where sin, where corruption lives

Another tie of Constancy laid upon the World, after a convenient space, was *Job*, who retained his Patience after prosperity, and after Innocence Patience is no where merrier, nor better contented with it self, then in the Innocent Integrity and Fortune seldome lodge together Adversity is the Whetstone which keepes it from rust, and makes it shine No Virtues can subsist without troubles, which are their foode They live not commodiously, where their Provision is farre from them Wherefore holy and Just men have adversity alwaies (like a *Well*) at their dores I shall take up then with that saying of *Elihu*: 30 *Affliction comes not forth of the dust, nor doth trouble spring out of the ground*, but rather from Heaven; and comes oftner to holy and heavenly livers, then to Worldly and unrighteous persons

After *Job*, and at a convenient distance from his time was *Tobiah* appointed, who instead of *Celandine*, made use of Patience to heal his Eyes being blinded by the *Swallows*, he found a more pretious medicine then their *Herbe*, and his glory is more by bearing with the living, than burying the dead This holy man also after Innocence, though not after prosperity, retained his Patience, untill at last the *Son of God* himselfe, after *Impassi-* 40 *bility* and *Allmightnesse*, became wofully passible, and humbled himself to the death of the *Crosse* of so great an example was

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Patience worthy, and so necessary was this voluntary passion of God himselfe to our fatall necessity of suffering By this mighty example of himselfe he hath sanctified Patience to be the *All-heal* or Universal *Antidote* of Evills, and the Sovereign *Lentive* of sorrowes Divinely did one sing to the blessed *JESUS*

Παυσίπνον νηπενθές ἔφυς, ἔναλθες ὄνειρα

*Thou the Nepenthe easing griefe
Art, and the minds healing reliefe*

At this secret Counsel of the Almighty, did the rude Instincts, or
10 hallucinations rather of the old Heathens (proceeding, noe doubt,
from their sense of Humane misery) blindly aime They dreamt of
some Son of God to be the great exemplar of Patience, and pattern
of Virtue, but finding none, they made and proposed to themselves
Hercules the Son of *Jupiter*, for a president of continuall Patience,
Obedience and Virtue about whose labours and atchievements,
Antiquity hath mightily pleas'd it self with lies and Fables This
(indeed) they rightly apprehended, that labour or troubles are
rather repugnant to, then unworthy of Divinity, they held them
becomming Virtue, and withall necessary, that they might adorne
20 Patience with these two Jewells, the reward of suffering, and the
dignity of the Sufferer But the *Truth* of God hath now outdone
the *Fictions* of men, It hath exceeded all they did licentiously
wish, but could not hope for Our Patience is now sufficiently
instructed by the *SONNE* of God, who is the pleasant remedy
and *Panacea* of Evills The blessed *JESUS* breathed nothing
but Patience, nothing but mildnesse in his life, in his Doctrine

These are the great examples which true *Christians* should
follow, not those of spurious Patience, and a narrow, heathen
fortitude, which after it had born some Evills indeed, dyed at the
30 root, and could not bear it self *Seneca* (otherwise in many things
a very true, and sometimes a Christian Philosopher,) proposeth to
his readers the example of *Cato*, but I utterly reject it, for he
destroyed himselfe, because he could not save his Common-
wealth What Constancy was here, though in a state that con-
cern'd not his private happinesse? or what manner of Constancy
was that, which durst not endure and hold out, but was overcome,
not by irrecoverable, fallen affaires, but falling Not collapsed
and ruin'd, but tottering and doubtfull? I confesse, it was a
spectacle, which the Eye of God Intentive to his great and various
40 works might behold with glory and I confesse him a brave

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Heathen, Ill-disposed But I see nothing glorious and excellent in him, nothing of true worth, but what I can find as wel in the most degenerate and womanish *Sardanapalus* If wee look upon *Cato* amidst the publick ruines, wee shall finde him overthrowne and laid along, where an old wall stands up, no Enemy having touch'd him A most unworthy man ! (if he was a man,) to fall thus basely like a Woman , who at the noyse of any thing suddenly thrown down, casts her self to the ground, and squeaks though untouch'd, and far enough from danger But thou wilt say, *Though all things became subject to one man, though his legions 10 possesst the Earth and his Navies the Seas, yea though Casars own regiment was in the gates, yet Cato made his way out?* An honest voice, if it were not flattery I tell thee he did not make his way, but sneakt and fled out most shamefully His legs could not carry him off, and therefore hee ran away upon his hands But it is all one, flye with which he will, it is a plain flight , his busie and searching fear, which in him (by reason of a sudden, unmanly astonishment) was most Sagacious, shew'd him this postern or backdoor, which he most basely fled out at *But what could that man be afraid of, that had born so often the Assaults of Fortune? 20* He feared that very same Fortune *How can that be,* (say'st thou) *seeing he had coped with her so long before?* For that valour let him thank his errour He believed Fortune (according to her old vogue) to be still inconstant, he expected that the Tyde should turne , but finding her obstinate, and resolved in earnest to the contrary, he feared her last blow, and providing for himself by a most dastardly tendernes, did with his owne hands dresse and make a wound to his own liking. To be patient, or to suffer as wee please, is not Patience He could bear the anger, but not the hatred and feud of Fortune That is poore valour, that bears 30 onely the flourishes and pickearings of an Enemy, but dares not receive his full charge A weak man will for some time stand under a great burthen , but he that carries it through, and home, is the strongest *Cato* then was a most base, pusillanimous combatant , hee quitted his ground, and left Fortune in the field, not only unconquer'd, but untir'd, and flourishing with a whole Arme, which hee had not yet drawn bloud from . What Inconstancy can be greater then his, who was more Inconstant than Vertiginous Fortune? Or who more a Coward then he, that fled and ran away swifter and sooner than her wheelles? To call *Cato 40* then either constant, wise, or good, is most unjust , nay more, it is an Injurie to mankind, to call him a man, who hath deserved

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so ill of Wisedome and men, by thinking that any *Cause*, or *Chance* in this World can be worthy of a wise mans death I would he had read the Conclusion of *Theodorus*, not the dissertation of *Socrates*! *Theodorus Cythereus* most truly affirmed, that there never can be cause enough for a wise man to cast away his life, And he proves it by invincible reason *For him* (saith he) *that contemns humane Chances, to cast away his life because of them, how contrary is it to his own Judgment, which esteems nothing good, but what is Virtuous, nothing vicious but what is evill?*
 10 I wish, when he did read *Socrates*, that he had also understood him! for then he should have heard him condemning that *ἀντροχειρίαν*, or mad refuge of selfemurther, and commanding him not to stirre out of his appointed station without full Orders from the great Generall of life Why then dost thou cry up *Cato* for a great leader, who was a most cowardly common Souldier, that forsook his Charge, and betrayed the Fort intrusted to him by the *Prince* of Life? But here thou wilt reply, *that his last nights contemplation, just before he quitted it, was Immortality* The end he did study it for, made it then unseasonable And I know not
 20 (seeing he was but an Imperfect speculator in the Doctrine of Immortality,) why hee should be so hasty to try whither Eternity was perishable, or not, by casting away his own He should have expected it, as he did expect the change of Fortune, which till that night he alwaies esteemed Mortall He should have prepared for it by makeing triall of his Constancie before Eternity

What praise then either of Patience, or Fortitude hath he deserved? he did no more then the most effeminate, *Hemon* and *Sardanapalus* O the glorious Act of *Cato* then, equall to his, that handled the *Spindles*! An Act of Women, *Evaadne*, *Jocasta*,
 30 and *Auctolia* An Act of Whores, *Sappho* and *Phædra* An Act of Wenches, *Thysbe*, *Biblis*, *Phyllis* and *Anaxarete* An Act of Boyes, *Iphus* and *Damocles* An Act of Doting, decrepit men, *Ægeus*, *Sesostris* and *Timathes* An Act of Crazie, diseased Persons, *Aristarchus* and *Eratosthenes* An Act of Madmen, *Aristotle*, *Empedocles*, *Timagoras* and *Lucretius*. A rare commendation indeed for a wise man, to have done that which Whores, Wenches and Boyes, sick men and Madmen did, whome either the Impatience of their lust, or Fortune made Impatient of life Whither thou wilt say, that *Cato* kill'd himself to fly from Fortune,
 40 or to find Immortality, thou canst in neither deny his Impatience either of Joy, or else of feare, and in both of life. I would he had been as patient now of life, as he was sometimes of thirst! That

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voice of Honour, upon the Sands of *Libya*, was his ' where (the *Roman* Army like to perish with thirst) a Common Souldier that had taken up a litle muddy Water in his Helmet, presenting it to him, had in stead of thanks this bitter rebuke,

*Base man ! & couldst thou think Cato alone
Wants courage to be dry, & but him, none ?
Look'd I so soft ? breath'd I such base desires,
Not prooffe against this Libyc Sun's weak fires ?
That shame and plague on thee more justly lye !
To drinke alone, when all our troops are dry* 10

Here was a glorious *Voice*, and there followes it a more glorious hand

*For, with brave rage he flung it on the Sand,
And the spilt draught suffic'd each thirsty band*

This manly Virtue he degenerated from in his last *Act*, and all his friends wisely bending to the present necessity, hee onely broke The people being all taken, he only fled To see *Cato* a sufferer in the publicke miserie, had been a Publick comfort, they would have judg'd it happinesse to have been unhappy with him It is Honour to suffer with the Honourable, and the 20 Tyranny of Fortune is much allayed, and almost welcome to us, when shee equally rageth against the good and Noble, as against our private selves If, as he refused the remedy of thirst, he had also rejected this ill remedy against misfortune, his glory had been perfect

Wee must then be the Patients of life, and of this Patience (which I thinke the greatest of any,) wee have two eminent examples in *Job* and *Tobiah*, who not onely provoked by Fortune, but by their wives also, defended their Calamities in the defense of life For the other Patience in death (which is the least,) the 30 example of *Abel* sufficed, designed by the wonderfull Counsell of God (untill the manifestation of his Son, that great *Arch-type* of Patience in life and death,) to suffer, though Innocent, a violent and unexperienced death, that the first onset of fate (which was most furious,) meeting in him with an unconquerable Patience, might be somewhat tamed, and the weapons of death having their edge dulled in the first conflict, might afterwards be of lesse terrour to mankind Just *Abel* was the first that shew'd us the way of dying, when the name of death, as yet untri'd, was most formidable unto life, that he might teach man Patience in his 40 death, and leave it to posterity as a Medicine found out by him

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imperfect and uncertain, and to our sad necessity there had been added necessarie despair, when the cure of small Evils had been by a greater, and the great Evil it self left incurable

But (Glory to the blessed *Jesus* !) wee are both fully cured, and faithfully cared for ! That which can cure all Evills, must be something that is not Evil, Therefore death cannot cure them, because it is an Evil, for God created it not, but it came into the World through the envy of the Divell Good men hold it to be Evil, & the bad find it so Thou wilt ask then, what is the Medicine of Evills ? I answer, it is that, which is the Medicine 10 that strengthens us to bear the violence, and the pangs of death, that which the very Enemies of it cannot deny to be good, I mean Patience that which being made Evil by abuse, yet in that state hath been commended by men that were not Evil, by *Seneca* in his *Cato*, *Dion* in his *Melancoma*, and *Philo* in his *Pantratiastes* So winning and attractive is the Virtue of Patience, that the very shadow of it procures reverence, and makes the very abuse and corruption of it laudable If then the *Counterfeit* of it could beautifie vice, and make it amiable even to wise men, what wonder is it, if the *Substance* be a protection and ornament to Virtuous 20 persons ? This is the Medicine which *Leonides* gave against death Let those Titles therefore which death usurped, be vindicated by the right owner Patience then is the best medicine of Evills, It is the cure of the Incurable, the last Physitian, the Ease in death, the mollifying Oyle, the gentle purge, the pleasant Potion, and that I may recover its right to another Title which death usurped from the pen of *Boetius*, *It is a sanctuary that lies alwaies open to the distressed* Lastly, lest I should deny that, which even the envy of Fortune could not deny, *Patience* (as *Zeno* elegantly said,) *is the Queen regent of all things*, yea of that rebellious changling Fortune But let us adde to the certainty of 30 the cure, the easinesse of comming by the medicine We need not send for it into *Forraign Regions*, nor dig it out of *Mines*, nor extract it out of the *Venes* of *Herbs*, or the *vital parts* of *beasts* Wee need not go for it to the *Apothecary*, nay I shall adde, wee need not wish for it, It is already in our custody, a manuall *Antidote* that is alwaies about us, and in us, effectuall for all things, and ready for all men. It is a *Physitian* we need not call upon, not like death, that forsakes the wretched, and those that earnestly long for it, that hath no pittie upon teares, but keeps off,

— *And will not hear the Crie*
Of distrest man, not shut his weeping Eye

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Hitherto we have taken view but of one side of Patience, and that halfe of her which she opposeth to *Evills*. Every part of her is lovely and excellent and if we remove now from this Collateral station to a direct, we shall behold her intire beauty, and how well shee deserves of *good*. The *Sacraments* of this Virtue are two *To suffer Evill to do good*. Nobly doth she celebrate both, with her there is no Evill, without her there is no good. I think her the *Mart*, and *Mother-City* of all that is good. Every Virtue is a *Colome* of Patience, planted and nourished by her. Virtues owe
 10 their Original to her, she is part of it, and in every one of them. She is their *holy fire*, their *Vesta*, and *Lararium*, or private Chappell, they are her *Nuns* or *Virgins*, what ever they have, either sacred or glorious, is from her. To the perfection of man there is nothing more necessary. For as *Brasse* must be first melted, and afterwards cast, so the hard and rigid matter of Virtues must be softned and dissolved by Patience, that man may become a glorious and living *Statue* of Divinitie. No marvell, that wee require labour and hardnesse in Virtuous persons, seeing wee expect it from *Smiths*, A certain Just Law of all the World hath exacted it
 20 to be the price of Virtue. Beare what thou wouldst not, and thou shalt enjoy what thou wilt. Labour is the good mans purse. Patience is his Gold. Onely an obstinate, sordid Idlenesse makes men poor, not onely in body, but in mind also. Without Patience they cannot possesse their own Soules. Neither Nature, nor Virtue, nor Fortune (and this last thou wilt perhaps think strange,) trust us with their goods without this. Prosperity, when it is lent to man, dispenseth its treasures to none so plentifully, as to the laborious. Without a blow it stroaks us not. The sweet-meats it brings are not eaten, but in the sweat of the face. It was truly
 30 said of Fortune,

Give bread to the poor, but give him thy fists for sauce
 Δὸς πτωχῷ ἄρτον, καὶ κόνδυλον ὄψον ἐπ' αὐτῷ

The *Snake* will easily slip through our hands, unlesse we grasp her with *Figleaves*, or some knotty, rough grass, Fortune is very slippery, and without labour, and a strong hand, she will not be held. Honest game breeds most Joy, I shall adde most security, when it is gotten with most pain. Labour is the *earnest* we give for after Joyes, which are an addition, or consequence rather, attending the other fruits of it. Though it goes before them, yet
 40 it is refreshed with their following after, As hunger, which is a Natural sauce, sweetens the meat, and the Joyes of the eater, even

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before he eates Wee look with most delight upon those things which wee think to be our own, and we think them most, which wee have most labour'd for Patience is a certain *Title* to possession, but labour gives the *Right* The Mother loves those children best, and as most hers, which shee brought forth with most pain *Hony* is gathered of *bitter herbes*, they that love not the bitterness, must not eate of the Honey *The drones of Attica* (saith *Tzetzes*;) *will not touch the hony of Hymentus, because it is gather'd of Thyme, which the Attic drone cannot endure to light upon* The Noble *Xenophon* loved no glory, but that which was purchased 10 by his owne Industry

The glory of God himselfe is not without labour, which he hath shew'd unto us by his works, and amplified in particular natures according to his wisdom, for our example Wickedly did *Hermogenes* think of that Supreme, eternally active *Mind*, esteeming him to rest, by reason of idlenesse and inefficacie, though elegantly refuted by *Afer* in these words, *his glory is the more in that he hath laboured* God doth not onely looke upon, and rule the World, he made it also, And which of these, thinkst thou, is most worthy of glory? is it not to have made it? What is more 20 glorious, then to have made glory? In the present *Sabbath* and solemnity of Gods rest, the workes which he hath made, declare his glory unto men, whose task also is, *to work* Besides, this first curious draught of his Almighty hand contributes something to the perfect beauty of his immortal, last one, for the Divine Eye (reflecting upon this *prooffe*;) will adorne that building of holinesse and glory with everlasting strength, and an inviolable, Celestial freshnesse God made not man by a *Fiat*, as he did the rest of the Creatures, but fell to work himself, and like the *Potter* that first tempers, then fashions the Clay, he made him by makeing, 30 not by speaking That one royall creature capable of felicity, was consecrated for beatitude, and the Divine likenesse with the ceremony of labour Here man was instructed, before he was made he received the exemplar of living before he received life Idlenesse was forbidden him, before he had the Power given him to be active. But when he gave him life, he gave him also with it another *Specimen*, or *Item* of labour, breathing into him, as if he had used respiration (which refresheth the laborious,) to shew man the use of his breath All things that were created for the service of mankind, were by the manner of their Creation (which was with 40 a *Fiat*, or command,) taught to be obedient and humble: But man was first ordained for Dominion, afterwards for labour; And

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God himself, the Lord of all, labour'd in his Creation, that Hee might make him to be in love with his Ordinance, and that God (plotting as it were against himself,) might by that love of man be induced to love him the more, and to esteeme him more his owne Creature then any other, because he onely (like his Creatour) loved Activity, and the use of life And this I believe is the meaning of *Xenophon* *Labour* (saith he) *is a certain over-measure, or extraordinary favour of love*

So glorious an Ornament is Patience, either in suffering, or else
 10 in doing, I believe in both (for Labour, without the good of Patience, is good of it selfe,) that for no other end, but to be thought temperate and wise, the *Pythagoreans* commended abstinence, the *Stoicks* severity, the *Cynicks* exceeded to rigour, the *Gymnosophists* to cruelty, and a face of madnesse and despair Every one of these adorned his *Heresie* with Patience, and all the rude statues they erected to wisdom, were crowned with this Virtue *Edesius* being sent by his Father to traffick into *Greece*, quitted the *Merchant*, and turn'd *Philosopher* His Father upon
 20 his return receiving him with stripes, and hee patiently bearing them, asked him, what he had learnt in the Schooles of the Philosophers? He answered, *To bear your anger dutifully* With the same testimony did another Scholer of *Zeno* adorne the *Stoa* but *Possidomus* was harder provoked then either, he was so tortured with bodily pain, as if the disease had maliciously laboured to confute his principles but how far it prevailed, appeares best by his own words, *It is to no purpose*, (said he) *vex me as much as thou canst, thou shalt never make me give thee an ill word* So carefull was he of the reputation of his Master But *Dionysius Heracleotes*, not able to rule his passions, lost the repute of a
 30 Philosopher So much doth that Majesty and tacite reverence wee admire in Virtue depend upon Patience

Patience doth that for the private man, which their *life-guards* doe for *Kings* It keeps him safe, and reverenc'd. It is the minds main-guard, that preserves the Authority of Virtue, and secures the Virtuous person, lest Evills should make him Evil It is in the oppressed a certain tutelar Angel, and the sacred Guardian of their Spirits from Affliction Most appositely did *Halitargus* call Patience *the Conservatrix of our Condition* O how great is the Glory of Virtue, whose Guard and attendant is
 40 Patience, the Queene of all things! She is not onely the Crown and Ornament of Philosophie, but the badge and Garland of the Christian warrior She is not onely honour'd by the Impatient

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themselves, but by the furious and Salvage *Abraames*, almost slaine and martyr'd by the *Indian* Infidels, did with this one weapon not onely resist, but overcome a whole City And that with more expedition then *Cæsar*, and with better successe then *Alexander*, for to such admiration and reverence of his person did his patience drive them, that in the very midst of the storme his persecutors became suddenly calme, begging forgiveness with teares, and with the generall consent of the people elected him for their Patron and President, whom a little before (having not seen this pearle of Patience,) they design'd for destruction and death It 10 was the Majesty of this Immoveable, Serene Virtue, that forced them to this miraculous Election, adjudging it of most royall Excellencie, and most worthy of Sovereignty

Leander told the Fathers, met at *Toledo*, that *Patience* would either win, or overcome her adversaries *Solon* knew this For being checkt by some standers by, because he suffered an uncivill fellow to spit upon him, he answered *Fisher men, that they may catch one whiting, suffer themselves to be dashed over with the fome and flowings of the Sea-waves, and shall not I do the like to catch a man?* Whither he catched him, or not, I cannot tell But I 20 am sure, that *John Fernandus*, a Servant of *JESUS CHRIST*, and a Fisher of men, catch'd a whole Kingdome with that very baite. Hee preaching to the *Indians* in the street, one barbarous Infidel, having gathered his mouth full of sordid spittle, came pressing through the crowd to the place where he stood, and delivered it just in his face, but he nothing moved therewith, and neither rebuking the Barbarian, nor discomposing his former gesture, persisted in his Masters businesse, and preach'd on His Doctrine though powerfull, after the silent Rhetorick of this publick example, might for that time have beene well spared 30 Here was the foundation of the Churches of *Japan* and *Amangucaa* This very *Indian* (and none before him) becomming the first fruits of that region unto *CHRIST* So glorious a document of Patience made him envy our Divine Philosophy, that envy made him Ambitious, and his holy Ambition made him a Christian So gainfull an Industry is Patience, and such a compendious Art of overcoming Most wholsome is the advice of *Pimenius Malice* (saith he) *never overcomes malice, you must overcome malice with goodnesse* But if we could overcome one Evill with another, why will wee not reserve that Glory for Virtue? By such a blood- 40 lesse Victory did *Motois* overthrow his Adversary, from whom he fled most valiantly, lest he should offend him; I do not say with {

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his hands, but with his sight, for Patience hath no hands, but shoulders His Adversary pursues *Motois* had lockt himself up, & became his own prisoner, esteeming it guilt enough, that another could be angry with him But hearing that his Enemy was come in (being only Impatient till he had shewed more Patience,) hee breakes open the door, bids him welcome, and like one that had offended, desires to be forgiven, and afterwards feasts him This story I have touch'd upon, that thou maist see how powerfull an Instrument of tranquillity, and a quiet, happy life, Patience is, that
 10 makes peace to beare fruit in another mans soyl, and civilizeth forraigners How fruitfull then is she at home? How prosperous a dresser of Vertues in himselfe is the patient man, that will not suffer the propagation of Vices in another?

But *Leander* said, that Patience doth either overcome, or else win her Enemies, I say, she doth both win and overcome She wins men, and overcomes Fortune, nay, she makes her (though unwilling) a most officious servant of Goodnesse The name of Patience is not an empty, titular Honour, it hath also very large and princely revenues for the maintenance of Virtue That Fable
 20 of the Divine in holy *Maximus* is truth He saith, *that wise men dwell in the shadow of a tree, which the more the people cut it, growes the more* It strives, and vies with the *Iron*, or to borrow the *Poets* expression, *ἄναρ ὅς τις, καὶ τομῇ φέρεται,*

It lyes when kill'd, and brancheth when 'tis lopt

His own *Mythology* is most elegant* *By this tree* (saith he) *is signified wisdom, which turnes misfortunes into Ornaments, trouble into Virtue, losse into gain, and scars into beauty* For the Patient and wise liver, like the Serpent of *Lerna*, when he is most mangled, is most entire, he drinckes in fresh spirits through
 30 his very wounds, his courage is heightned by them, and his spilt blood, like dew, doth cherish and revive him,

*Like some faire Oke, that when her boughes
 Are cut by rude hands, thicker growes
 And from those wounds the Iron made,
 Resumes a rich and fresher shade*

The benefit then wee receive from Patience, is twofold It diminisheth the sorrowes of the body, and increaseth the treasure of the mind Or to speak more properly, there is one great benefit it doth us, It turnes all that is *Evill* into *Good* Most
 40 apposite to this, is that of *Nazianzen*,

Patience digesteth misery

11 home?] home, ? 1654

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Concoction and Digestion of meats are the daily miracles of the stomack they make dead things contribute unto life, and by a strange *Metamorphosis* turne Herbes, and almost all living Creatures into the Substance of Man, to preserve his particular *Species* No otherwise doth Virtue by Patience (which is her stomack,) transform and turne all damages into benefits and blessings, and those blessings into it self *Lupines*, or bitter Pulse, if steep'd in water, will grow sweet and nourishing Patience doth macerate miseries, to fatten it selfe with them Certaine Divine Raies breake out of the Soul in adversity, like 10 sparks of fire out of the afflicted *flint* The lesser the Soule minds the body, the lesser she adheres to sensibility, shee is by so much the more capable of Divinity, and her own Nature When her Den of flesh is secure and whole, then is she in darkness, & sleeps under it When it is distressed and broken, then is she awake, and watcheth by some Heavenly *Candle*, which shines upon her through those breaches The wounds of the Body are the windowes of the Soul, through which she looks towards Heaven, *light* is her *provision*, shee feedes then upon *Divinity* Sublime is that rapture of the most wise *Gregory*, 20

——Τροφή μία πᾶσιν ἀρίστη
Δάινυσθαι μεγάλῳ Θεοῦ νόον ἢ δὲ φαεινῆς
Ἐλκεῖν ἐκ Τριάδος σελας ἀπλετον ——

——one food th^t best for all
Is to feed on the great Gods mind, & draw
An Immense light from the bright Trinity

Death it self, which the *lust* of eating brought into the World *inedible*, or as *Zeno* saith, *indigestible*, is eaten, digested and transubstantiated into life by Patience, begun in *Abel*, and perfected in *JESUS CHRIST* So that now, that saying of 30 *Pirrho*, who affirm'd, *that there was no difference betwixt death and life*, is no longer a *Paradox*, nor need we make use of that shrewd exaggeration of *Euripides* who knowes (said he) *but this which we call life, is death, and death life? we see, that men, when they are (as we speak) alive, are then only sick, but the dead neither sicken, nor suffer any sorrowes* Certainly the death of a good liver is eternal life

Every Action of a wise man is a certain emulation of Death, wee may see it exprest in his patience The Soul by this Virtue disintangles, and frees her selfe from the troubles of Mortality For 40

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the frivolous flesh burning with *fevers*, or drown'd in *dropsies*, or any other diseases, the attendants of corruption, which possesse and fill up the narrow Fabrick of Man, the Soul (as in great inundations, when the lower roomes are overflown) ascends to the battlements, where she enjoyes a securé, healthfull ayre, leaving the *ground-roomes* to the tumult and rage of the distemper'd *humours* She ascends thither, where griefe cannot ascend *Carneades*, comming to visit *Agesilaus* grievously tormented with the Gout, and turning his back to be gone, as if impatient of the
 10 violence and insolencie of the disease (whose custome it is to shew litle reverence towards the best men, the prerogative of Virtue can give no protection to Nature,) *Agesilaus* pointing from his feet to his brest, calls him back with this Check, *stay* *Carneades*, *the pain is not come from thence hither* Hee shew'd by this, that his mind was in health, though his feet were diseased, and that the pain had not ascended thither, where the Soule sate in-throned At this height she hath two priviledges more then ordinary, she is lesse affected with the body, because at some distance from it, and hovers above griefe, because above sensi-
 20 bility, shee is nearer to God, and dresseth her selfe by his beames which she enjoyes more freely, as from a kind of *Balcome*, or refreshing place, having onely a *Knowledge*, but no *Sense* of the bodies affliction From this place she overlookes the labours and conflicts of the flesh, as *Angels* from the windowes of Heaven behold Warre, and the Slaughter of distracted men One benefit more shee hath by Patience, that though shut up in the body, yet shee can have a tast of her glorious posthume liberty Death looseth the Soule from the body, it breaks in sunder the secret bonds of the blood, that she may have the full use of her
 30 wings, and be united to Divinity Patience, though it doth not quite loosen the chaine, yet it lengthens it, that she may take the aire, and walk some part of the way towards Home Though it frees not the Soul from the body, yet it gives her liberty and dominion over it. He that is tyed up by a long Cord, is within the compasse allowed him untied, and a free man. The Spirit of man incensed by adversities, and collected into it selfe, is by a certain *Antiperistasis* made more ardent and aspiring *Fire* is never stronger, nor more intense then amongst *Water*, In the bosome of a cloud it breakes forth into thunder So this Divine
 40 Spark, which God hath shut up in Vessels of Clay, when all the passages of pleasures are stopt, his raies (which before were

diffused and extravagant) returne into it selfe, and missing their usuall vent, break forth with such violence, as carries with it sometimes the very body, and steales the whole man from passion and mortality The *Leuite* of fire is of greater force, then the *Gravity* and Massinesse of Earth His *Spirit* is uniesistable, and the unknown force of it will blow up the greatest *Mountains*, and the strongest *Castles* this earth affords

Hitherto have I discoursed of outward *Evils*, I shall now consider the Inward, and how Patience is their Antidote You have seen her Prerogative over Fortune, and reputed *Evills*, which are called *Evills*, because they seem to be so, not because they are so, as disgrace, grief, and poverty All these are but fictitious *Evils*, which Custom and Humane error have branded with that injurious denomination for in these contingencies there is no reall *Evill*, but the *Evill* of opinion, neither is any man miserable but in his own conceit, and by comparison The glory of Patience would be but poor and trivial, if it could doe no more then take away, or beare with such frivolous and fictitious troubles as these If it prevailed onely against *Evills*, which we do not suffer, but invent Its true glory is, that it subdues true *Evills* Not that it bears them, but that it removes them far from us Not that it endures them, but that it abstaines from them For truly to suffer *Evil*, is to do *Evil*, whose *Agent* alwaies the *Patient* is, by reason of a most ill impatience But Patience onely excellent, because it suffers not This worst kind of *Evil* is therefore the greater, because when 'tis in acting, it is not seen, and were it not afterwards felt, there would be no place left for Virtue This is the usuall method of Vice, a flattering, *Comical* entrance, and a *Tragical exit* The force and malice of Evil Actions may be gathered by their Nature They are so powerfully hurtful, that when they cease to be, they cease not to torment us and so malignant, that while we act them, they flatter us, that being Acted, they may afflict us While we are doing them, they conceal and deny themselves, but being done, they appear to our sorrow Wherefore he that will lead a blessed, a joyfull, and a peaceful life, must make it his whole work, to do no work, but what Religion and Virtue shall approve of What peace and security can he enjoy that will revenge himselfe, (what more would cruelty have?) according to his own lust? What life can he be said to live, that kills himselfe to please his inordinate affections? What joy can he have, whose troubled conscience is his continual Executioner, racking and tormenting him in the

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very embraces of smiling Fortune? No outward *Fomentations* will serve turne against that *Indisposition* to which *fevers* and *fire* are but *coolers* Wee can provide against the violence of winter and Summer-weather when and how we please But the inward *heats* and *colds*, the raging *accessions* of the *Spirit* admit no cure Patience, though Fortune should assist her, will never heal the wounds of conscience

He that suffers by the guilt of Conscience, endures worse torments then the *wheel*, and the *saw* As that heat which ascending
 10 from the liver, and the region of the heart, doth diffuse it selfe through the body, is greater then the united flames of the *dog-star* and the *Sun* * What torturing invention of *Amestris*, *Pherotima*, or *Perillus* did ever so afflict distress'd wretches, as the fury of his owne Conscience did torment *Orestes*, though freed from all men but himself? no Tyrant is so cruel as a guilty spirit Not *Scylla* with his *prison*, *Sinus* with his *Isthmian pine*, *Phalaris* with his *bull*, *Saron* with his *Rock*, nor *Faunus* in his *Inne* The *Pelusians* when they punished *Parricides*, conceived no torture so answerable to the heynousnesse of the crime, as this inward

Divine revenge, neither the * *Sack*, nor
 20 * *Pliny* mentions this punishment the parricide after his apprehension, to augment the horror of his conscience, was first whipt with rods dypt in the blood of his murdered parents and afterwards together with a dog, an ape, and a cock, (Creatures which shew little reverence towards their sires) he was thrust alive into a strong sack, and so thrown into the Sea
 30 the *Limekil* pleased them so much as this gnawing worm, the terrible and luctual excogitation of the wise *Father* of Nature They ordered therefore, and enacted it for a Law, that the murderer for three daies and three nights should be pent up in some narrow roome together with the naked body of the slaine, and be forced to look upon it, whither he would, or not, which was effected by putting him in such

a posture, as permitted him not to look any way, but just upon the dead The *Sicilian* Tyrant himselfe knew that conscience was a more cruell torment then the *bull of brasse*. This made him spare the most unnaturall and bloody offenders, that they might be tormented, not with scalding metall, and glowing Iron, but by a damning conscience The first penaltie for murder was conscience The first Actor of a violent death was punished with life He that first saw, and introduced death, was thought worthy of no other punishment, but the security of life, which he
 40 first shewed to be not secure for it is a more mercilesse punishment then death, to have long life secured with a killing conscience So he that brought murder first into the World, was first punished

with the terrours of conscience Which are then most torturing,
when health and strength are the capital punishments The
Protoplasts themselves, the parents of death, and of mankind too,
who gave us death before they gave us life, thought it a greater
plague then death, to be still alive, and yet to be guilty of death²
They would have fled to death, to flye from themselves Apposite
to this is that of *Marius Victor*,

—*They faine would (if they might)*
Descend to hide themselves in Hell So light
Of foot is vengeance, and so near to sin, 10
That soon as done, the Actors do begin
To fear and suffer by themselves Death moves •
Before their Eyes Sad dens, and duskie groves
They haunt, and hope (vain hope which fear doth guide !)
That those dark shades their inward guilt can hide

You see now that conscience, even ° *The inhabitants of Pelu-*
amongst ° the *Pelusians*, was held a legal *sium, a town in the borders*
and politick punishment, that in *Phalaris* *of Egypt, now called Dami-*
it was a Tyrannical devise, in *Cain* the *ata, It was built by Peleus*
Divine vengeance, and in *Adam* and *Eve*, *the fratricide, from whom* 20
the Justice of Nature God, Nature, Reason, and fury it selfe
(which in this case must not be defined madnesse,) do all beare
witnessse, that selfe-condemnation, or the guilt of conscience is of
all others the most bitter and avenging torment

Adde to this, that the certainty of it is as infallible, and in-
evitable, as the extremity and fiercenesse of it are implacable
there was never any Tyrant so cruel, but would pardon some
offender There was none so severely inquisitive, but some might
either escape from him, or deceive him But the rigour of
conscience permits neither favour, flight, nor fraud It is utterly 30
inexorable, and neither our feete will serve us to run away, nor
our hands to free us whither shall a man run from himselfe,
from the secrets of his own spirit, from his life? No man can be
an Impostour or dissembler with his own heart, no man can undo
what he hath already done to have sinned is the remediless
plague of the Soul It was a slow expression of *Victor*, that
Vengeance is near to sinne It is swifter then so It is not con-
sectaneous, or in chase of it, but *coetaneous* with it, and its *foster-*
sister The punishment hath the same birth with the offence, and
proceedes from it, It is both the *Sister*, and the *Daughter* of it 40
Wickednesse cannot be brought forth without its penalty The

1 terrours] terrour 1654

27 cruel] cruel 1654

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brest that conceives the one, is big with the other, and when the one is borne, he is delivered of both It is a fruitfulness like that of *Mice*, whose young ones are included the one in the other, and generate in the very wombe Conscience, while man thinks of Evill, even before he acts, doth rebuke that thought so that the punishment is præexistent to the crime, though in the reigne of Virtue it is noiselesse and uselesse, as penal Lawes are dead letters, untill they are quickned by offenders It is then in its *minority*, and without a *sting*, or else it is asleep, untill the Cry of
 10 Sinne awakes it In the state of Evill, Conscience is the first and the last revenger when smal offences are wiped out, enormous crimes like capital letters will still remain

No man can find a Sanctuary to save *him* from *himself* No evill doer can so fly for refuge, as to be *secure*, though he may be *safe* Hee will be afraid in that place, where he thought not to fear Though he fears not the friends of the murdered, yet he finds that within him, which makes him sore afraid He may escape the Executioner and the sword, but he will be overtaken by himselfe, and being safe, hee will be afraid even of his safety
 20 Though he may find fidelity in his fellow-Tyrants, yet shall he find none in his own bosome, which is ever clamorous, and spues out blood and guilt Nature deviseth such a punishment for evill doers, as that which tyed living Malefactors unto the putrid Carkasses of dead men, that the horror and stench of them might afflict their spirits, and the quick flesh be infected and devoured by the dead and rotten The *punishment* sticks fast unto us after the *offence*, whose carkasse is terrour of Conscience, Shame, and a gnawing remorse, that feeds still upon the faulty, but is not satisfied The guilty person can have noe peace,

30 *But night and day doth his owne life molest,
 And bears his Judge and witnesse in his brest*

Adde to this, that Reason which in all other pressures and misfortunes is the great Auxiliary and Guardian of man, is in an offended Conscience his greatest Enemy, and imployes all her forces to his vexation and ruine

Fortune therefore is not the onely cause of our contristation, we our selves do arm adversities, and put a sword into the hand of griefe to wound us with, we are sticklers against our selves Evill Actions afflict more then Evill Fortune; We are not onely
 40 troubled that it was *Chance*, but that it was our *Choice*. It is the worst kind of misery, to be made miserable by our owne approbation That evill which we procure to our selves, must needs

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grieve us more, then that which we casually suffer Noe damage is so doleful, as a condemning conscience Truly, I do believe, that the onely misfortune of Man is *Sinne* And so very bad and mischievous a Cheat it is, that when it is most punished, wee think it most prospers, neither can Fortune be justly termed Evil, but when she is the Assistant of Evill men, and the surety for Evill doing This permitted successe makes the affaires of the most unrighteous to be esteemed Just This is a felicity like that of beasts, which we put into pleasant and well watered pastures, that they may be fed for slaughter Against this true misfortune, 10 as well as the false and seeming, Patience must be our Antidote, not by bearing, but by abstaining from it Patience in this Case must elevate it selfe, and passe into a virtuous anger and contempt of sinfull prosperity We must be piously impatient of all their proffers and poisonous allurements, Impatient, I say, that we may patiently overcome them

Therefore as I have formerly exhibited the *Art of bearing well* to be the onely remedy against Fortune So now I shall demonstrate to you, that the *Art of abstaining well*, is the sole medicine against these true and inward misfortunes Differing diseases must 20 have different cures Patience is the poyson that kills Fortune, and the Balm that heales her stripes but a sacred impatience, or abstinence from Sinne is the Antidote of Conscience, and the *Basis* or foundation of this holy impatience is transcendent and triumphant Patience To mitigate or overcome Fortune is a trivial trick Flattery will do it, if we can but descend to approve of, and commend all that she doth To preserve the peace of Conscience, wee must be rigid, and censorious We must speak home, and truly We must examine before we Act, and admit of no Action that wil be a just cause but for to blush The approaches of 30 Fortune are abstruse She moves not within the light of Humane wisdom, or if she doth, the strength of her Prerogative lies betwixt *Willingnesse* and *Constraint* It is a kind of *fatal fooling* Man playes with his *Stars* untill they hurt him But the cause of an evill Conscience is within our view, and may be prevented by Counsell, For no man can Sinne against his *Will*, or without his *Knowledge* One naile must drive out another He that would avoyd damnation, must avoid also those things which are damnable. He cannot grieve too much, that grieves only to prevent Eternal griefe. The helps we use against Fortune are *after-games* But the *Salves* 40 of Conscience must precede the wound, the cure of *spirituall* diseases is their *prevention*. In the affaires of this World the best

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- man is the experienced But in the distresses and affaires of Conscience, he is the wisest that is most ignorant A noxious Knowledge is death, and every Sinner is a Fool The wisdom of *Doves* is innocence, and that which makes the *light* to shine is its *simplicity* Light is a Type of Joy, and Darknesse of Sorrow Joy is the fruit of innocence, and sorrow of Sinne The sorrow we take for Fortune is hurtfull Those teares, like tempestuous droppings, if not kept out, will rot the house But the sorow for sinne is healing Penitential tears are the *Oile* of the Sanctuary
- 10 God gives them, and afterwards accepts them they both cleanse us and cherish us When *Marble* weepes, it washeth off the dust Worldly teares are the waters of *Marah*, the tree that sweetens them, must be shewed by the Lord The waters of the pool
- * *Bethesda* heal'd not, untill the *Angel* stirred them, without true remorse teares profit not but if they have that Ingredient, they are showers which the Lord hath blessed, and must not be stopped, although they might As
- * the word in the Hebrew signifies, the house of pouring out which in a secret Allegorie may very well concerne man courage, and a joyfull heart are the *ripe fruits* of
- 20 innocence, so shame and sorrow are the hopefull *buds* and *prim-roses* of it Contrition is the infancie of Virtue Therefore that sadnesse must not be expelled which expelleth Vice It is an invention of the Deity to destroy Sinnes That they might be either unfruitfull, or fruitfull onely to their owne destruction. For this we have two instances from Nature, in the *Mule* and the *Viper* Whereof the one is barren, and the other unhappily fruitfull Nature is carefull that Evills may not multiply, or if they do, that they may not prosper The *Mule* is barren, lest there should be an increase of Monsters Apposite to this, is that
- 30 saying of *Gregory Cerameus*, *Η γὰρ κακία &c.*, *Evils* (saith he) are denied from God the power of propagating, as mules have not the faculty to preserve their kind by generating one another The *Viper* notwithstanding is a mother, but shee brings forth her owne destruction The birth of her young ones is her death So sorrow, that is the child of sinne, is the death of it also Let therefore this saving destroyer of sins be made much off, let this godly sorrow be still cherished, and never rebuked he that dries up his teares, before he is cleansed, takes delight in his filthinesse, and like the lothsome drunkard, would sleep in his vomit
- 40 Penitent afflictions should never be resisted but by precaution.

Hee then that would not drink of this *Wormwood*, must be sure to refuse the *sugred venom* of sinne No man is Evill for

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nothing Every defect in life is occasioned by a defect of Patience because we cannot endure to be constantly good because we are impatient of continuall holinesse Two Evills attend upon Sinners, the *Evill* of *sin*, and the *Evill* of *Punishment*, which is the *Evil* of *sorrow* To escape the last, we must abstain from the first wee must be either impatient of the first, or else the patients of the last Unlesse wee will suffer a litle to avoid offences, wee must suffer much after we have fallen into them A short displeasure is better then a long torment This previous Patience of abstaining, frees us from two subsequent Evils The *pain* of *Conscience* untill we repent, and after that the *pain* of *Penitence* These two are the *Appendants*, or *refinue* of every sinne, A seasonable, innocent forbearance is the *fense* against them both one small griefe averts these two great ones How wholesome and comfortable is that Patience which prevents sinne and sorrow, the Consequent of it? But Virtue, when it is most healthfull, is in the estimation of some reputed to be poyson For no other reason do they reject it, of whome *Theodotus* elegantly sings,

*Virtues faire cares some people measure
For poy's'nous works, that hinder pleasure*

20

This Patient abstinence from Evill is the Mother of holy Joy, it keeps the mind pleasant and serene What is there, or what can there be more beneficial, or delightfull to man, then a pure, innocent conscience, where all the *Virtues* (like busie *Bees*) are in constant action, as in a fair, *flowry field*, or rather in *Paradise*? where all is Divine, all Peacefull, nothing polluted, no feare, no distraction In this state, as *Theophanes* saith, *The wise man is adorned with a Godlike Conscience, and a mind becomming the very Deity* What is there more joyful, then to be master of such a Power, as cannot be violated by Tyrants and Torments? It was a golden and Victorious saying of *Tiburtius* *Every punishment is poor, when a pure Conscience keepes us company* For as the guilty can receive no comfort So the Innocent cannot lose his Joy The Joy of Conscience is Natures recompence, the coalescent reward, or fruite of integrity, an entailed happnesse, the native blandishment of life, and the minds mighty purchase What happier gaine can be, then to rejoyce alwaies, for what wee have done but once? or what greater damage then an unrighteous gain? It was bravely said by *Chilo*, *that the heavnest losse was to bee chosen before base gain* That will grieve us but once, the

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other alwaies The losse of temporal goods will trouble us but for a time, but a lost Conscience will torment us Eternally What greater liberty can there be, then not to fear any thing? And what can he be affeard of, that is not frighted by the guilt of his own spirit? when *Periander* was asked, *what liberty was?* he answered, *A good Conscience* And another saith, that

*Man should with Virtue arm'd, and hearten'd be,
And innocently watch his Enemy
For fearlesse freedom, which none can controule,
Is gotten by a pure and upright Soul*

10

Sinne makes remisse and cowardly spirits to be the constant slaves of misery what liberty, yea, what joy can he have, or what dares he do,

*Whose guilty soul with terrours fraught, doth frame
New torments still, and still doth blow that flame
Which still burns him nor sees what end can be
Of his dire plagues, and fruitful penalty?
But fears them living, and fears more to dye
Which makes his life a constant Tragedy*

20 Therefore to preserve the mirth and peace of Conscience, righteous, or honest Actions are mainly conducing, and should be alwaies our employment, for this is the appointed *task* of man, and it is his *mysterie* too The *hand* is the best *Sacrifice* The Antient *Portugals* used to dedicate to their Gods the right hands of their captives, but offer thou thine own, and not anothers. To be onely without Vice, is a vitious commendation Nay, it is not commendable at all, but self indulgence, or a flattering of our owne corrupt inactivity To such a passe is man come, that he is not ashamed to do lesse for Virtue, then the vitious will do for
30 Vice It is a most poore and sordid glory, to be onely not numbred amongst the bad It is a base degree of praise, to be reputed onely not base To be without Vice, is not to be good Not to be vitious, and to be Virtuouse, are two things To refrain from Evill, is scarce not Evill, especially if we proceed no further For to be able to be good, and not to be thoroughly so, is, if not Evill, a neighbourhood to Evill True praise consists not in a bare abstinence from Evill, but in the pursuance & the performance of good It sufficeth not therefore that we doe nothing which may afflict us, but we must withall doe something that may
40 exultate us This we must remember, that to do good is one

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thing, and to become good is another, Although we cannot become good, unlesse wee doe good, But we become good, not because we have done good works, but because we did them well Discretion, which considers the manner of doing good, orders the Action so excellently, that oftentimes there is more goodnesse in the *manner*, then in the *Action* What will it availe us to do good, if it be not well done? It is to write faire, and then to poure the Inke upon it Actions cease to be good, unlesse well acted, they are like excellent *colours* ill layed on The more glorious thy intention is, the more carefully thou must manage it Indiscretion ¹⁰ is most evident in matters of importance One *drop* of *Oyle* upon *Purple*, is sooner seen, then a whole *quart* that is spilt upon *Sack-cloath*

The *Ermyn* keepes his whitenesse unstained with the hazard of his life Hee values himselfe at a most sordid rate, that esteems lesse of *Virtue*, then this beast doth of his *skin*, that prefers a foule life to a fair death, that loves his blood more then his honour, and his body more then his Soule *Ennius* saith, *that the way to live, is, not to love life* Life is given us for another cause, then meerly to live he is unworthy of it, that would live onely ²⁰ for the love of life, the greatest cause of life is *Virtue* what more absolute madnesse can there be, then to make life the cause of sin, yea the cause of death,

And for lifes sake to lose the crown of life?

What greater unhappinesse, then to dye eternally by refusing death? The Virtuous youth *Pelagus*, rather then he would lose his Innocence, suffered the most exquisite and studyed torments of that impure Tyrant *Habdarrhagmanus* He suffered many deaths before he was permitted to dye Hee saw his limbs, his hands, and his sinewes cut in sunder, and lying dead by him, ³⁰ while he yet lived This preservation of their *honour* some chaste *beauties* have paid dearly for It cost *Nicetas* his tongue, *Amanus* his Eye, Saint *Briget* her face, *Apolloma* her teeth, and *Agatha* her breasts The lovely *Cyprian Virgin* paid her life for it

*Nature even for her self doth lay a snare,
And handsome faces their own traitours are*

The beauty of Chastity is best preserved by deformity, and the purity of life by a contemptible shape

The *Shoomaker* is carefull of the neatnesse of a *shooe*, which is made to be worn in durt and mire And shall man be negligent ⁴⁰ to adorn his Soul, which is made for Heaven, and the service of

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the deity? Every artificer strives to do his worke so, as none may find fault with it, And shall we do the works of life perfunctorily and decentfully? All that makes man to be respected, is his worke, as the fruite doth make the Tree and a good work can never be too much respected Keepe thy selfe alwaies in respect by doing good Thy own dignity is in thy own power If thy works be good, thou shalt be accounted good too, If better then any, thou shalt be acknowledged for the best Man is the *effect* of his own *Act*, he is made by those things which he himself makes Hee is the
 10 work of his own hands A rare priviledge, that permits men, and impowers them to make themselves Thou hast leave to be whatsoever thou wouldst be God would not limit thy happinesse He left thee power to encrease it, to polish and beautifie thy selfe according to thy own mind Thy friend, or thy neighbour cannot do it Thy owne good must be thy owne industry Virtue, because she would be crosse to Fortune, is not adventitious It is our great happinesse, that this great good must not be borrowed *Blessed be that Divine mercy, which hath given us means to be saved without the assistance of our neighbours, who have endeavoured to*
 20 *damn us!* That almighty hand which first Created man in the Image of his Creatour, finished him not, but left some things for him to doe, that he might in all things resemble his maker It is one thing to be an *Idol*, or *Counterfeit*, and another to be a *lively Figure* and *likenesse* There are many *Coppies*, which are not assimilant to their *Originals*, like *Pictures* that have not so much as an *ayre* of those *faces* they were drawn by. To the *Politure* and *sweetning* of the Divine *Image*, there are some *lines* expected from thine owne hand If some expert Statuary, suppose *Phidias* himselfe, should leave unfinished some excellent peece, like that
 30 Statue of *Minerva* at *Athens*, and out of an incurious wearinesse, give himself to some obscure and Artlesse employment, or to meere Idlenesse, wouldst not thou much blame and rebuke him for it? And canst thou deserve any lesse, if by a loose and vitious life thou wilt either totally deface the Image of God in thy selfe, or else leave it unfinished? Dost thou think that God is maimed, seeing thou dost leave his Image without hands, I mean, without good works? Dost thou think that he is blind, seeing thou dost extinguish, or put quite out that discerning light and informing wisdom which hee hath given thee? Hee that doth not integrally
 40 compose himself, and will not carefully strive for perfection, would represent God to be imperfect, and a Monster *Virtuous manners* (saith holy *Maximus*) are *types* of the Divine goodnesse, by which

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God descends to be represented by man, assuming for a body those holy habits, and for a soule the Innocent dictates of wisdom in the spirit, by which he makes those that are worthy, to become Gods, and seals them with the true character of Virtue, bestowing upon them the solid riches of his infallible and immortal Knowledge

Work then while it is day, while it is life-time, work and cease not Finish this expectation, this great spectacle, not of men onely, but of God and Angels Remember that the rewards and applause of this World are but a *Paint* of eternity The solid and permanent glory is given in Heaven, *When every man shall have praise* 10 *of God* The *Limbner* is carefull to beautifie and shew his utmost skill in that *peece*, which hee knowes to be intended for judicious eyes Thou art not to paint, but really to make a living Image of the Divine mind, which also must be examined and judged by that searching eye, from which nothing can be hidden have a care that no *ill mixture*, nothing *disproportionable*, nothing *uneven* or *adulterate* may be found in it The presents we offer to the true God, must be true and solid works, not the fictitious oblations of *Jupiter Milchus* Why wilt thou delight in a maimed Soule, or which is worse, in a Soul whose best part is dead? Thou hadst rather have 20 a member cut off, then hanging dead by thee Thou wouldst then onely wish for its company, when it would be no hindrance to thee And canst thou endure the immortal Soul to be sick of death, to be sick in his best part, in the head? wilt thou suffer thy mind to drowse, to be paralytical and senselesse, never thinking of God, nor of doing good? In such a *liver*, the beauty of his immortal part is crusted over with an incurable leprosie, and reason, which is the Soules *Countenance*, is most ingloriously eclipsed The Task of life is to labour, and the Sacrament of the Soule is to work rationally Idlenesse is a *Parenthesis* in the *line* of life When 30 we do nothing, wee do not live

Slothfullnesse is a dead *Existence*, a kind of *sleep* when we are *awake* That life is empty, that is not filled with the care of living well It was truly said by *Possidonius*, *that one day of a learned mans life, was more pleasant, then all the years of the unlearned* One houre, one minute well spent, is to be preferred before a sinfull, voluptuous *for-ever* Time is a sacred thing it flowes from Heaven, it is a thred spun from thence by the motion and circumvolution of the spheres It is an emanation from that place, where eternity springs The right use of it, is to reduce it to its Original. 40 If we follow time close, it will bring us to its Fountain It is a *clue* cast down from Heaven to guide us thither It is the younger

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brother of eternity, the one must be sought in the other It hath some assimilation to Divinity it is partly knowable, and partly not Wee move in it, and wee see it not It is then most invisible, when most present If we be carefull of it, the benefit is ours If wee neglect it, we cast away our selves Hee lives not at all, that lives not well And hee that lives ill, shall dye worse Hee suffers a living and sensible death It is death, because it wants the fruit of life, and it is sensible, because it is with losse and punishment Many ill livers comfort themselves with
 10 a vain conceit, that the state of death is senselesse But Vice and Idlenesse are more malicious deaths, they carry with them the penalty of sense They are fertill in evils, and barren of good, like a cursed ground that bringes forth nothing but thornes and thistles

You expect *grapes* from your *vines*, & *corn* from your *Fields*, but no Fruit at all from your selves Were you made to be good for nothing? for shame be your own *dressers*, *Manure* your selves, and *prune* your vain and noxious affections *Man* himself is his own pretious *Soile*, his own fruitfull *field*, and thriving *Plant* let him
 20 that expects fruits from extraneous things, tast first of his own *Good workes* are the *apples* of this Heavenly *Plant* The *Vine* and the *Field*, though they bear not for themselves, pay their annual proventions If they had beene left to their first fruitfullnesse before the *Curse*, they had exceeded in a most uberous, spontaneous fertility, if they should yeild nothing now, they would be good for nothing Man bears fruit for himselfe, and may bear as much as he pleaseth Wilt thou then keepe backe thy own provision? Wilt thou pine thy seife? or by burying thy talent in the dust, be an enemy to thy own soule, and envious towards others?

30 Virtue in my opinion is like to *Musick* it pleaseth most of all the Virtuous man himself, and it pleaseth also the vitious, whose Conscience doth force him to admire that in others, which he neglects in himselfe *Musick* delighteth both the *Musician*, and the unskillfull *Musick* built the Walls of *Thebes*, and *Virtue* must build the new *Hierusalem* Musick and Virtue are the performances of the *hand*, and the Cordials of the *mind* Every lover of Virtue is *Musical*, that is to say, he is pleased with the suffrages of his own Conscience, and solaced with the Celestiaall flights of his pure Spirit Hee loves the works of Virtue (not to gain the
 40 peoples applause,) but for Virtues sake, whose beauty and power are best seene in her workes Honesty is one of the liberal *Arts*, it is a trade of Conscience, not of gaine Craftsmen shew their

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skill in their works The *Sculptor* in his *Cuts*, the *Painter* in his *limnings*, and the *Goldsmith* in his *Plate* To do something, not the manner of doing it, is their care Their worke may be well done, though negligently, and without much *Art* The *Limner* may give a *stroke* in hast or anger, which neither Judgement, nor curiosity can ever match *Giotto's* circle, though drawn perfunctorily, surpassed the most elaborate peeces of other *Artists* Virtue alone makes no use either of error or chance, and this she doth meere to oppose Fortune In virtuous actions, if wee erre in doing, though we do good, yet the worke of Virtue is not well done 10 In other *Arts*, one *Exemplar*, or *Act* may serve to shew the Artificers skill, though he should never work more But it is not so in Virtue, As we cannot know a skillfull *Musician*, unlesse he plaies upon some *Instrument*, so Virtuous men are not manifested untill they *Act* He that will give any *proofe* of himselfe, must needs be active, but to be so once, is not activity

Virtue is a most usefull thing, and the use of it dyeth not after it is used For although all the actions of man are transitory, yet when they proceed from Virtue, they are permanent I advise thee therefore to be permanent, yea to be immortal Care not for 20 those things which the World esteems to be enduring, as Gold, and the Wealth of Fortune, those will make them wings and fly away, when thou doest least look for it Care thou for those things which the people, and their Hypocritical rulers value not, because they believe them to proceed from a sheepish and rewardlesse *tamenesse*, and not from *grace*, and the secret dispensations of the God of peace Care, I say, for Righteousnesse and Innocence, Care that thy Actions be upright These are the treasures which the World believing to be transient, shall find one day to be truly solid and permanent Thou hast read sometimes that advice of 30 the Apostle, *Redeem the times* That is to say, what thou doest well at one time, thou shalt have it at all times Thy good Actions, withersoever thou goest, will bear thee company They are Companions of a most rare fidelity, and will leave thee neither in the hour of death, nor after death When our friends cannot follow us, then do our good works travell with us, they are then our best friends, and overcome our foes Envy it selfe is appeased with death, it falls off with the body Malice knowes no posthume persecution, and the glory of Virtue in that *state* is above the reach of her Enemies though they may disturb our temporal rights, 40 they are too short to oppose our claime to immortality The onely peaceful possession of the dead, is his good life, and righteous

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dealings what wil it avail the rich oppressours of this World, to have their Carkasses buried in the abundance of their treasures, unlesse they mean by it, to restore that unto the Earth which was digged out of her bowells? Gold and Silver are no ransome for unrighteousnesse. Virtue alone, which survives death, is the refreshment of the dead. He cannot be affeard to dy, who is assured of a better subsistance after death. Their dissolution is onely fearful to those, who lose all by it, and their life to boot. The Posthume Inheritance of man is his righteousness and
 10 integrity, which death takes not from him, but puts him in possession of them. Thou maist gather, that good or Virtuous works are proper and necessary to the Soul, out of mans natural desire of fame, and that innate appetite of immortality which is planted in his Spirit. Nature desires nothing which is not rational, and her perswasions, even when they degenerate, strain, and point at some primitive delights, and innocent priviledges which she was free to before her corruption. All secular glories dye with the body, goodnesse only is above the power of death. That faire part of
 20 life is kin to the Supreme good, and death cannot hurt it, yea it is secured by death, which kills envy, and frees the virtuous both from the malice of their Enemies, and the possibility of failing in themselves.

Therefore the best employment for man (if he will consider either his own benefit, or the approbation and liking of nature, which aimes also at immortality) is the work of *virtue*, yea far better then the work of *reason*. Many, while they study the reason of virtuous works, passe by virtue it self. By a fruitless study how to do good, they lose their time, and doe none at all. *Theorie* is nothing so beneficial as *Practice*. It is a true saying that *Jamblichus* cites out
 30 of *Pythagoras*, *Every good thing consists of substance and use, and not of meer knowledge*. To be good, is to doe good. The knowledge of a skilfull *Physitian* profits not the *sick*, unlesse he falls to practise, and gives him something towards his cure. Learned *Aphorisms* heal not the diseased, but bitter *Medicines*. That Soul which can reason subtilly, and discourse elegantly, is not saved, but the Soul which doth good works. Knowledge and Faith without actual Charity are both dead.

Neverthelesse there is amongst men a certain covetousnesse of Wisdome and Knowledge, as well as of Money. The acquisition
 40 pleaseth them, but they will not set it out to use. As Usurers hoard up their mony, laying it out neither in pious works, nor for their own necessities, but suffer it to lye under rust and darknesse

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So some Learned men neither practise those excellent rules of Living which they have learnt, nor will they impart them unto others They study stil more curiosities, being in the mean time incurious of their salvation I will say of them, as *Anacharsis* said of the *Athenians*, *They know no use of money but to count it* There is no man poorer then the rich miser, and none more unlearned then the unpractised Nature is contented with mediocrity The World hath many things in it which humane affairs have no need of Virtue also is perfected in few precepts Though we fill the world with our Writings, it is not our *Volumes* that can make us ¹⁰ good, but a *Will* to be so Book-men write out of no other design, but to reform and civilize Mankind They make several Assayes, numerous attempts, and then renew them The *Die* run not well alwaies, the last cast may carry more then all the former Therefore to stir up and incline the *Will* to goodnesse, many things are necessarie, but to be good there is nothing needfull but *willingnesse* We suffer our selves to be cheated by hope, we trust that when we have gathered so much knowledge as we covet, then we shall do all that we can desire O foolish and vain procrastination ! *Alchuvius* terms it a *Palsie*, I am sure it is a *madnesse* We stay ²⁰ like that foolish Beggar for a Mess from the Kings table, and in the mean time starve We care not to use this present life which is our own, but study the secrets of another, which as yet is not ours We would learn Mysteries, and some things that are either out of our way, or else beyond it Christians should neither wander, nor sit down, but goe on, *What is that to thee? follow thou me* Content is a private sphere, but wants nothing, and is ever calme They that study the world are (of the two) the worst Speculators Popular, politick persons live alwayes by events Their ambition and frienesse makes their lives uneven, and ³⁰ uncertaine innocent, and undisturbed *habits* are the companions of Humility Giant-spirits, though they may flash sometimes with faire *thoughts*, have alwaies dark and stormy *affections* Men, or the most part of men, are like *Swans*, whose *feet* though ever in a living *Bath*, are alwaies *black*, but their *wings* and *doune*, which keep above those streames, are pure *white* That part of our lives which is ever *padding* with the *current* of Time, is foul and defiled, but that which soares above it, is fair and holy Worldly businesse is the Soules Idlenesse

Man, ordained to be *King* of the Worlds Republick, had been ⁴⁰ a meer Cypher, if without *Soul-employment* He had been created to no *end* without this *Aime* If he for whom all things

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were made, will not endeavour to secure himself being made, he was made in vain An ornament to the World he cannot be He was not made with any great gait, & his decaies are both numerous and hastie If to be seen only, were the duty of created things, the *Stars* should have been onely fixt, and not moving Stop (if thou canst) the course of the *Sun*, his restlesse and vast circumvolution As motion makes him bright and lively (for hee rejoyceth to run his race) so standing still, and slothfulness would make him sad and sullied, the beauty of the
 10 *Firmament* would be darken'd, the freshnesse of the *earth* would fade, and the whole *family* of *Nature* missing those cherishing beames, would pine and decay *Rivers* would fall asleep, *Minerals* would prove abortive, and the mourning world would wast away under darknesse and sterility But the *Sunne* though he should not move, would not be uselesse, his very sight is beneficial Hee is the created light of the visible world, a *marvellous vessel*, and an ornament in the *high places of the Lord* But man for whom all these things were made, without he be active and serviceable to his own Soule, is good for nothing There is
 20 nothing more pleasant, nothing more peacefull, nothing more needfull then an industrious, *Wise man*, and nothing more impertinent, and uselesse then the sluggard The *rest* of the mind is the *motion* of *Virtue*, and the *idleness* of the idle is the *disturbance* of his Spirit He that doth nothing, is of lesse use, and by much worse then nothing it selfe Wouldst thou be reduced into that unnaturall *Vacuity* of *not being*, which is without form and void? Cease to do good, and it is done The fruitlesse tree must be cut down Doest thou ask why? That it may not be, yea, that it may be nothing, and not cumber the ground
 30 *Annihilation* is more profitable then a fruitlesse being In this *Family* of *Nature*, every one hath his *task* None may be idle The best and the Noblest are the most laborious Consider *Heaven*, the first Exemplar of agility, the brightest and the most active *Elements* are the next to it, and above them move the *Stars* *Fire* is the *Suburb* of *Heaven* The *Earth* which is cold and dull, like an *Iland* lies most remote, and cut off (as it were) from the *neighbourhood* of *light* Nothing hath commerce with *Heaven*, but what is pure he that would be *pure*, must needs be *active* Sin never prevailes against us, but in the absence of *Virtue*, and
 40 *Virtue* is never absent, but when wee are idle To preserve the peace of Conscience, wee must not feare sufferings, if the hand of man wound us, God himselfe will cure us But if wee wound

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our selves by resisting him, the hands of all his creatures will be against us, because *ours* was against *his*

Having now taught you how to master *Adventitious, Personal Evils*, and to prevent the *Evils of Conscience*, It orderly followes, that I should teach you how to subdue and triumph over *Publick Evils*, or *National Calamities* The sufferings of just persons wound the heart of a wise man, when his own cannot grate upon it Fortune, that could neither hurt him by force, nor by fraud, drawes blood from him through the sides of others The righteous liver is troubled more with the losses of his neighbours, then 10 with his own Hee whose patience could not be overcome by *passion*, lies open and naked to the assaults of *compassion* The life of the wise man is the most pretious and profitable, he lives not only for himself, but for others, and for his Country The safety of the imprudent is his care, as well as his own Hee is not onely their compatriot, but their patriot and defender Excellent is that rapture of *Menander*,

——— True life in this is shown,
To live for all mens good, not for our own

He onely truly lives, that lives not meerly for his own ends To 20 live is not a *private*, but a *publick* good The Treasure of good living is diffusive The *Civil Guardian* lookes to the goods of his *Wards* but the wise man is the naturall *Tutor* of the people, and lookes to the publick good, and to the *aged* as well as those that are in their *Minority* It will therefore be worthy our paines, to consider and enquire how such men should carry themselves in popular and grand mutations, Whither they should change their *Nature*, or their *Maners*, or retain them both, when both fortune, knaves and fooles are most changing In National alterations, a wise man may change his outward carriage, but 30 not his inward His mind must be dry and unmoved, when his Eyes flow with teares Hee must bestow a compassionate, Fatherly look upon the afflicted, and those that are soe weak, as to believe that temporal sufferings can make them miserable But neither his tears, nor those that he bewailes, must work so far upon him, as to break his inward peace by admitting of *fear*, or *hope*, or the *desire* of *revenge*, and though hee himself stands in a secure station, from whence he can both distresse & defeat Fortune, yet must he helpe also to redeem others, he must take the field with his Forces, and set upon her with open valour, 40 doing good (as *Thetys* saith) to all men, and abolishing every where

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the power of Fortune If hee finds that the breasts of others are too narrow to entertaine Royall Reason, hee must labour by Stratagems, by Manuductions, and inducing circumstances to incourage and strengthen them, Hee must not leave them, untill he hath secured them *Antisthenes* said, *that a good man was a troublesome burthen* Who but insipid wretches, that have no feeling of their misery, will assent to this position? A good liver is troublesome to none, but to the bad, and he is by so much the more pretious and desirable That wound which makes the patient
 10 senselesse, is more dangerous then that which smartes and grieves him But if their misery when it is made apparent to them by the good man is thereby diminished, and they acknowledge themselves to have been made so by their own vain opinion, it is just that they confesse Virtue to be healing, and that by her meanes they found helpe from a strangers hand, when their own were infirm and helplesse O Virtue, the great *lenitive* of man kind! Yea of those who are thine Enemies! Thy hand heals him, that would hurt thee,

20 *As Egypts drought by Nilus is redrest,
 So thy wise tongue doth comfort the opprest*

Yea, the Evill by whose association thy purity was never defiled, thou dost helpe by the good In every virtuous man I hold that saying to be true, which *Venantius* spoke of the great Captain *Bonegissus* *His hand restores, his Counsel secures whom Fortune rejects or casts out of her armes, he taketh up and guards them in his* And hence I am induced to differ in my opinion from *Philo*, about that saying of the *Jews* Law giver, *that a wise man hath heavy hands* What wonder is it if they be so, seeing the imprudent, the afflicted, and the disconsolate, who are grievous
 30 and heavy to themselves, do all depend and hang upon his armes, like Infants upon their mothers?

To help these hangers on, he must needs be bowed, and by speaking faire to their grievances, begin to redress them This is the property, or rather the prerogative of the constant and wise man, Hee can descend safely from the Sphere of his owne happinesse to mingle with, and to comfort the miserable Noe man by standing still can rescue one that is carryed away by a violent torrent, and ready to be drowned, nor if he also be overcome by the same stream, can he save the other It is one thing to be
 40 thrown down, and another to be bowed down He that would not be thrown down, must look to the liberty of his *Will*, and not

submit it to Fortune But to restore, or raise up others, it is necessary that he must bow No man can take up a Child that is fallen, but by bending himself To cure the ill-affected, we must in some things incline to their affections Comfort is a *potion* of that nature, that heals not the sick, without an appearance of the same *indisposition* in the very *Physitian* The *patient* will otherwise suspect that for *poysen*, which is meant for his *health* Hee that is ill-affected, wil be unwilling to believe that another which is not so, can have any skill to cure him And he that labours with the same disease, can neither cure others, nor 10 himself Therefore he that would minister comfort unto the distressed, must of necessity have his *will* above the Tyanny of Fortune, he must have a mind that is invulnerable, and yet seem to be very tender and sensible of her lightest strokes It is one thing to be subject to these affections, and another to rule them To be had of them, and to have them He that would loose others, must not be bound himself When *Musomanus* observed a Troop of horse, that was under his command, to *halt*, and make a stand, expecting some *Omen* from a bird that had suddenly pitched before them, he bent his bow, and riding up to 20 the front of the Troop, shot at the bird, and killed him Then laughing at their folly, he told them, that *there was but litle advice or help to be expected from such irrational creatures, that were not onely ignorant of the destiny of others, but could not foresee their own ill luck* Wee must look first to our own safety, afterwards to others The hand of the helper should make the first *assay* upon himself He that experimentally knowes, he can *swim*, is fit to save another that is in danger to be *drowned*

But when I speak of tendernesse, and a seeming compliance with the weaknesse of others, I mean not dissimulation I allow 30 a community of tears, but not of the *cause* of tears Let the miserable bewail their misery, and let the wise man mourne with those that mourne, because they mourne amisse, not because they suffer Let him not mourne for the power of Fortune, but for the weaknesse of man When a friend of *Solon* found him weeping, hee told him, *That tears were not the potion against Fortune, and would therefore profit nothing, I know it well* (said *Solon*) *and that is it which I Lament* He bewailed the tears of others, not the cause of their tears That is it which a wise man (the enemy and the avenger upon Fortune,) may justly bewail, 40

28 fit to] fi to 1654 drowned] drowned 1654 The t has slipped out of place in the original from fit in line above

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to see men weep, when weeping availes not He is troubled, not because they suffer, but because they will not be comforted, yea, because they will not be men He thinkes not that it is *Evill* to suffer worldly afflictions, Nay, hee knowes it is good, but he knowes withall that worldly sorrowes slay the Soul This is the consideration that calls forth his tears Hee wisely distinguisheth, that man is not made miserable by any *outward accidents*, but by his own *opinion* For no man is made unhappy, because he *exists*, or *is*, but because he thinks himselfe to be so The wise man
 10 bewailes a greater *Evil* then the *Evil* of misfortune, and that is the *inability* of some men to beare *Evil* Hee mourns not because they are *Patients*, but for their *impatience* The true or reall *Evil* which he knowes to be in them, is their ignorance of false or reputed *Evills* That which causeth him to weep, is their causelesse weeping He that disguiseth his constancie thus, dissembles not I make not a wise man to be impassible, but enduring and compassionate, yea the *Patient* of compassions Though I exempt him from the *crowd* and *populace*, I place him not above *Humanity* Though he is no *peere* of the *Multi-*
 20 *tude*, yet he *descends* to pittie them But we doe not therefore disturb his peace and serenity, because he is mercifull and condoling, but because it is his expectation, his desire He is not stormy, nor treacherous, nor base, but courteous, liberal and happy, he is in all estates master of himself, he is kept fresh and pleasant by the secret Joyes and vivifications of an unoffended Conscience It was well said by the *School-Divine*, *That the tears of the righteous were the smiles of their Soules*

Gregory Nazianzen commended his Brother *Cesarius* for his honest dissimulation with the dissembling Court He was in
 30 wardly an *Anachorite*, and outwardly a *Courtier* In publick and splendid affaires (which are more seducing and inconstant then private,) this policie is necessary Wee should alwaies have a snare ready for them, that we may escape theirs In the downright blowes of Fortune, that is, in our own domestick losses, We should be sincere and naked, we should put on nothing but our native complexion, and a serene mind In this Case, wee should be so undaunted, as to looke upon Fortune, and overcome her without any weapons, we should set naked upon her, not onely without defensive armes, but without cloaths. In the
 40 dangers of others, we must deal otherwise, wee must use all means to secure them Wee must deal with Fortune as she deals

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with us, by disguises and stratagems All her *wares* are but *gilded clouds*, a *Superficial wash*, they are not that which they seem to be, to be true to our selves, wee must be false to these, wee must not trust them Shee cannot require more from us, or better, then what shee gives Her *Good*, and her *Evill* are both counterfeit, and he that dissembles with them, offends not The riches of this world are not sound within Wee may not for their sakes corrupt our Soules, and be made like unto them Let the peace of Conscience shine within, upon a white and undefiled Throne, though wee look mournfull and ragged without No 10
Man deals better, or more justly with this World, then he that lends her his *face*, but keeps his *heart* This is the Nature of the World, to give us a fair *look*, and an empty hand Consider thy selfe How often hast thou been that Creature, which thou didst not seem to be? All the accoutrements of Fortune, all her pomp, and the transitory course thereof, when laid out with the best advantage, seemes to me but a *Stage-play* Her most glorious favourites passe by like *Whiffers*, which carry Torches in their hands onely to shew the deformity of their vizards They hasten away, and like 20

To speedy posts, bear hence the Lamp of life

All the glory of this World, hath darknesse, and treachery in it It passeth gloomily by us, like high-way-men that traverse the road with veiled faces hee that will be even with this Counterfeit, must clap on a vizard too, and by an honest dissimulation, preserve himself

In the funeralls of our friends, our kindred and benefactors, wee may moderately mourne, but we must not lose our Patience, nor that Christian peace, which is the golden fruit of faith and hope The great mercy of God hath so provided, that *Evill* 30 when it sets upon us, is but an apparition, there comes good presently after it To live well, we have in our selves more then enough we need not any extraneous help, our very desiring of it, makes us miserable So excellently best is our condition, that the blessed life is ours *gratis*, but misery we must hunt after The happy life needes neither riches nor wishes, Misery cannot be had without *desiring*, and it is never given without Covetousnesse, which is the price paid for it Wee suffice of our selves for a happy life, why not for meere life, which is something lesse? shall we think our selves poor, because we abound with 40

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the means of happinesse? As long as the batteries of Fortune cannot shake the *mind*, nor make the *wil* to fly into shivers, the *heart* is whole, and our *peace* is secure Her musters and preparations seem formidable but to children only Take off the helmet, or vizard of *Evil*, and underneath it, y^{ou} will find *good* Hast thou lost a friend that took care for thee like a mother, and furnished the like a Father? that very losse is an occasion of greater gain, though at first it appears not Parents sometimes to sport with their Children disguise themselves The Child at the
 10 first sight is dejected, but having taken off the Masque, he findes his Mother He laughs, kisseth and embraceth her, and if shee comes again in that dresse, he fears her not Who would not be astonished at that furious Army of Evils, which fought against holy *Job*? It was a sad sight to see a Father, after the losse of his Children, and substance, to lye languishing under the Tyranny of a devouring Ulcer And where? upon a dunghill, the very sink of uncleannesse and corruption But this frighted him not Hee was so farre from thinking it an *Evil*, that he played with the worms, and made that, which his friends esteemed for vengeance
 20 and misery, to be his meditation and mirth. Hee was sure that he was innocent, and retaining his integrity, he could not misse of joy He saw through that *Crust* and *Scab*, the sure mercies of God His beautifull and healing *hand*, shined through that lothsome *Veyle* He desired not the comforts of his kined, nor his friends he said to *corruption*, *thou art my Father*, and to the *worms*, *you are my Sisters* This was onely a *shel*, or seeming *Evil*, but the *kernel*, or substance that lay within it, was solid and reall *good*. As Children deal with *nuts*, so good and wise men deal with *Calamities*, they break the *shell*, and eate the
 30 *kernel* both the *Good* and *Evill* of this World have their *focus*, and outside Hee that knowes that, and knowes how to take it off, is a knowing man, and knowes how to use them

This lesson Saint *Paul* taught the Citizens of *Corinth* Let them that weep (saith he) be as though they wept not and they that rejoyce, as though they rejoyced not And they that buy, as though they possessed not He allowes onely an illusive and seeming commerce with the World Hear his *reason*, and you will acknowledge his *Justice* The *fashion of this World* (saith he) *passeth away*, or is transient and deceiving That which men call *fruition* in this
 40 World, is but *face-acquaintance* All temporall possession is but a *looking on*, the things themselves passe away They are still in a Cryptical, unperceived motion, when we suppose them to be

fast lockt, and fettered in our armes They creep from us like a *must* or *smoke*, which in confused and silent *Evolutions* steales out at the top of the chimney, after it hath fouled it within

*All worldly things, even while they grow, decay,
As smoke doth, by ascending, wast away*

Saith *Dionysius Lyrinensis* The Apostle would have us to put on the same disposition, and to be even with this great deceiver by a like deception Let us give it but a glimpse, and halfe a face, as it gives us but a transient and flattering salute Let us weep and not weepe, rejoyce and not rejoyce, use it and not use it This wee can never *Act* handsomly without personating, or rather mocking this Arch cheat When our Eyes flow with tears, we must keep our Consciences smiling and pleasant Wee must have *Heraclitus* his face, and *Democritus* his heart The forehead is the *Index* of the mind, but the Soul of the just must *shine*, when his face is most *clouded* Wee must not give our strength unto the World, that is to say, we must not seriously affect it In all our negotiations with it, we must stand at a distance, and keepe our affection for him, who must be loved with all the heart, with all the strength, and with all the Soul Saint *Paul* (when he made use of this expression,) had respect, I believe, unto the *rites* of the *Roman Theater*, the *Comick* and *Tragick Lawes* of their *Poets*, which together with their Government, were dispersed into all civill climates He applied to the various representations, suddain changes and successive shewes of the *Stage*, where *Truth* moved in *disguise*, and the serious travels of the Sons of Men, were by *Masquers* and personating *Counterfeits* solidly Acted Where the short flourish of humane affaires did wither by degrees, and ended in a sad *Catastrophe*, while the *Poets plot* upbrayded the vanity of *States mens* policie The *World* is a meer *Stage*, the *Master* of the *Revels* is *God*, the *Actors* are *Men*, the *Ornaments* and flourishes of the *Scenes* are honour, power and pomp, the transitory and painted *Streams* of Mortality, which passe along with the *current* of time, and like *flowers*, do but onely appeare, when they stay longest Hee that enjoyes them most, doth but *smell* to them, and the shortest fruition permits as much

What else was the Majesty of the *Assyrian* Empire, but a transitory, vanishing apparition, a slight *Flash* of transient glory? It shot by like a falling star, and was presently succeeded by the *Medes* and *Persians* after them came the *Macedon*, and last of all

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the *Roman* The Kingdomes of mortall men are not Immortal they are no better then their Rulers Where is *Ninus* now, where is *Semiramis*, *Cyrus*, *Darius*, *Alexander*, *Antipater*, *Ptolomie*, *Julius Caesar*, *Octavian*, and *Tiberius*? Where now are these Patriarchs of ambition, these weak roots of the *Assyrian*, *Median*, *Persian*, *Macedonian*, *Asian*, *Egyptian*, and *Roman* greatnesse? What is become of these *Primats* of pride, these eldest Sons of Fortune, these prosperous disturbers of mankind's peace, before whom the world became dumb, like a *Sparrow* before a *Kite*? what a deep
 10 Silence! What a thick darkness is now drawn over them! Nothing remaines of them but their names, and the bare *Skeleton* of glory Their onely *Wast*, is, that they have been Our onely *Knowledge*, is, that they are vanished Nay, it is most certain, that we
 * *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi, sea omnes Illachry mabiles urgentur, ignotique longa nocte, carent quia vate sacro* ^a know not all their names, those we are acquainted with, are not many so ruinous a thing is humane glory, though held by mortal men to be immortal They are deceived It leaves neither *Reliques*, as their *bodies* do, nor *Inscriptions*, like their *Sepulchers* The glory of men
 20 is more mortal then their Carkasses Their bones remain after their Funerals, after the fire, & the Executioner, And their teeth may be seen, when they can neither snarle, nor bite But their fame is edible, it is devoured by time without *Fire*, yea, without *Aire*, for by not reaching posterity, it becomes dumb, and misseth their tongues, by whose speaking it lives All the felicity of men is a dream, it comes on they know not how, and when it vanisheth, they cannot so much as discern its Back-parts If these recorded *Empires*, these famous *Yocks* and *Burthens* of the World came so suddenly to nothing, what will be the lot of
 30 these *petty fetters*, these *leaden manacles* that we are bound with? If those massie and mighty *weights* were so clearly blown off, what will become of these *loose Packs*, which have nothing to balasse them, but feathers, but chaffe and motes? Those universall *Monarches* founded upon the principall *Cities* of the World, whose *Colony* was the whole Earth Those *Cities* whose *bulwarks* did threaten the Clouds, whose *Armies* and *Fleets* made the *Earth* to tremble, and the *Seas* to grone whose *Lawes* (like *Oracles*) were held sacred and unalterable, found no security against the *Arm* of God, which tears the *Crowne* from the *Head*
 40 and the *Scepter* from the *right hand* of the *Lawgiver* He considers in his dwelling place, like a clear heat upon herbs he appoints the things that are to come He sifteth the Nations with the *Sieve*

of Vanity He blowes upon them, and they wither, and shall not be planted And why think you then that these dry and fading leaves shall flourish for ever? All temporall triumphs have their date they passe away in a sure and uninterrupted course, and when they begin to decay and unloade themselves, then they are swiftest All the pomp of this World, is but gilded emptinesse, a nine daies blossome, whose beauty drops into the same Mould from whence it sprung It is the Consciousnesse of their delusion, that makes these worldly honours fly from us so fast, lest if they should stay long, wee should discover their Cosenage, the discoverer then would be ashamed of his dotage, and the discovered would blush at his deceit

Therefore Saint Paul, in these versible and transitory fashions of the World, would have us to personate Stage-players, who when they weep, grieve not, when they buy, they possesse not, when they command, they are without authority Seeing the World is but a play, and a fable, hee would not have us to act in earnest Players Act the lives of others, not their owne I wish that we could do so too Excellent is that advice of the divine,

To live a stranger unto life

20

Why should I be troubled with the affaires of others, more then with their Agues or Feavers? he that lives without the Affections of this life, is master of himself, and looks upon all things, as Spectators do upon Stage-playes, who are without passion, because without Interest The Actrs care not how the Scenes varie they know, that when the Play is ended, the Conquerour must put off his Crown in the same Ward-robe where the Fool puts off his Cap Take this wholesome Counsel of resting quiet in the degree appointed thee, not from the mouth of Musonius, Teletes, or Epictetus, who adviseth thee to be a Pantomme, or shifting Masquer in these worldly Enterludes, but from the mouth of Saint Paul, that great Doctour of the Universe

Let every man wherein he is called, therein abide with God

That Supreme, Eternall mind is the master and deviser of this worldly Drama Hee brings on the persons, and assigns them their parts Art thou called to be a servant? be not troubled at it Hath he ordained thy life to be short? desire not to have it lengthned If poor, desire not to be made rich What part soever he hath appointed for thee, be contented therewith, and Act it faithfully It is thy duty to represent the person thou wert chosen for, and not to choose, that is the prerogative of thy

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great master If it be his will, that thou shouldst *Act* a begger, a sick man, or an afflicted, let it be thy care to *act* it well, and to meddle with no other action The *stageplayer* is not commended, because he *acts* the *part* of a *Prince*, but because hee *acts* it well, and like a *Prince* It is more commendable to *act* a foole, a begger, or a mourner to the life, then to *act* a King, or a Philosopher foolishly In the beginning, the midle, and the end of thy Course, keep thou to thy *part* The best way of *acting* is to make thy *heart* consentaneous to thy *tongue*, thy *deeds* to thy
10 *words*, and thy *conversation* to thy *doctrine* In all the tumults and combustions of this World, keepe constant to thy *station*, comfort the *afflicted*, and envy not the *wicked*, despise not the *one*, and flatter not the *other* remember thy *Creator*, and forget not thy end

Gloria tibi mitissime Jesu !

OF LIFE and DEATH.

The People think Life to be the greatest *good*, and Death the greatest *evill*. They are mightily deceived. And as in the least blessings, so in this, which is the greatest, they greatly erre. For Life, if thou livest not well, is the greatest evill, and Death, if thou dyest not ill, is the greatest good, and dye ill thou canst not, unlesse thou livest ill. A life that is not good increaseth evils and wickednesse, and the death of the good sets an end to afflictions and miseries. Those that are sick of the *Jaundis*, judge the sweetest honey to be the most bitter. So evil men esteem Death to be evill, because of their evill conscience, but Death is not so to any, but to those onely, whose evill lives end in the evill of endlesse death. This controversie I shall decide with such reasons as must not be numbred, but weighed. If wee look upon *Philosophy*, it takes part with Death, and is the first that marcheth into the field against this popular error. It teacheth us that this hideous nothing, this imaginary fear of the multitude should be alwayes contemned, and sometimes desired. How many wise men hath this contempt of Death made Immortall? For those, who by a continual remembrance of death, did compose and regulate their lives, are now by the memory of their virtuous lives vindicated from death. *Socrates* perfected his wisdom by his willingness to dye, *Pythagoras* by his gentlenesse, *Anaxagoras* dyed merrily, **Calanus* resolutely, hee would not stay to be tamely besieged by her, but sallyed out, and took her. he surprized death and all of them despised her. No definitions we can give will suffice to make Death odious, every one will make it desirable. Whither you consider what Death is, or what are the effects, or consequents of it, whether the *evil* or the *good* attending it, or whether Death it self be a meer *evill*, or meer *good*, all make for it. For though it should be an *evill*, yet the good that comes by it exceeds that *evill*, and being evill, it cannot be so great an *evill* as all those *evils* it puts an end to.

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** One of the Indian Gymnosophists, who feeling himself a little sick made a great Bonfire, and in the presence of Alexander burnt himselfe therein. Alexander a little before asked him, What he would have? hee answered, I shall see thee shortly. Which fel out, for he dyed at Babylon few days after.*

What one thing hath Life that is desirable? Contentions, and obstinate, busie miseries, whose frequency and number hath made them lesse feared then Death, which comes but once Whose assiduity, or daily malice to afflict us, hath by a long custome made us not valiant, but senslesse and blockish *Orpheus* defined Life to be *the penalty of Soules*, and *Aristotle* added, *That it was a punishment like to that, which tied the living to the dead, mouth to mouth, and breast to breast* The pure and eternal Soul is tyed to the putrid and wasting carkasse. If God should
 10 now suddenly create a man, giving him withall in that very instant the perfect and free use of his mind, and should then bring before him all Mankind (as he did all living creatures before the first man) and shew him in this mixt multitude some weeping and sighing, some without eyes to weep, some without hands, others without legs, some sick and languishing, others eaten up with horrid, impure ulcers, some beging, others quarrelling, some plotting treason, and washing their hands in innocent blood, some old and decrepit, quivering, trembling, and leaning upon
 20 staves, some distracted, and bound up in chains, others plundered, tortured, murdered, and martyred, their murderers in the mean time pretending Religion, Piety, and the Glory of God And after all this outward *Scene*, should so enlighten his eyes, that he might discover another inward one, I meane their secret thoughts, and close devices, their tyranny, covetousnesse, & sacriledge varnished outwardly with godly pretences, dissembled purity, and the stale shift of liberty of Conscience Is there any doubt to be made, think you, but after such impious, and astonishing spectacles, he would quickly repent of his existence or being, and earnestly desire to be dissolved again, that he might
 30 rest in peace, and not be cast into this hospital, and valley of villanies which we call the World It is for this cause, that wise Nature is so slow and niggardly in her dispensations of reason and maturity unto man, lest a sudden perfection should make us loath her, and lest the necessary evils of life understood in grosse, and upon our first entrance into life should discourage us from undergoing those miseries which by degrees, and successive conflicts we more willingly struggle with *Abner* the *Eastern King*, so soon as his son was born, gave order for his confinement to a stately and spacious Castle, where he should be delicately
 40 brought up, & carefully kept from having any knowledg of humane calamities, he gave speciaall command that no distressed person should be admitted into his presence, nothing sad, nothing

lamentable, nothing unfortunate, no poor man, no old man, none weeping nor disconsolate was to come near his Palace Youthfulness, pleasures, and joy were alwaies in his presence, nothing else was to be seen, nothing else was discoursed of in his company A most ridiculous attempt to keep out sorrow with bars and walls, and to shut the gates against sadness, when life is an open door by which it enters His very delights convey'd displeasure to him, and grief by a distast of long pleasure found way to invade him So constant is pleasure in inconstancy, that continual mirth turns it into sadness Certainly though *Abner* by this device might keep 10 all sorrows from the presence of his son, hee could not keep them from his sense Hee could keep out, and restrain external evils, but could not restraints his inherent affections His son longed, this made him sad in the very midst of his joyes And what thinkst thou did he long for? Truly, not to be so cumberd with delights The grief of pleasures made him request his father to loose the bonds of his miserable felicity This suit of the Son crost the intentions of the Father, who was forced to give over his device to keep him from sadness, lest by continuing it, he should make him sad He gave him his liberty, but charged his 20 attendants, to remove out of his way all objects of sorrow The blind, the maimed, the deformed, and the old must not come near him But what diligence is sufficient to conceal the miseries of Mortality? they are so numerous, that they may as soon be taken out of the world, as hidden from those that are in the world Royal power prevailed lesse here then humane infirmity, for this last took place in spite of the first The *Prince* in his Recreations meets with an old man, blind, and leprous, the sight astonisheth him, he startles, trembles, and faints, like those that swoond at the apparition of a Spirit, enquires of his 30 followers what that thing might be? And being inwardly perswaded that it was some fruit of humane life, he became presently wise, disliked pleasures, condemned mirth, and despised life And that his life might have the least share here, where Fortune hath the greatest, he rejected the hopes and blandishments of life, yea that which is to many the price of two lives, his Kingdom, and royal Dignity He laboured with all diligence to live so in the world as if he had been dead, that by avoyding sin, the cause of sorrow, he might be, though not safe, at least secure If this single accident made him so much offended with life, what (think 40 you) would he have done, had his liberty been universal, and unbounded? What if he had seen the inside of those stately

Tombes wee build for the worms to eat us in, where they feed upon such fat oppressors as have been fed here with the tears and pillage of the oppressed? What if he had narrowly searched every corner of the world, and seen those necessary uncleannesses in which the birth of man is celebrated, in which this miserie is inaugurated, by the paines of the Mother, and the cries of the Infant? What if he had entred into their bedchambers and bosomes, where some sit weeping, others wishing, some surfeited and sick with fruition? where some mourn for their wives, others
 10 for their children, some pine and starve with want, others are full and vomit, some are troubled with lack of necessaries, and others are as much vexed with abundance and superfluity? What if after all this search, and wide disquisition he could not have found one house without some misfortune, and none without tears? What if he had been admitted into the breasts of all those, whom either domestick, hidden griefs, lingring diseases, worldly cares, or an insatiable covetousness is ever tormenting? Perhaps the sight of so many evils had driven him to a refusall of life, in which we doe so dye with miseries, and by which miseries doe so live in us, at
 20 least he had earnestly wished and groaned for some means of redemption from so miserable a bondage. If any had brought him the joyful news of liberty, and affirmed that some were already made free, he had certainly envyed them very much, and would have been impatient to know the means. But when it had been told him that the device and release was death, I do not onely think, but I verily beleeeve that he had both approved of it, and would have sought for it more then for hidden treasure. He had judged it not onely desirable and convenient, but necessary, and the greatest felicity, and favour that the living could expect
 30 If some solitary travellour, shut up in a wilderness, and surrounded with wild beasts, should on the one side see a *Tiger* making towards him, on the other a *Lyon*, and from some third place a scalie, winding *Serpent*, or a *Basilisk*, which kills with his very looks,

*Whose hussings fright all Natures monstrous Ills,
 His eye darts death, more swift then poison kills
 All Monsters by instinct to him give place,
 They fly for life, for death lives in his face,
 And hee alone by Natures hid commands
 40 Reigns Paramont, and Prince of all the sands*

If these, with a thousand more, as *Bears*, *Leopards*, *Wolves*,

Dragons, Adders, and Vipers were gathered together about him, and ready to seize upon him, what would not he give to be freed from the violence and rage of such destroyers? What greater felicity could he desire, then to be redeemed from such an horrid and fatal distresse? And is it a lesser blessing to be delivered from greater evils? We are surrounded with calamities, torn by inordinate wishes, hated by the world, persecuted, prest, and trodden upon by our enemies, disquieted with threatnings, which also torture and dishearten some, for in pusillanimous dispositions fear makes words to be actions, and threats to be torments. Death is a divine remedy which cures all these evils. Death alone is the cause that temporal miseries are not eternal. And I know not how that came to be feared, which brings with it as many helps, as the world brings damages. Danger it self is a sufficient motive to make us in love with security. Death only secures us from troubles. Death heals, and glorifies all those wounds which are received in a good cause. When *Socrates* had drank off his *potion of hemlock*, he commanded that sacrifices should be offered to *Æsculapius*, as the *Genius of Medicine*. He knew that Death would cure him. It was the *Antidote* against that poysonous *Recipe* of the *Athenian* *Parliament*. Tyranny travels not beyond Death, which is the Sanctuary of the good, and the *Lentive* of all their sorrows.

Most ridiculous were the tears of *Xerxes*, and worthily checkt by his Captain *Artabazus*, when seated on the top of an hill, and viewing his great Army (wherein were so many hands as would have served to overturn the world, to leuell mountains, and drain the seas, yea to violate Nature, and disturb Heaven with their noyse, and the smoak of their Camp) he fell to a childish whining, to consider in what a short portion of time all that haughty multitude, which now trampled upon the face of the earth, would be layd quietly under it. He wept to think, that all those men (whose lives notwithstanding hee hastned to sacrifice to his mad ambition) should dye within the compasse of an hundred yeares. The secular death, or common way of mortality, seemed very swift unto him, but the way of war & slaughter he minded not. It had been more rational in him to weep, because death was so slow and lazie, as to suffer so many impious, inhumane souldiers to live an hundred years, and disturb the peace and civill societies of Mankind. If as hee saw his Army from that hill, he had also seen the calamities and mischief they did, with the tears and sorrows of those that suffered by them, he had dried his eyes, and

would not have mourned, though he had seen death seising upon all those salvages, and easing the world of so vast an affliction. He would not have feared that, which takes away the cause of fear. That is not evill, which removes such violent and enormous evils. If I might ask those that have made experiment of life and death, whither they would chuse (if it were granted them) either to live again, or to continue in their state of dissolution, I am sure none would chuse life but the wicked, & those that are unworthy of it, for no pious liver did ever repent of death, and
 10 none ever will. The Just desire not this life of the unjust, which (were it offered them,) they would fear it more, (now being at rest,) then ever they feared death, when they lived. The story runnes that *Stanislaus the Polonian*, a man of marvellous holinesse and constancy, had the opportunity to put this *question*, and the *respondent* told him, that *he had rather suffer the paines of dissolution twice over again, then live once*. He feared one life, but did not fear to dy thrice.

Having this Solution from the experienced, it is needless, and fruitlesse to question the living. If Soules were *Præexistent*, as
 20 one *Origen* dreamt, as *Cebes, Plato, Hermes*, and other *Philosophers*, the great Fathers of *Hereticks*, have affirmed, Wee might have reason to conclude, that they would obstinately refuse to be imprisoned in the wombs of women, and wallow in Seminal humours. What if it were told them, that they must dwell nine monthes in a thick darknesse, and more then nine years (perhaps all the years of their sojourning) in hallucinations, and the darknesse of ignorance? what if the paines, the exigencies, the hunger and thirst they must endure, before they can be acquainted with the miseries of life, were laid before them? The Infant while he
 30 is yet in the womb, is taught necessity. Quest for foode makes him violate that living Prison, and force his way into the World. And now comes he forth, (according to the Sentiment of *Hippocrates*,) to seek for Victualls, the provision which proceeded from his Mother, being grown too little for him. But he comes from one prison into another, and breaks through the *first* to enlarge his own, which he carries with him. But if the Soules thus incarcerated (like Prisoners through a grate) might behold the various plagues and diseases of those that are at liberty, as *Palsies, Passions* of the heart, *Convulsions, Stranguries*, the *Stone*, the *Gout*, the
 40 *Wolfe*, the *Phagedæna*, and an hundred other horrid incurable *Evils*, such as *Pherecides, Antiochus*, and *Herod* were tormented

with, or that fearful sicknesse of *Leuthare*, which was so raging and furious, that she did eat her own flesh, and drink her blood in the extremity of the pain Or if they might see those Evills, which man himselfe hath sought and found out for himself, as emulations, warres, bloodshed, confusion, and mutual destruction, Is there any doubt to be made, think you, but they would wish themselves freed from such a miserable estate, or that their intellectuall light were quite extinguished, that they might not behold such horrid and manifold calamities *Plato* imputed the *suspension* of Reason in Infants, and the *hallucinations* of Childhood to the 10
terror and astonishment of the *Soules*, which he supposed *them* to be possessed with, because of their sudden translation from the *Empyrean light*, into the darke and grosse prisons of flesh, and this inferiour World, as if such a strange and unexpected change (like a great and violent fall,) had quite doated them, and cast asleep their intellectuall faculties *Proclus* assisted this conjecture of *Plato*, with another argument drawne from the mutability, and the multitude of Worldly Events, which in the uncertaine state of this life, the *Soules* were made subject unto Adde to this, that the merriest portion of life, which is youth, is in both sexes be- 20
dewed with tears, and the flowers of it are sullied, and fade away with much weeping, and frequent sadnesse Children also want not their sorrowes The *Rod* blasteth all their innocent joyes, and the sight of the School-master turnes their mirth into mourning Nay that last *Act* of life, which is the most desirable to the Soul, I mean old Age, is the most miserable

*The plenteous Evills of frail life fill the old
Their wasted Limbs the loose skin in dry folds
Doth hang about, their joynts are numm'd and through
Their veines not blood, but rheumes and waters flow
Their trembling bodiess with a staffe they stay, 30
Nor doe they breath, but sadly sigh all day
Thoughts tire their hearts, to them their very mind
Is a disease, their Eyes no sleep can find*

Adde to these usuall infirmities, the confluence of adventitious maladies For all the former distempers and corruptions of life gather themselves together, and make head in old age, when the inward strength, and expulsive power of Nature is decayed, when wee are almost dead, then do they revive and rage most of all Rivers are no where more full, nor more foule then towards the 40
Channell-end But this generall decay I acknowledge to be a great benefit, because it drives away all voluptuous and unseemly

delights from the aged, that their Soules may be lively and in health, when the hour of dissolution comes And indeed it is necessary, that griefes and unpleasantnesse should lay hold upon age, because men (who are alwaies unwilling to think of dying,) may be thereby weaned from the delights of life, and learn to dye before the day of death Seeing then, that the temporal life is in all its portions so full of misery, it is not irrational to conclude, that Soules (if they were *præexistent*;) would be very unwilling to submit to this sad Bondage of flesh and blood Nor do I wonder
 10 that *Isis*, in his *sacred Book*, writes, that the Soules, when they were commanded to enter into the bodies, were astonished, and suffered a kind of *Deliquium*, or traunce, and that they did hisse and murmur, like to the suspirations of wind *Camephes* sets down their complaints *Τί ταῖς δυστήναις ἡμῶν ἀπρεπὲς οὕτως πέπρακται, &c* *Miserable wretches! in what have we so foully trespassed, what offense so heinous and worthy of so horrible a punishment have we committed, as to be shut up and imprisoned for it, in these moist and cold carcases? Our Eyes from henceforth shall not behold the Divine spirits, for wee shall onely peepe through two*
 20 *small Spheres made of grosse and corrupt humours* When we look towards Heaven, we shall have onely the liberty to grone for the presence of our Creatour, but see him we may not, for we shall see then by a Secondary light, which is the light of the lower World, and not be permitted to use our own discerning light, &c We shall hear our Kinred rejoycing in the air, and mourn that we are not partakers of their liberty, &c But thou great Father and maker of Spirits, who doest dispose of all thy works as it pleaseth thee, appoint we beseech thee some terme to our sad bondage, and let this punishment passe quickly
 30 over us, that we may be restored again to our celestiall liberty, to behold (without obstruction) the perfect beauty of all thy works, &c They comforted themselves with the thought of the bodies dissolution, and petitioned before their captivity, that their enlargement might be hastned when they were excluded from the heavenly life, there was no greater blessing then the death of the body, which sets an end to the earthly Hee that loves death, hates a transitory corrupt condition, and he that hates his own life here, shall keep it unto life eternall

I do verily believe, that to him that thoroughly considers it, no part of life can be desiræable It is altogether so full of sorrowes,
 40 It is a peece weaved of calamities and troubles, yea, life it selfe is its owne vexation As those that travell in rough, uneven and mountainous roades are alwaies gasping and weary, which makes

them sit down often, to recover their spent breath, and refresh themselves, that having reach'd the brow and crown of the hill, they may walk onwards with more delight, and be at leisure to feed their Eyes with the beauteous prospect, and freshnesse of those green & flowry plaines which lye extended before them So this troublesome and tumultuous life hath need of death, for its ease and repast, as a state in which it doth repaire and strengthen it selfe against the fair Journey and progresse of eternity Frail and weary life cannot last, and hold out untill the *Induction* of immortality, So long a journey cannot be performed without 10 subsiding, A resting place must be had Death is the *Inne* where we take up, that we may with more chearfullnesse set forwards, and be enabled to overtake, and to keep company with eternity Nay, so fraile is life, that it cannot expect, or stay for the day of death without some preveining recreations It travells by Stages, and Periodical Courses, where it breathes, and gathers strength against the next motion As tyred travellours make frequent Pauses in the very Roade, and cannot stay for the refreshment of lodging, So life, by reason of the importunity, and the multitude of humane troubles, cannot endure or hold out till it reacheth the *Inne*, which 20 is death, but is driven to rest in the shade upon the way-side, for sleep (the shadow of death) is nothing else but a reparation of weary and fainting life So much more excellent then life is death, that life is driven to be sustained by so many deaths, that is to say, the mortal life is necessarily preserved by sleep, which is the usher & *Masquerade* of death Reedes, because they are very weak and brittle, are strengthned with distinct knots or joynts, which makes their length firme, and keeps them from cleaving So life, if it were not refreshed and mantained still by successive, set alleviations of certain prolusions of death, would fall asunder and vanish 30 upon its first appearance

Hitherto we have discoursed of life, let us now consider death, and compare it with life If death in its shadow and projection be the recreation of life, how delightfull will it be at home, or in it self! Wearinesse is a preparative which makes rest pleasant That *Recipe* which succedes bitterness, must needs be sweet *Charidemus* used to say, *That through all temporal things there was a chaine drawne, whereof one link was pain, and the other pleasure That these succeeded one another, and so (said he) after great sorrowes there come greater joyes* What greater sorrowes can there be, then 40 the sorrowes of life? There is therefore no greater pleasure then the pleasure of death, which succeds those great sorrowes *Phalaris*

said, *That men held life to be pleasant, because they suspected death to be grievous and irksome* He speaks after the sense of the people, and abuseth life, not esteeming it to be good, but because he thinks death to be Evill I shall crosse his saying, and inferre that death should be esteemed pleasant, because wee are sure that life is painfull But there is an appearance of something like error, because we see many here, that passe through their whole lives without any troubles or discontents That felicity is rare and adulterate, and happens most commonly to
 10 those that desire it not look not upon those few which escape in this storme, but upon those which are drowned these last are innumerable, though it is thought otherwise, because they are sunk into the bottom, and cannot be seen

Admit not, I beseech thee, for a testimony against Death, those ejulations and tears which darken Funerals, and make foul weather in the fairest faces Opinion makes the people compassionate, and they bewail not the party that is dead, but their owne frailty Call not for evidence to the teares of strangers, because thou knowest not whence they flow, but call for it to thine own,
 20 for none of us is happy or miserable but in his own sense which makes us any thing What reason hast thou to think life better then death, because others mourne when thou dyest, who when thou wert born, didst weep thy selfe? It is madnesse to judge our selves miserable, because others think so The solemnities of death are contrary to the ceremonies of life At the birth of man others laugh, but he himself weeps At his death others weep, but surely hee rejoyceth, unlesse his ill life hath made his death deadly Nor must thou think that his joy is either little or none at al, because it is not manifested unto thee Thou mayst lye
 30 watching by the side of one that dreams of Heaven, & is conversing with Angels, but unlesse hee tells it thee when he is awaked, thou canst discover no such thing while he sleepes The Infant that is born weeping, learns to laugh in his sleep, as *Odo* and *Augustine* have both observed So, he that bewailed his birth with tears, welcomes the shadow of his death with smiles He presaged miseries to follow his nativity, and beatitude his dissolution Weeping is natural, tears know their way without a guide Mirth is rude, and comes on slowly, and very late, nor comes it then without a supporter and a leader It must be taught, and acquired
 40 Weeping comes with the Infant into the world, Laughing is afterwards taught him, the Nurse must both teach, and invite

him to it When he sleeps, then he sips and tasteth joy, when he dies, then he sucks and drinkes it Mourning and grief are natural, they are born with us, Mirth is slow-paced, and negligent of us The sense of rejoycing (if we beleieve *Avicenna*) comes not to the most forward child till after the fortieth day Men therefore weep at thy death, because it is an experiment they have not tryed, and they laugh at thy birth, because the miseries of thy life must not be born by them Thou onely art the infallible diviner of thy own frail condition, who refuseth it with teares, which are the most proper expressions of unwilling, & constrained nature 10

But as the ceremonies of Life and Death are contrary, so he that is born, and he that dyes, have different events Death to some seems to destroy all, but she restores all By discomposing things she puts them in their order For he that inverts things that were before inverted, doth but reduce them to their right Positure The Funeral rite of the *Tebitenses* (who are certain *East-Indians*) is to turn the inside of their garments outward, they manifest that part which before was hidden, and conceale that part which before was manifest, by which they seeme, in my opinion, to point at the liberty of the soul in the state of death, 20 and the captivity of the body, whose redemption must bee expected in the end of the world This inversion by death is reparation, and a preparative for that order wherein *all things shall be made new* Most true is that saying of the Royal Preacher, Ἀγαθὸν ὄνομα ὑπὲρ ἐλαίου ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμέρα τοῦ θανάτου ὑπὲρ ἡμέραν γενέσεως. *A good name is above precious ointment, and the day of death is better then the day of ones birth* But thou wilt ask, To whom is the day of death better than the day of his nativity? It is in the first place to him that dies, True (thou wilt say) if he be a just and holy man; Yea (say I) though he be wicked Who doubts that 30 there can happen in all their lives a better day to the just and honest, then the day of death, which frees them both from seeing, and from feeling the miseries which are in this world? As for the unjust, it is most certain, that no day can be more beneficiall to them, then that which sets an end to their impieties, tyranny, perjury, and sacriledge To deny a sword to one that would murder himself, is benevolence, to deny money to a Gamester that would presently cast it away, is courtesie, and to deny life to those that would use it to their owne damnation, is Mercy, and not Judgement But to whom besides these is the day of death better then the day of 40 life? Certainly to God Almighty, because in that day when the wicked dye, his Justice on them, and his Mercy towards his own are

conspicuous to all, and acknowledged by all And to whom else? Not to speak of the rich and ambitious, It is good to all men, to the whole Creation, and to Nature it self For in that day the fair order and prerogative of Nature is vindicated from the rage and rape of lustfull, intemperate persons^f It becomes constant, consonant, and inviolable, by putting off those gross vestiments^{wh} make her productions subject to the assaults and violence of man, who is the most perverse and shamelesse defacer of Gods Image in himself, and the most audacious and abominable con-
 10 temner of his Ordinances in his works, by using them to a contrary end, and quite different from that which their wise Creator made them for

But let us not consider the goodnesse of death by those evils onely which it freeth us from, but by the blessings also which it brings along with it Their soules are by some men less valued then Fortune and temporal power, Some cast away their lives to winne a Crowne, yea the Crowne, and the Kingdome of another They plot to forfeit a Crown of Eternall glory, by usurping a transitory one They murder their owne soules by shedding the
 20 blood of some innocent persons, permitted to be overcome by men, that they might have power with God, and prevail Shall the short sovereignty and sway of some small corners and spots of earth be compared to the everlasting triumphs in the Kingdom of Heaven³ The death of the sufferer is in this case the most gainfull, the more he loseth by it upon earth, his gain is by so much the greater in heaven The shorter our stay is here, our time above (if reckon'd from the day of our death) is the longer, but hath no end at all, and the more our sufferings are, the greater shall our glory be *Hegesias* the *Cyremian*, when he praised death,
 30 promised not these blessings of Immortality, but onely an end of temporall miseries, and yet he did so far prevail with his Auditors, that they preferred death to life, they contemned the one, and so lusted after the other, that they would not patiently expect it, but did impatiently long for it, they fel upon their own swords, and forced death to come on, by turning life out of doors before her lease was out, and had not *Ptolomie* by a special *Edict* silenced his Doctrine, he had robbed him of more subjects then ever War or the Plague could have taken from him Before the blessed *Jesus* had made his entrance through the veile, and opened the
 40 way to heaven, the reward of righteousness and sanctity was long life, the peculiar blessing of the *Patriarchs* It was a favour then not to appear before *perfect purity*, a *Judge* of infinite, and all-

seeing *brightnesse*, without an *Advocate* or friend to speak for us, in the strength and heat of irregular youthfulness, when not so much as time had subdued or reformed the affections, but now because Christ is gone thither before, and hath provided a place for us, the greatest blessing, and highest reward of holynesse, is short life, and an unseasonable, or a violent death. For those harsh *Epithets* (which are but the inventions of fearfull, and sinful livers) are swallowed up of immortality, & an unspeakable heavenly happinesse which crowns and overflows all those that dye in *Christ*. Wee consider not those blessings which death leads us 10 to, and therefore it is, that we so frequently approve of our most frivolous, worldly wishes, and sit weeping under the burthens of life, because we have not more laid upon us. A certain groundlesse suspicion, that death is evill, will not suffer us to believe it to be good, though the troubles of life make us complement, and wish for it every day. This foolish fear and inconstancy of man, *Locmannus* (one of the most antient *Sages* of *Persia*, and admitted also into the Society of the *Arabian Magi*,) hath pleasantly demonstrated in the *person* of an *Old man*, loaded with a great burthen of *Wood*, which having quite tyred him, he threw down, 20 and called for *death* to come and ease him. Hee had no sooner called, but *death* (which seldome comes so quickly to those that call for it in earnest,) presently appeared, and demands the reason, *why he called?* *I did call thee* (said he) *to help me to lift this burthen of wood upon my back, which just now fell off*. So much are we in love with miseries, that we fear to exchange them with true happinesse. we do so dote upon them, that we long to resume them again, after wee have once shaken them off, being either faithlesse and wavering, or else forgetfull of those future joyes, which cannot be had without the funerall and the death of our 30 present sorrowes.

What man distrest with hunger, if hee sate upon some Barren and Rockie bank, bounded with a deep River, where nothing could be expected but Famine, or the Fury of wild beasts, and saw beyond that stream a most secure and pleasant *Paradise*, stored with all kinds of bearing Trees, whose yielding boughes were adorned and plenteously furnished with most fair and delicate frutes, If it were told him that a little below, there was a boate, or a bridge to passe over, would refuse that secure conveyance, or be affeard to commit himself to the calm and per- 40 spicuous streames, choosing rather to starve upon the brink, then

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to passe over, and be relieved? O foolish men! For Gold, which is digged out of the *Suburbs* of Hell, we trust our selves to the raging and unstable Seas, guarded with a few planks, and a little pitch, *where onely a Tree* (as *Aratus* saith) *is the partition betwixt death and us* And after many rough disputes with violent perills, and the sight of so many more, wee perish in the unhappy acquisition of false happinesse, the Sea either resisting, or else punishing our covetousnesse But to passe into our Heavenly Country, into the bosome and embraces of Divinity, into a Realm where
 10 Fortune reigns not, wee dare not so much as think of it Who after long banishment, and a tedious pilgrimage, being now come near to his native Country, and the house of his Father, where his Parents, his brethren, and friends expect him with longing, would then turn back, and choose to wander again, when he might have joy, when he might have rest? God the *Father* expects us, the blessed *Jesus* expects us, the mild and mourning *Dove* doth long and grone for us. The holy Virgin mother, the Angells our friends, and the Saints our kindred, are all ready to receive us It is through death that wee must passe unto them Why grieve
 20 we then, yea, why rejoyce wee not to have this passage opened?

But let us grant that death were not inevitable, yea, that it were in the power of man, and that every one had a particular prerogative given him over destinie, So that this greatest *Necessity* were the greatest freedome, yea, that man could not dye, though he desired death Yet in this very state, would hee be troubled with *Fortune* and *Hope* He would be a fool that would not venture to dye, to enjoy true felicity That would choose rather to live alwaies in the changeable state of most unchangeable and lasting miseries, then to put an end to them all by dying once It is madnesse to
 30 feare death, which (if it reigned not upon the Earth) wee would both desire and pray for It was wisely adjudged by *Zaleucus*, that death ought to be publicly proclaimed, though men had been immortall Had death been arbitrary, and at every mans pleasure, I believe we had esteemed it as desireable as any other joy, now because it is Imperial, and above us, let it not seem too much, if wee grant it to be tollerable It was absurdly said by one, *that death was a necessary Evill, and ought therefore to be patiently borne*. His *Inference* was good, though from a bad *Principle* Death is rather a necessary good And if necessity makes Evils to
 40 be tolerable, there is more reason, it should make good so Death because it is good, should be made much of, and wee should rejoyce that it is necessary, because that makes it certain How

great a good is that, by which it is necessary that we be not miserable¹ Which frees the captive without ransome, dismisseth the oppressed without the consent of the oppressour, brings home the banished in spite of the banisher, and heales the sicke without the pain of *Physick* Which mends all that Fortune marred, which is most just, which repaires and makes even all the disorders and inequalities made by time and chance, which is the blessed necessity that takes away necessary Evills? He had erred lesse, if he had mentioned a necessity of bearing life patiently, whose more proper definition that sorry proverbe is, for it casts us into necessary 10 Evills against our will, and is the cause that wee willfully meddle with Evills that are unnecessary It is a discreet method of nature, that infuseth the Soules into the body in such a state that is not sensible of their captivity, lest they should murmur at the decrees of the great *Archiplast* What wise man that were neare the terme of his appointed time, if he were offered to have life renew'd, would consent to be born again, to be shut up in flesh, & fed for nine months with excrementitious obscenities, to bear all the ignominies of Nature, all the abuses of Fortune, to resume the ignorance of Infancie, the feares of Childhood, the dangers of 20 youth, the cares of manhood, and the miseries of old age? I am of belefe that no man did ever live so happily, as to be pleased with a repetition of past life These Evills which with our owne consent wee would not have reiterated, wee are driven into without our consent They are necessarily inferred, that they may be willingly borne, to shew the necessity of Patience Wee are born on condition, that wee must dye Death is the price or reward of life It is the Statute-law of mankind, and that ought to be born as a publick good, which (were it not already enacted) would be the spontaneous petition of all men Certainly if life 30 were without the *Jubile* of death, it were just to refuse it, as a servitude which hath no year of release

Let us now clearly prove, that death is not Evill, out of her assimilation and conformity to those things, which are most excellently good None leade a better life, then those that live so, as if they were dead, *Rom Chap 6 ver 7 For he that is dead, is freed from Sinne* Therefore that which is the exemplar of goodnesse, cannot be Evill. The onely true praise of the living, is to assimilate death He is the most commendable liver, whose life is dead to the World, and he is the most honest that lives the least 40 to it, whose Soul listens not to the body, but is at a constant distance from it, as if they were dissolved, or though it sojournes in

it, yet is not defiled by it, but is separated from sensuality, and united to Divinity. What is the reason (thinkest thou,) that the Divine *Secrets* are revealed to men most commonly in their sleep, because that similitude of death is most pleasing to God. Life is a wild and various madness, disturbed with passions, and distracted with objects. Sleep (like death) settles them all, it is the minds *Sabbath*, in which the Spirit, freed from the Senses, is well disposed and fitted for Divine intimations. The Soul is then alive to it selfe, while the body reigns not, and the affections are eclipsed in that short *Interlunium* of the temporall life.

Philosophie, or humane Knowledge is nothing else but a Contemplation of death, not to astonish or discourage men, but first to informe, and then to reform them. for the fruit of Philosophie is Virtue, and Virtue is nothing else but an imitation of death, or the Art of dying well, by beginning to dye while we are alive. Virtue is a certain *Primrose*, a *prolusion* or *Assay* of dying. Therefore that by which man becomes immortall and eternall is the *preface*, and the *Inchoation* of death. This is the main drift of *Philosophy*, to make life comfortable by conforming it unto death, and to make death immortality by regulating life. Death is intollerable to him only that hath not mortified his desires, while he yet lives, but expects to swallow up death, and all the power of it at once, that is to say, in the hour of death. We cut out meate, and feed on it by bits, lest we should be choaked by swallowing it whole, so death, if it be assayed and practised by degrees, will be both pleasant in the tast, and wholesome in the digestion, if we mortifie one affection to day, and another to morrow. Hee that cannot carry a great burthen at once, may carry it all by portions. *Philosophy* acts the part of death upon the Stage of life. it kills sensuality, and makes death most easie to be borne by teaching us to dye dayly. What can be more grievous then death unto him, who together with his own, feels the paine of a thousand other dying cupidities? We faile not to bewaile the losse of one thing, whither honour, pleasure, or a friend. How much more when we loose all at a blow, and loose eternal life in one short minute? The Soule of the wise man frees her selfe from the body in an acceptable time, she casts off the delectations of the flesh, and the cares of this World while it is day-light, that shee may enjoy her self, and be acquainted with God before the night comes. She finds by experience, that her forces are more vigorous, and her light more discerning, when she is not sullied with Earthly negotiations, and the grosse affections of the

body, she finds that covetousnesse, love and feare permit her not to see the truth, and that the affaires of the body are the *Remora's* of the Spirit and therefore she concludes, that he must neglect the cryes of the flesh, and be attentive onely to the voyce of God, and upon these considerations, shee shakes off that Bondage, she deserts the familiarity and consultations of blood, that she may advise with, and discerne the most clear light of truth, she casts off pleasures, by which even Spirits are made subject to sense and pollution The truth is most pure, and will not be manifested, but to the pure and the undefiled Therefore all the scope and the end of Virtue is, to separate the Soul from the body, and to come as near death as possibly may be, while wee are yet alive This is the cause that wise men do so much love and long for death, at least they fear it not How can he feare death, who by dying passeth into the life of the blessed? Who hath already delivered himselfe from more feares and inconveniences then death can free him from? Yea from those dangers which make death fearfull? Who before his dying day, hath disarmed and overcome death? Shall he that all his life-time desired to be separated from the body, repine at the performance and fulfilling of it? It were most ridiculous, if hasting towards home, thou wouldst refuse the helpe of another to convey thee thither with more speed, and be angry at thy arrivall in that Port, whither thou didst bend thy course since the first day thou didst set forth There is no man that seeking for a friend, will not rejoyce when he hath found him No man will be angry if another perfects what he did begin, but was not able to finish Nature by death perfects that which Virtue had begun in life, and the endeavour dies not, but is continued, and thrives by a necessary transplantation While he yet lived, he denyed himselfe the use of the body, because it hindred the course of the Soul, and the body dying, he doth but persist in the same just denyall It is a greater pleasure to want, then not to use what wee doe not want

This *Correlation of Death and Virtue* I shall exhibite, or lay out to your view, by a discussion of those honours which each of them procures As Virtue by the Consideration of death, ordereth and preserves her Majesty, so by imitating death, she obtaines the reverence and admiration of all What more reverend thing can wee labour for, then that, which by our reverence of it, makes the worst livers to be reputed not bad? As those who are Evil, are loath to believe themselves to be such, because of an innate reverence due from every man to Virtue, which makes them love

the repute of Excellencie, though not inherent, and rejoyce to be accounted good of themselves, or in their own esteem, though they be evill, taking pleasure in that self deception So those who have beene vitious in their lives (out of the reverence wee owe to death,) wee dare not speak evill of when they are once dead, Nay, it is not civil, nor pious, to mention the dead without commendation, either by *praise*, or else by *prayer*, & our *Christian well wishes*, as if they had been most deserving in their lives So powerfull is the Majesty of death, that it makes the most contemptible, venerable
 10 Those we most envie while they live, we speak well of when they are dead Excellent is that observation of *Mimnermus*,

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*Against the Virtuous man we all make head,
 And hate him while he lives, but praise him dead*

Envy pursues us not beyond the grave, and our honour is not free and secure til we are layd in it That humble and quiet *dust* stops the lying and malicious mouth *Socrates* foresaw that his *draught of hemlock* would (after his death) make his very enemies his worshippers He saw his *Statues* erected by the same *decree* that did cast him downe And what was the *motive* (thinkst
 20 thou) that made his enemies worship him dead, whom they persecuted living? There is amongst the people a secret tradition that whispers to them, that *those who are freed from the miseries of this life, live happily in another world* Now happinesse even in their opinion is worthy of honour, therefore the honour or veneration which death exacts, is a certain tribute, or a debt rather that is due to happinesse, and if for this thou wilt advise with thy *Aristotle*, he will not deny it The *Lacedemonians* bestowed the *Olympick* palms and honours (which whosoever won in his life time, he was accounted most happy) upon all that dyed,
 30 without exception, or extenuation, adorning the *statutes* of some, and the *tombes* of all with the green and flourishing *Laurel*, esteeming every one of the dead as happy as the most fortunate Victor that lived The antient *Romans* held the greatest honour of the living to consist in the renown of their dead Ancestors They judged him to be highly honoured, that was enjoyed by any dying persons to perform some extraordinary service for them, as an Embassie, or some other weighty negotiation And * *Callistratus* in his first book of *Questions* affirmes,
 * One of the Counsellors of Alexand
 40 the great
That Embassadors so employed are the most honourable, because that the suffrages and election of dying men is most venerable, as being then upon the borders of

immortality, and discerning more then those who are yet in the midst of life, and more in the clouds of thick-sighted humanity

That honour is the greatest which is done us by the honourable Nor is this glory of death a *Relative* of the Soul only, Looke well upon the body, that provision of the worms, a frail and perishing object, but ful of Majesty We are nothing so moved, nor doe we so gravely compose our selves at the presence of a King, as at the sight of a dead body With how much awfulness doth it lye along ! with what a secret mysterious command doth it check all about it ! It is a silent, abstruse *Philosopher*, and makes others so too 10 Nor is it onely venerable, but sacred, and the *Depositum*, and *Index* of an almighty Restauratour The honour of Sepulture is a part of Religion

Now, if it be argued that goodnesse consists onely in utility, or benefits, it follows that nothing is good, but that which profiteth Death then is the best, and the greatest subordinate good of all, for the death of others benefits those that see it, and their own death is most profitable to those that mind it The *Lamæ* (who are the Priests of the *Tebitenses*) are in this point the most excellent Philosophers in the world When they prepare 20 to celebrate prayers, they summon the people *The pipes of death* together with the hollow, whispering sounds of *used by the Lamæ* certain Pipes made of the bones of dead men, they have also Rosaries, or Beads made of them, which they carry alwayes about them, and they drink constantly out of a Skull Being asked the reason of this Ceremony by *Antonie Andrada*, who first found them out, one that was the chieftest amongst them, told him, that they did it,

Ad Fatorum memoriam

They did therefore pipe with the bones of dead men, that those 30 sad whispers might warn the people of the swift and invisible approach of death, whose *Musick* they termed it, and affirmed it to be the most effectuall of any, That the Beads they wore did put them in minde of the fraile estate of their bodies, and did in prayer-time regulate and humble their thoughts, That a constant commemoration of death was as beneficial to the Soul as devotion, & therefore they carryed them alwaies about them as the powerfull *Memento's* of their approaching departure out of the Land of the living To this he added, that their drinking in a skull did mortifie their affections, repress pleasures, and imbitter their tast, 40 lest they should relish too much the delights of life, Lastly, he added that this constant representation of death, was an Antidote

against all the sinfull Excesses and deviations of man With the same Medicine they secured themselves from other iniquities When they were to swear concerning any thing, they laid their hands upon certain *Images* set with the bones of dead men, by which ceremony they were put in mind of the last Judgement, and the Account which the *dead* and the *Quick* must give in that great, that impartiall and censorious day Certainly this was no barbarous, but a very humane and elegant *Philosophy*, which taught men to season, and redeeme all the daies of their lives, 10 with the memory of the one day of their death Admirable was the memory of *Mithridates*, who was master of two and twenty Languages, and could readily discourse in every one of them, and no lesse happy was that of *Cyrus*, *Themistocles* and *Seneca*, but a constant memory of mans miseries, and his death exceeds them all As the rootes of the tree in the Ile of *Malega*, upon that side which lookes towards the *East*, are an Antidote or preservative, but those which spread *Westward* are poysonous and deadly. So the *Cogitations* of a Christian, which are the *Roots* by which hee stickes to Heaven (for every Christian is a *Tree* 20 reversed,) when they look towards the *West*, or setting point of life, are healing and salutiferous, but those which reflect still upon temporall things, and his abode in this World are destructive and deadly Nature doth every minute commend unto us this memoriall of death *Hermes* in his *sacred book* contends, that respiration was given to man, as a sign of that last efflation, in which the Soul parts from the body Wee should therefore as often as wee breath, remember death, when we shall breath our last, when the Spirit shall returne unto him that gave it Our whole life is nothing else but a repeated resemblance of our last expiration, by 30 the emission of our breath we doe retaine it, and (as I may say) spin it out God gave it not *continual* and *even*, like fluent *streames*, or the calme and unwearied *Emanations* of light, but refracted and shifting, to shew us that we are not permanent but transitory, and that the Spirit of life is but a *Celestial Gale* lent us for a time, that by using it well, we may secure it Eternally Another *Hermetist* adviseth us, *Adorare reliquias ventorum*, to make much of, and to honour our Soules, which are the *breathings*, and last *dispensations* of the still fruitful, and liberal creator This we can never do but by a frequent study of our dissolution, and the frailty of the body Of 40 such an effectuall goodness is death, that it makes men good before it comes, and makes sure of Eternity by a virtuous disposing of time Thinke not that evill, which sends from so far the beams

of its goodnesse There is no good liver but is a debtor to death, by whose lendings, and premunitions we are furnished and fitted for another world

The certainty of it, and the incertainty of the time and manner, (which is the onely circumstance that seemes to offend us,) if it were seriously considered, deserves to be the most pleasing & acceptable, for amongst all the wondrous Ordinances of Divine providence, there is none more Excellent for the Government of man then death, being so wisely disposed of, that in the height of incertainty it comprehends and manifests an infallible certainty 10 God would have us to be alwaies good, to keepe in his likenesse and Image Therefore it is his will, that we should be alwaies uncertaine of our most certain death Such is his care of us, lest the knowledge of a long life, and a late death should encourage us to multiply our transgressions, as the notice of a swift dissolution might dishearten and astonish us But being left now in a possibility of either, we are taught to live soberly, and to expect the time of our change in all holynesse and watchfullnesse The possibility of dying shortly, doth lessen the cares of life, and makes the difficulties of Virtue easie Bondage and Slavery (if it 20 be but short,) is to those that suffer it the lighter by so much And a large allowance of time makes us slow to Virtue, but a short portion quickens us, and the incertainty of that very shortnesse makes us certaine to be good For who would weep, and vexe himself for worldly provisions, if he certainly knew that he should live but one month? and how dares he laugh, or be negligent of his Salvation, that knowes not whither hee shall live to see one day more, yea, one hour? The incertainty of death makes us suspect life, and that suspition keepes us from sinning. The world was never fouler, nor more filled with abominations, then 30 when life was longest, when abused Nature required an Expiation by waters, and the generall submersion of her detestable defilers *Theophrastus* did unjustly to raile at Nature, and condemne her of partiality, when he envied the long life of some *plants* and inferiour *creatures*, as the *Oake*, the *Hart*, the *Ravens*, some of which live to *feed* and *flye* up and down in the World above *five hundred* years He quarrelled with the wise dispensations of Divinity, because a slight *suite* of feathers, and a renew'd *dresse* of greene leaves could weare out a building that lodged a rationall Soul, and the breath of the Almighty Both his *wish* and his 40 *reason* were erroneous. He erred in desiring long life, and in judging happinesse to consist in the multitude of yeares, and not

the number of good workes The shortnesse of life is lengthned by living well When life was reckond by centuries, the innumerable sins of the living so offended God, that it repented him to have made impenitent man Those that sinned out of confidence of life he punished with sudden destruction That long-liv'd generation had made the world unclean, and being polluted by their lives, it was purged by their deaths He shorten'd afterwards the lease of life, reducing it to an hundred and twenty years, that by the diligence of frequent death, he might reform the past
 10 disorders of long life, and prevent them for the future, teaching both sexes to amend their lives by giving them death for their next neighbours So beneficiall is death, so much profits the certainty of it, and as much the incertainty The ignorance of the day of death is in effect the same with the knowledge of it, the first makes us watch, lest it come upon us unawares, and the last (though it might name the day to us) yet could it not arme us better against it, perhaps not so well This incertainty of dying, certainly secures us from many errors, it makes us prudent, provident, and not evill Death therefore is a device of the
 20 Almighty, and a wise instrument of divine policy *Zaleucus* so highly approved of it, that he was about to enact and proclaime a Law for dying, had he not found it already published by the edict of Nature And in his Preface to those Laws made for the *Locrenses*, he warns them, *Τίθεσθαι πρὸ ὀμμάτων τὸν καιρὸν τοῦτον*, &c To have alwayes before their eyes that time, which is to every one the end of life, because 'a hearty repentance for all former injuries seisseth upon all men that thinke of death, and an earnest desire or wishing, that all their actions in life had been just Wherefore it is expedient that in all our dealings and
 30 thoughts death should act a part, and be our familiar counsellor, ever present with us, so shall we be carefull to doe all things virtuously and justly Death then is most necessary to govern mankind, because the memory of it keeps us in awe, and conformable to virtue All Commonwealths that follow the method of Nature, must approve of this Law of *Zaleucus*, and death in all their consultations should guide their lives

Certainly in the Government of the rebellious Generation of Man, Death hath been the most awfull Engine of the Deity, without this stern he guided them not When man was immortall,
 40 God saw it necessary to preserve his immortality by death, he enjoyned the Law of Abstinence to *Adam*, under the penalty of dying, which is continued still by the same artifice of death, lest

iniquities should be immortal, & wickedness should escape punishment by the patience and submission of his only Son to death he restored dead men to life, he conferred upon him all his lost honours, renewd and confirmed his old prerogative, and together with the salvation of his Soule gave him a sure promise, that his body also should be made Immortal, but in all these favours, and after full reconciliation, he would not remove death, but continued it still, and the incertainty as well as the certainty of it This divine devise of death so pleased God, and was so necessary for the good of man, that though by the merits of his dying Son he changed all the former things, blotting out ordinances, abolishing Ceremonies, & opening the gates of Heaven to all believers, yet would not he Exterminate death It was out of his mercy that he refused to abrogate it, that while corruption reigned, death also might reign over it, lest this poyson should want its Antidote We have therefore no just cause to complain of death, which is an Invention conducing to our great good, and the incertainty of the time (though it most vexeth us) is notwithstanding the most beneficial Circumstance that attends it The time of life is certainly known, & there is but one entrance into the light of this World The Ceremony of dying is not formal, It keeps not to one time, nor one manner, but admits of all times, and many manners Life comes into the World but one way, but hath many waies to go out It was the benevolence of God to open so many doors to those that flye for refuge One way is more then enough to find out dangers, but to escape them, many are but necessary Death is not a burthen of seaven or nine monthes, but life must have time before it sets forth And what are the first encounters of it? Tears and Bonds It cannot avoyd Evills, and it is afear'd to bear them, therefore it delaies time, and when it cannot lurk any longer, it comes forth Crying Death leads us forth to joy and liberty. Therefore it staves not, it seeks no corners nor protractions Nor doth death free us onely from suffering Evills, but keeps us also from doing any To be good every day, thou must dye dayly The incertainty also of the time of death, and the manner of it, like a busie Monitour, warnes thee to do good, and to be good at all times, and in every place, private or publick And the inevitablenesse of it takes away all Excuse or pretensions for thy impreviation

The Glory of death, is also much augmented by its facihty, in 40

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redressing the difficulties of life It is not without the Divine counsel, and a speciall privledge that the Soule of man is so easily parted from the body, the life of beasts is more tenacious, and will suffer much indignitie and fury before it leaves them There is no living creature more fraile, none more weak then man, the lightest stroake fells him, the Soul is very nice, and will quickly cast off the body if it persists but in the least Indisposition A single hair killed *Fabius*, and a Grape *Anacreon*, these contemptible instruments destroy'd them as effectually as
 10 the thunderbolt did *Esculapius* *Coma* dyed as easily as he could wish, and *Baptista Mirandulus* as he could think His Soule quitted his body without any grudging, without a disease, without poyson, without violence, or any fatall mischance No door can keep death out, it defeats life with its own weapons, and kills us with the very Cordials and comforts of it Perhaps no kind of death is more violent then that which sets upon
 us with the forces of life, because it kills when life is most vigorous and pleasant Their owne wishes have destroyed many And life hath oftentimes perished by her own contrivements
 20 *Chidemus* was killed with honour, *Diagoras* with joy, *Plato* with rest, and *Phulemon* with laughter This last is both a merry, and a frequent destroyer, and freed *Sicily* from one Tyrant. Death also makes use sometimes of our very virtues to exanimate us Shame killed *Diodorus*, and the Mother of *Secundus* the Philosopher dyed with blushing, and an excessive modestie Life is a fraile possession, it is a flower that requires not rude and high winds, but will fall in the very whispers and blandishments of fair weather It is folly to labour to retain that which wil away, to
 fly from that which will meet us every where, yea, in the way we
 30 fly, is a vain and foolish industry Whither we seek death or avoyd it, it will find us out Our way to fly, and our very flight end both in death, by hasting from it, we make hast to it Life is a journey, whose end cannot be mist, it is a steady ayming at dissolution Though we fetch wide Compasses, and traverse our way never so often, we can neither lengthen it, nor be out of it What path soever we take, it is the Port-roade to death Though youth and age are two distant *Tropicks* of life, yet death is as near to the one, as to the other And though some live more, and some lesse, yet death is their equal neighbour, and will visit
 40 the young as soon as the old Death is a Crosse, to which many waies leade, some direct, and others winding, but all meet in one Center It matters not which thou takest, nor whither thou art

young or aged But if thou beest young, thou maist come sooner thither, then the old, who is both doting and weary It was necessary that a Sanctuary being provided for the distressed, the way to it should be easie, pervious, and at an indifferent distance from all parts Good should be diffusive, and the gate that leads to it, must be without doors and bolts The entrance into this life, is narrow and difficult, it is difficultly attained, difficultly retained, and lyes alwaies in the power of another Every man may take life from us, none can take death Life is subject to the Tyranny of men, but death is not, life makes Tyrants, and death unmakes them Death is the slaves prerogative royall, and the Sabbath of the afflicted *Leo Iconomachus* the Emperor, made the birth of both sexes tributary but death never paid taxation It was not lawfull in his reigne to get Children without paying for them, every Infant so soon as borne, was to give him contribution, they paid then the Excise of life Death onely frees us from these Impositions of Tyrants

And wilt thou then condemn liberty, and that maturity of death by which it ripens every age? wilt thou the divine liberality blame, because thy life is short, or may be so? thou hast no reason to find fault with the years already given thee, because thou shalt not have more thou mayst as well quarrel with Nature, because she made not thy dimensions larger, and thy body heavier by eighty or a hundred pounds he that measured thy proportion, measured thy time too and too much of this last would have been as troublesome and unweildy as too much of the first for

*Long life, opprest with many woes,
Meets more, the further still it goes.*

Death in every age is seasonable, beneficial, and desirable It frees the old man from misery, the youthfull from sin, and the infant from both It takes the aged in the fullnesse of their time, It turnes the flowers of youth into fruit, and by a compendious secret improvement, matures infancy, leading it into the Gate of Heaven, when it cannot go one step upon Earth, and giving it the wings of a Dove to flye, and be at rest, before it can use its feet

To these past arguments of the goodnesse of death, I shall adde another. Death in the old world, (before the manifestation of God in the flesh,) was the publick index, or open signe of hidden divinity It is the gift of God, who gives nothing but what is good The Devil playing the Ape, and labouring to imitate the Inimitable *Jehovah*, did by asserting death to be the greatest good,

mainly fortifie those abominable rites and honours conferred upon him by his blind worshipers When they petitioned him for the greatest blessing that the Gods could give to man, he (by the permission of the true God whom they had deserted) would within three daies strangle them in their beds, or use some other invisible meanes to set an end to their daies Thus he served *Triphonus*, *Agamedes*, and *Argia* for her three Sons This miserable mother requested of him, that hee would give the best thing to her children, that could be given to men her petition was granted, and
 10 within a very short time they received that which she thought to be the worst, namely death So great is the ods betwixt seeming to be, and being really betwixt opinion and truth yea that death which we judge to be the worst, I meane the immature, is oftentimes the best

*What greater good had deckt great Pompey's Crown
 Then death, if in his honours fully blown,
 And mature glories he had dyed? those piles
 Of huge successe, lowd fame & lofty stiles
 Built in his active youth, long, lazie life
 20 Saw quite demolished by ambitious strife
 He lived to weare the weake and melting snow
 Of lucklesse Age, where garlands seldom grow
 But by repining fate torne from the head
 Which wore them once, are on another shed*

Neither could I ever grant that the death of Infants and Children, though commonly bewail'd as upseasonable, were the parents misfortunes, but the courtesies rather, and mercies of the almighty To omit *Amphuraus*, and other Ethnick instances, I shall make use of a true and Christian History, which in these later years,
 30 was the great admiration of King *Philips* Court *Didacus Vergara*, a most noble hopefull youth, adorned with all those vertues which beautifie a blooming life, was famous in the mouths of all good men, and as deare in their hearts But what was the reward (thinkest thou) of his virtuous life? An immature and almost a sudden death, So that it is not to be doubted, but it was a divine favour Being to go into bed, he spoke to his sister, O what manner of night will this be unto me! I beseech you, deare sister, furnish me with some candles, and leave one to burn by me About midnight he suddenly called, so that all the familie was
 40 awaked, and got up, to whom he told that he should dye that night, and desired them to send presently for his Confessour They all imagined that he had been troubled with some dream, especially his Father, a most renowned Physitian, when he

felt his pulse to beate well and orderly But notwithstanding all this, they omitted not to send for his Confessour, who was *Gasper Pedrosa* He (as if touched with some Divine presension) was at that dead time of the night awake, and being come to the sorrowfull Father, he told him, that *Didacus* was expected in another World before day, that the Virgin-Queene of Heaven had revealed so much to him, and that hee would be gone as soon as the Sacraments could be administred unto him It fell out just so For those sacred solemnities were no sooner ended, but he was dissolved, as if he had stayed onely for that 10 spirituall refection to strengthen him in his Journey He left this dark and low World towards the first breakings of the day, and ascending to eternity upon the wings of the morning He might have past from thence with lesser noise, and in a shorter time, but he expired more solemnly then so, and yet without weary accessions, and the Tyranny of sicknesse He stayed for the saving institutions of his redeemer, the businesse that detain'd him so long, was Heaven, and not the tumults of a tyring and obstinate dissolution, all this proves it to have been the hand of God, and not an unfortunate, sudden death, the precise Actions of the 20 deity must be attended with unusuall circumstances

*Whome God doth take care for and love,
He dies young here, to live above*

There is room enough for life within the compasse of few years, if they be not cast away Think not that to last long, and to live long is the same thing every one that hath stayd long upon earth, hath not lived long

Some men find fault with death, because no experiment can be made of it, without an absolute dissolution they would dye twice, to trye what kind of state it is, that they may be fitly 30 furnished against the second time, when they must dye in earnest But this is madness, and were it granted them, the good they pretend would not be performed For he that will cast away one life without preparing for death, wil not fear to hazard another, desperate malefactors will take no warning by reprieves Besides, what benefit would there be by dying twice, seeing that of necessity they must live twice too, and so be twice miserable, if not twice impious? It is strange, that these men who fear death, and adudge it to be evill, should desire to have it doubled, and that which, by their good will, they would not tast once, they will beg 40 to chew and swallow downe twice, whereas if death were an Evill, it would be so much the lesser by comming but once The

miseries of life are nothing so civill , they are instant, importunate,
 and outrageous , they will reinforce themselves, and set upon us
 twice or thrice, yea, a thousand times Death is more modest, she
 wearies us not as long as wee are well When our disorders
 have turned the harmony of life into discord and noise, then shee
 comes to cast those murmurers asleep, and to give the Soul peace
 He is no troublesome guest that comes but once But it were
 a great happinesse, thou wilt say, if men did experimentally know
 what it is to dye Truly this Felicity is not wanting Death is
 10 a most admirable, ingenious Excogitation Though we dye but
 once, yet do not we dye at once We may make, yea we do make
 many assaies or tryals of dying Death insinuates it selfe, and
 seizeth upon us by peecemeals , it gives us a tast of it self . It is
 the Cromie, or Consort of life So soon as we begin to be, wee begin
 to wast and vanish , we cannot ascend to life, without descending
 towards death Nay we begin to dye before we appeare to live ,
 the perfect shape of the Infant is the death of the *Embryo*, child-
 hood is the death of Infancie, youth of Childhood, Manhood of
 youth, and old age of Manhood When we are arrived at this
 20 last stage, if we stay any long time in it, and pay not the debt we
 owe, death requires interest , she takes his hearing from one, his
 sight from another, and from some she takes both The extent
 and end of all things touch their beginning, neither doth the last
 minute of life do any thing else, but finish what the first began
 We may know also what death is, by the apparition or Image of
 it We see it, and make tryal of it assiduously we cannot act
 life one day, but wee must act death at night Life is a Terrace-
 walke with an Arbour at one end, where we repose, and dream
 over our past perambulations This lesser rest, shewes us the
 30 greater , the Soule watcheth when wee sleepe, and Conscience in
 the Just as well as the unjust will be ruminating on the works of
 life, when the body is turned into dust Sleepe is nothing else
 but death painted in a night-peece, it is a prelibation of that
 deepe slumber, out of which we shall not be awaked untill the
 Heavens be no more We go to bed under a Scene of Stars and
 darknesse, but when we awake, we find Heaven changed, and one
 great luminary giving light to all We dye in the state of corrup-
 tion, errorrs, and mistnesse But wee shall be raised in glory,
 and perfection, when these clouds of blacknesse that are carried
 40 about with diverse winds, and every Enemy of truth shall vanish
 for ever, and God alone shall be all in all We affect sleepe natu-
 rally, it is the reparation of man, & a laying by of cares. The

Coppy cannot match the pattern if we love sleep then, why should wee hate the Idæa of it, why should we feare death, whose shadow refresheth us, which nature never made, nor meant to fright us with? It was her intention to strengthen our hope of dying, by giving us the fruition of this resemblance of death, lest we should grow impatient with delay, she favour'd us with this shadow and Image of it, as Ladies comfort themselves with the pictures of their absent lovers There is no part of life without some portion of death, as dreames cannot happen without sleepe, so life cannot be without death As sleepe is said to be the shadow of death, So I think dreams to be the shadowes of life, for nothing deceives us more frequent then it When we shal be raised from death, we shal not grieve so much because the joys of life were not real, as because there were none at all It was said by one, that he had rather dream of being tormented in Hell, then glorified in *Paradise* for being awaked, he should rejoyce to find himselfe in a soft featherbed, and not in a lake of unquenchable fire But having dreamt of Heaven, it would grieve him that it was not reall *Paracelsus* writes, that the watching of the body is the sleep of the Soul, and that the day was made for Corporeall Actions, but the night is the working-time of Spirits Contrary natures run contrary courses Bodies having no inherent light of their own, make use of this outward light, but Spirits need it not Sunbeams cannot stumble, nor go out of their way Death frees them from this dark Lantern of flesh *Heracitus* used to say, that men were both dead and alive, both when they dyed, and when they lived when they lived their Soules were dead, and when they dyed, their Soules revived Life then is the death of the Soule, and the life of the body But death is the life of the Soule, and the death of the body

I shall return now to prosecute the Commendations of death, because it comes but once Death (like the Phoenix) is onely one, lest any should be ill That which comes but once, is with most longing looked for, and with most welcome entertained That poor man, the owner of one Ewe, nourished her in his bosome, she did eate of his meat, and drank out of his Cup, as *Nathan* exemplified The Father that hath but one Son, hath more cares, then he that hath many, so should we be more carefull to provide for death which comes but once, then for the numerous and daily calamities of life By providing for that one, wee turne the rest all into so many joyes Whatsoever is rare, whatsoever is pretious, it is single, and but one There is nothing

so rare, nothing that is comparable to a good death. But it is not the universality or diffusiveness of it that makes it so, but the contempt and the subduing of it, his death is most pretious, by whom death is contemned. Dissolution is not a meere merit, but a debt we owe to nature, which the most unwilling must pay. That wisdom which can make destiny to be her servant, which can turne necessity into virtue, Mortality into Immortality, and the debt we owe to nature into a just right and Title to eternall glory, is very great. What greater advantage can there be, then to make
 10 Heaven due to us, by being indebted to nature, and to oblige Divinity by paying a temporal debt? *Clemens* called them *Golden men*, who dyed thus, that is to say, when it was necessary to dye. They made necessity their free will, when either the publick liberty, the prerogative of reason, or the word of God called for their sufferings. For though death be a debt due to Nature, yet in these causes, Nature doth willingly resigne her right, and God becomes the Creditor. If we pay it unto him before the time of pure resolution, Nature is better pleased with that anticipation, then if we kept our set day. He is the best debtour, that paires before
 20 the time of payment. The day of payment by the Covenant of Nature is old age, but the good man paires before the day. If the noblenesse of thy mind will not incite thee to such a forward satisfaction, let the desire of gaine move thee, for the sooner thou payest, the more thou dost oblige. Hee that suffers an immature death for the good of his Country, for the sacred lawes, or the vindication of the truth of G^od, and not for his owne vain glory, doth free himselfe from the Natural debt, and doth at the same time make God his debtour, and all mankind? To a man that dyes thus, all men are indebted. God owes him for the
 30 Cause, and men for the effect. The last doth at least set us an example, and the first improves the faith, and gives life to Charity.

Adde to this, that this great good of a passive death, is a voluntary imitation of the Son of God, who laid down his life for the life of the World. And it is also done without our industry, this great virtue, this glorious perfection requires not our care and activity to bring it about. This death is most pretious and the best, because it is executed by others, and not by our selves. To suffer death, not to dye, is glorious. If prisoners break their
 40 chaines, it is neither their glory, nor their security, but augments their Guilt, and hastens their condemnation. So he that violates his own body, and makes way for the Soul to flye out with his own

hands, is damned by the very Act but if another doth it to him, it is both his Salvation and his Crown The heathens esteemed it no honour for Captives to have their bonds loosed It was their freedome, but not their glory When the judge himself did break off their Chaines, that they accounted honorable By this Ceremony did *Vespasian* and *Titus* acknowledge the worth of *Joseph the Jew* This vindicated his integrity By cutting his bonds with their Imperial hand, they freed him both from captivity and disgrace *Titus* said, that if they would break off his fetters, and not stay to take them off, his honour would be so perfectly repaired by it, as if he had been never bound, nor overcome The same difference (in point of honour) is betwixt the naturall death and the violent betwixt dying when wee are full of daies, and the death which Tyrants impose upon us, when we are mangled and grinded by their fury This honour is then greatest, when the body is not dissolved, but distorted and broken into peeces Certainly the best men have ever perished by the violence of Tyrants, nature (to preserve her innocence) being very backward and unwilling (as it were) to take away such great and needfull examples of goodnesse Treachery and violence were ordained for the just in the death of *Abel*, who dyed by the wicked This better sort of death was (in him) consecrated to the best men, those persons whom Nature respects, and is loath to medle with, envy laies hands upon Whom the one labours to preferre, the other plotteth to destroy Nor deals she thus with the good only, but with the eminent and mighty too thus she served *Hector*, *Alexander* and *Cæsar* the goodliest object is alwaies her aim When *Thrasylulus* the Astrologer told *Alexander the Roman*, that he should end his daies by a violent death, he answered, that he was very glad of it, for then (said he) I shall dye like an Emperour, like the best and the greatest of men, and not sneak out of the World like a worthlesse, obscure fellow But the death of these *Glorious* was not truly glorious I have onely mentioned them, because that a passive death (though wanting religion) hath made their honour permanent That death is the truly glorious, which is seald with the joy of the sufferers spirit, whose Conscience is ravished with the kisses of the Dove Who can look upon his tormentours with delight, and grow up to Heaven without diminution, though made shorter on Earth by the head

This is the death which growes pretious by contempt, and glorious by disgrace Whose sufferer runs the race set before him

with patience, and finisheth it with joy We are carefull that those things which are our own, may be improved to the utmost, and why care wee not for death? what is more ours then mortality? Death should not be feared, because it is simply, or of it self, a great good, and is evill to none but fo those that by living ill make their death bad What ever evil is in death, it is attracted from life If thou preservest a good Conscience while thou livest, thou wilt have no feare when thou dyest, thou wilt rejoyce and walke homeward singing It is life therefore that makes thee fear
 10 death If thou didst not fear life, if life had not blasted the joyes of death, thou wouldst never be afraid of the end of sorrowes Death therefore is of it self innocent, sincere, healthfull, and desirable It frees us from the malignancie and malice of life, from the sad necessities and dangerous errours we are subject to in the body That death, whose leaders are Integrity and virtue, whose cause is Religion, is the *Elixir* which gives this life its true tincture, and makes it immortal To dye is a common and trivial thing, for the good and the bad dye, and the bad most of all but to dye willingly, to dye gloriously is the peculiar priviledge of good
 20 men It is better to leave life voluntarily, then to be driven out of it forcibly let us willingly give place unto posterity Esteem not life for its own sake, but for the use of it Love it not, because thou wouldst live, but because thou mayst do good works while thou livest Now the greatest work of life is a good death If life then ought to be lesse esteemed then good works, who would not purchase a good death with the losse of life? why should we be afeared of politick, irreligious Tyrants, and an arm of flesh though guarded with steele? Nature it self threatens us with death, and frailty attends us every hour Why will we refuse
 30 to dye in a good cause when 'tis offered us, who may dye ill the very next day after? let us not promise our selves a short life, when our death assures us of eternal glory

But if it were granted that death were neither good nor honourable, but evill and fearfull, why will not we take care for that which we fear? Why do we neglect that which we suspect? Why, if it be evill, do not wee arme and defend our selves against it? we provide against dangerous contingencies, we labour against casuall losses, and we neglect this great and inevitable peril To neglect death, and to contemn death are two things none are
 40 more carefull of it, then those that contemne it, none feare it more then those that neglect it, and which is strange, they fear it not because they have neglected it, but they neglect it, when they

fear it they dare not prepare for it, for fear of thinking of it
O the madnesse and Idlenesse of mankind ' to that, which they
adjudge to be most Evill, they come not onely unprepared, but
unadvisedly, and without so much as forethought What mean
we, what do we look for? Death is still working, and wee are
still idle, it is still travelling towards us, and we are still
slumbering and folding our hands Let us awake out of this
darke and sleepy state of mind, let us shake off these dreams and
vain propositions of diverse lusts let us approve of truth and
realities, let us follow after those things which are good , let us 10
have true joy made sure unto us, and a firm security in life, in
death

•
*Sickness and death, you are but sluggish things,
And cannot reach, a heart that hath got wings*

FINIS

THE WORLD
CONTEMNED,

IN A
Parenetical Epistle written by
the Reverend Father

EUCHERIUS,

Bishop of *Lyons*, to his Kinsman
VALERIANVS

*Love not the World, neither the things that are
in the world If any man love the world, the love
of the Father is not in him 1 Ioh 2 15*

*They are of the world, therefore speake they of the
world, and the world heareth them Chap 4 verse 5*

*If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me
before it hated you Ioh 15 verse 18*

*If ye were of the world, the world would love his
own, but because ye are not of the world, but I have
chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth
you ve 19*

*Remember the word that I said unto you, the Ser-
vant is not greater than the Lord if they have perse-
cuted me, they will also persecute you If they have
kept my saying, they will keepe yours also v 20*

London, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*,
at the *Princes Armes* in *St Pauls*
Church-yard 1654

Advertisement

Herbert Ros weyd *published this peece at Antwerp 1621* *It is mentioned by Gennadius cap 63 De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis, and Erasmus (long before Ros-weyd's Edition) writ some Notes upon it* *The Author Eucherius was a Roman Senatour, but being converted to the Faith, he left the Senate, and lived in a poor Cell by the river Druentium, where his Wife Galla died* *His two daughters, Consortia, and Tullia, having learnt Christ, continued both in the Virgin-life, & signorum gloriâ claruerunt* *He sate Bishop in the chair of Lyons (as I find him placed by Helvicus) in the year of our*
10 *Lord 443* *Some will have him a Century lower, but that difference weakens not the certainty of it* *The peece it self (in the Original) is most elaborate and judicious, and breaths that togatam elegantiam which in most of the Roman Senatours was not more acquired, then natural* *What this Valerian was (more then our Authors Kinsman, by whose pen his name lives) is not certainly known* *Some will have him to be Priscus Valerianus, the Præfect, or Deputy of France, mentioned by Sidonius Apollinaris* *Others are willing to let him passe for that Valerian, whose Homilies now extant were published by Sirmondus* *But as it is not determinable, so is it not material*
20 *This we may safely conclude, that he was a very eminent, noble Personage, and one that followed too much after temporal pomp, and the powers of this world, though neither of them could lend him so much light, as would keep him from obscuritie* *To bring down these top branches, Eucherius layes the Axe to the root of the tree, by shewing him the vanity, and the iniquity of riches and honours, the two grand inticements of popular spirits* *And thus he doth with such powerfull and clear reasons, that to virtuous and peaceful minds he hath renderd them not only contemptible, but odious* *Much more might have been spoken against them, but (seeing the Age we*
30 *live in hath made all his Arguments, Demonstrations) he hath in my judgement spoken enough*

H V S

E U C H E R I U S

to his Kinsman

VALERIANUS, &c.

They are happily linked in the bond of blood, who are held together by the bond of love And for this gift (which is descended upon us from the Father of lights,) both you and my selfe may greatly rejoyce Whom love as well as kindred hath united, and those two faire obligations have betrothed in one entire affection One of them wee tooke from the Fathers of our flesh, and the other from our private dispositions This double tye by which (love binding us on the one side, and blood on the other,) we are mutually knit together, hath inforced me to enlarge my selfe in this Epistle with some excesse more then usuall, that I might commend unto your Consideration the Cause of your owne. Soul, and assert the work of our profession to be, that Supreme beatitude which is onely true, and capable of those things which are Eternal

And indeed your own pious propension is not repugnant to the profession of holy living, who already by a forward felicity of manners have in some points prevented, and met with many things which are taught unto us by sacred learning. So that by the meanes of provident and discreet Nature, you seem unto me to have seized upon many duties of Religion, as the Concessions and Indulgences of our good God towards you, whose gift it is, that the Divine wisdom should partly find in you, and partly conferre upon you the riches of his Kingdome

But although (by the hands of your Father, and Father in law,) you have been allready advanced and seated upon the highest pinnacles of temporall honours, and are still adorned and surrounded with illustrious titles descending from them both, Yet I desire, and long to find in you a thirst of greater and far higher honours, and shall now call you not to Earthly, but Heavenly honours, not to the dignities and splendour of one short age, but to the solid and enduring glories of eternity For the onely true and indelible glory is, to be glorified in Eternity

I shall therefore speak unto you, not the wisdom of this

World, but that secret and hidden wisdom which God ordained before the World unto our glory I shall speake with much care and affection towards you, and with very little respect or animadversion of my selfe, for I have in this attempt considered more, what I wish to see perfected in you, than what I am able to do in my self

The first duty of Man ordained and brought forth into this World for that end, (my most dear *Valerian*!) is to know his Creatour, and being known, to confesse him, and to resigne or
 10 give up his life (which is the wonderfull and peculiar gift of God,) to the service and worship of the giver, that what he received by Gods free donation, may be employed in true devotion, and what was conferred upon him in the state of wrath and unworthinesse, may by an obedient resignation make him pretious and beloved For of this saving opinion are we, That as it is most certain, that we came forth from God, so should we believe it, and presse on still towards him Whereupon we shall conclude, that he onely, rightly and divinely apprehends the purpose of God in making man, who understands it thus, *That God himself made us for*
 20 *himself*

It is then our best course, to bestow our greatest care upon the Soul, So shall that which is the first and highest in dignity, be not the lowest, and last in consideration Amongst us *Christians*, let that which is the first in order, be the first cared for, let Salvation which is the chiefeest profit be our chiefeest employment Let the safeguard and the defense of this, take up all our forces, let it be not only our chiefeest, but our sole delight As it surpasseth all other things in excellencie, so let it in our care and consideration

30 Our Supreme duty is that which wee owe to God, and the next to it appertaines to the Soul And yet these two are such loving correlates, that though every one of them is a duty of Supreme consequence, and such as by no means we may presume to neglect or omit, yet cannot wee possibly performe any one of them without the other So that whosoever will serve God, doth at the same time provide for his own Soul, and he that is carefull for his own Soul, doth at the same time serve God So that the state of these two soveraign duties in man, is by a certain compendious dependence and co-intention rendred very easie, while the faithfull
 40 performance of the one, is a perfect consummation of both For by the unspeakable tendernes and mercy of God, the good wee

Much Physicall curiosity, much care and many strict observations
 are bestowed upon the body, much pain it undergoes in hope of
 health, and deserves the Soule no Medicine? If it be but fit and
 necessary, that diverse helps and means of healing are sought for
 the body, for the recovering onely of a temporall and transitory
 health, is it not unjust that the Soul should be excluded, and be
 suffered to languish and putrifie with deadly and spirituall
 diseases? Shall the Soul onely be a stranger to those proper and
 pretious remedies ordained for it by the great Physitian? Yea
 rather, if so many things are provided for the body, let the
 provision for the Soul be far more abundant for if it was truly
 said by some, that this *fleshy frame is the servant, and the Soul the*
Mistris, then will it be very undecent and injurious, if we shall
 preferre and place the servant before the Mistris It is but a just
 claim, that the better part should require the better attendance,
 for with constant and intente diligence should wee look on
 that side, where the greater dignity and our most pretious
 treasure is laid up It is not agreeable to reason, and it takes from
 the honour of our employment, that we should subject it to the
 unworthier party The flesh being allwaies inclined to vitiousnesse,
 drawes us back to the Earth, as to its proper center and Originall
 But the Soul being descended from the Father of lights, is like the
 sparks of fire still flying upwards The Soule is the Image of
 God in us, and the pretious pledge of his future munificence Let
 us imploy all our innate forces, and all outward Auxiliaries for the
 preservation of this if we manage and defend it faithfully, wee
 take care for, and protect the intrusted pledge and purchased
 possession of God What conveniencie can wee have to build, so
 unless we do first of all lay the foundation? but to him that hath
 design'd a superstructure of true blessings, the fundamentall must
 be Salvation And if hee hath not laid that foundation, upon
 what can the Consequences he hopes for be builded? how shall he
 be filled with the Increase of those remunerations and after-
 blessings, that wants the first fruits, and denies the rewarder?
 what portion can he have in the joyes of Eternity, that will be
 wanting to his own Salvation? How can he live the life of the
 blessed, that wil not rise from death? or what will it benefit him
 to heape up temporal provision, and the materials of this World, so
 when he hath stored up nothing for the comfort of his Soule? Or
 as our Lord *JESUS CHRIST* hath said, *What is a man*

profited, if hee gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul? There can therefore be no cause for sparing and laying up, where it is manifest, that the Soul is already lost, where Salvation is forfeited, what gaine or profit can be hoped for? Or wherein shall the true treasure be laid up, or wherewith shall he receive it, when the Soules pretious vessell, and the storehouse of Eternal joyes is utterly ruined and broken? let us therefore while we have time, labour for true riches, and make earnest hast to that holy and Heavenly commerce, which is worth our looking and longing
 10 after

Eternall life may be obtained in a very few daies Which daies though they should be blest with an inoffensive and untainted holinesse of life, yet because they are but few, are to be lightly esteem'd of for nothing can be rich in value, which is but short in duration Nor can that procure any long or durable joyes, whose time of existence or abode is narrow and transient The short Accommodations of this life have but short effects It seems therefore but just unto me, that to the joyes of this present life (if it hath any) we should preferre the true and indubitable joyes of
 20 that which is everlasting For the felicity we enjoy here, is at best but temporal, but the other is eternal, and the fruition of a transitorie, uncertaine happinesse is but a frailty and accident, but the possession of inviolable and never ending joyes, is triumph and security

It is clear then, that the Eternal life is most blessed, for what other thing can be named, or thought upon, that is more happy then everlasting life? As for this present short life, it is so very short, that it is withall most miserable It is prest and assaulted on every side with surrounding, inevitable sorrowes, it is distrest
 30 with many evill defects, and tost to and fro by secret and penal accidents For what is there in all the whole World that is so uncertain, so various, and so replenished with troubles, as the course of this life? Which is full of labour, full of anguish, fraught with cares, and made ominous with dangers which is distracted with violent and suddaine mutations, made unpleasant with bodily distempers, afflicted with thoughtfullnesse, and mentall agonies, and lies naked and open to all the Whirlwinds of time and Chance? What benefit then, yea, what reason have you to turne aside, and run away from Eternal joyes, that you may pursue
 40 and follow after temporall miseries

Do not you see, my dear *Valerian*, how every one that is provident (even in this life,) doth with plenty of all necessaries

furnish that cottage or field, where hee knowes he shall reside? and where he abides but for a short time, his provision is accordingly, where he intends a longer stay, he provides likewise a greater supply? unto us also, who in this present World (being straightned on every side) have but a very short time, are Eternall ages reserv'd in the World which is to come, if so be that wee competently provide for an Eternall state, and seeke onely what is sufficient for the present, not perversely bestowing the greatest care upon the shortest and smallest portion of time, and the smallest care upon the time of greatest and endlesse extent

And indeed I know not, which should soonest, or most effectually incite us to a pious care of life Eternal, either the blessings which are promised us in that state of glory, or the miseries which we feel in this present life Those from above most lovingly invite and call upon us, these below most rudely and importunately would expell us hence Seeing therefore that the continuall Evills of this life, would drive us hence unto a better, if we will not be induced by the good, let us be compelled by the Evill Both the good and the bad agree to incite us to the best, 20 and though at difference amongst themselves, yet both consent to make us happy For while the one invites us, and the other compells us, both are sollicitous for our good

If some eminent and powerfull Prince having adopted you for his Son, and co-partner, should forthwith send for you by his Ambassador, you would (I^o believe) break through all difficulties, and the wearisome extent of Sea and Land, that you might appear before him, and have your adoption ratified God Almighty, the Maker and the Lord of Heaven and Earth, and all that is in them, calls you to this adoption, and offers unto you (if you will receive 30 it,) that dear stile of a Sonne, by which he calls his onely begotten, and your glorious Redeemer And will you not be inflamed and ravished with his Divine love? will you not make hast, and begin your Journey towards Heaven, lest swift destruction come upon you, and the honors offered you be frustrated by a sad and sudden death?

And to obtain this adoption, you shall not need to passe through the unfrequented and dangerous Solitudes of the Earth, or to commit your selfe to the wide and perillous Sea When you will, this adoption is within your reach, and lodgeth with you. And 40 shall this blessing, because it is as easie in the getting, as it is great in the consequence, find you therefore backward or unwilling to

attain it? How hard a matter to the lukewarme and the dissembler will the making sure of this adoption prove? for as to the faithfull and obedient it is most easie, so to the hypocrite and the rebellious, it is most difficult

Certainly, it is the love of life that hath inslaved us so much to a delectation, and dotage upon temporal things Therefore do I now advise you, who are a lover of life, to love it more It is the right way of perswading, when we do it for no other end but to obtain that from you, which of your owne accord you desire to
 10 grant us Now for this life which you love, am I an Embassadour, and intreat that this life which you love in its transient and momentary state, you would also love in the Eternal But how, or in what manner you may be said to love this present life, unlesse you desire to have it made most excellent, perfect, and eternally permanent, I cannot see, for that which hath the power to please you when it is but short and uncertain, wil please you much more, when it is made eternal and immutable And that which you dearly love and value, though you have it but for a time, will be much more deare and pretious to you, when you shall enjoy it
 20 without end It is therefore but fit, that the temporall life should look still towards the Eternal, that through the one, you may passe into the other You must not rob your selfe of the benefits of the life to come, by a crooked and perverse use of the present This life must not oppose it selfe to the damage and hurt of the future For it were very absurd and unnatural, that the love of life should cause the destruction and the death of life

Therefore whither you judg this temporall life worthy of your love, or your Contempt, my present argument will be every way
 very reasonable * For if you contemne it,
 30 * *An excellent Dilemma* your reason to do so, is, that you may obtain a better and if you love it, you must so much the more love that life which is eternall

But I rather desire, that you would esteem of it, as you have found it, and judge it to be (as it is indeed) full of bitterness and trouble, a race of tedious and various vexations, and that you would utterly forsake and renounce both it, and its occupations Cut off at last that wearisome and endlesse chain of secular employments, that one and the same slavery, though in severa negotiations Break in sunder those cords of vain cares, in whose
 40 successive knots you are alwayes intangled, and bound up, and in every one of which your travell is renewed and begun again Let this rope of sands, this coherencie of vaine causes be taken away

In which (as long as men live) the tumult of affairs (being still lengthen'd by an intervening succession of fresh cares) is never ended, but runnes on with a fretting and consuming sollicitousness, which makes this present life, that is already of it selfe short and miserable enough, far more short and more miserable Which also (according to the succeſſe or croſſeſſe of affairs) lets in divers times vain and sinfull rejoycings, bitter sorrows, anxious wishes, and suspitious fears Let us last of all cast off all those things which make this life in respect of their imployment but very short, but in respect of cares and sorrows very long Let us reject, and 10 resolutely contemn this uncertain world, and the more uncertain manners of it, wherein the Peasant as well as the Prince is seldom safe, where things that lye low are trodden upon, and the high and lofty totter and decline Chuse for your self what worldly estate you please There is no rest either in the *mean*, or the *mighty* Both conditions have their miseries, and their misfortunes The private and obscure is subject to disdain, the publick and splendid unto envy

Two prime things I suppose there are, which strongly enchain, and keep men bound in secular negotiations, and having bewitch'd their understanding, retaine them still in that dotage, the *pleasure of riches*, & the *dignity of honours* The former of which ought not to be called pleasure, but poverty, and the latter is not dignity, but vanity These two (being joyn'd in one subtil league) set upon man, and with alternate, insnaring knots disturb and intangle his goings These (besides the vain desires which are peculiar to themselves) infuse into the mind of man other deadly and pestiferous lustings, which are their consequents, and with a certaine pleasing inticement sollicite and overcome the hearts of Mankind

As for Riches (that I may speake first of them) what is there, I pray, or what can there be more pernicious? They are seldom gotten without Injustice, by such an Administrator are they gathered, and by such a Steward they must be kept, for Covetousnesse is the root of all evils And there is indeed a very great familiarity betwixt these two, Riches * and Vices 30 in their names, as well as in their nature And ** Divitia & Vita.* are they not also very frequently matter of disgrace, and an evil report? Upon which consideration it was said ** Every rich man* by one, that ** Riches were tokens of Injuries* In *himself, or the son* 40 the possession of corrupt persons they publish *of a tyrant* to the world their bribery and unrighteousnesse, and elsewhere,

they allure the eyes, and incite the spirits of seditious men to rebellion, and in the custody of such they bear witness of the sufferings, and the murder of innocent persons, & the plundering of their goods

But grant that these disasters should not happen, can we have any certainty, whither these things that make themselves wings, will fly away after our decease? *He layeth up treasure* (saith the *Psalmist*) *and knoweth not for whom he gathers it*

But suppose that you should have an heir after your own heart,
 10 doth hee not oftentimes destroy and scatter what the Father hath gathered? doth not an ill-bred son, or our ill choice of a Son-in-law prove the frequent ruin of all our labours and substance in this life? What pleasure then can there be in such riches, whose collection is sin and sorrow, and our transmission, or bequeathing of them anxious and uncertaine?

Whither then at last will this wild and devious affection of men carry them? You know how to love accidental and external goods, but cannot love your own self That which you so much long for is abroad, and without you, you place your affection
 20 upon a forraigner, upon an enemy Returne, or retire rather into your self, and be you dearer, and nearer to your own heart then those things which you call yours Certainly if some wise man, and skilfull in the affaires of this world, should converse, and come to be intimate with you, it would better please you, that he should affect your person, then affect your goods, and you would choose, that he should rather love you for your self, then for your riches, you would have him to be faithful unto man, not to his money What you would have another to performe towards you, that doe you for your self, who ought to be the most faithfull to
 30 your self Our selves, our selves wee should love, not those things which wee phantastically call ours

And let this suffice to have been spoken against Riches

As for the Honours of this world (to speak generally, and without exception, for I shall not descend to particulars) what dignity can you justly attribute to those things which the base man, and the bad, as well as the noble and good, promiscuously obtain, and all of them by corruption and ambition? The same honour is not conferred upon men of the same merits, and dignity makes not a difference betwixt the worthy and the unworthy, but
 40 confounds them So that which should be a character of deserts, by advancing the good above the bad, doth most unjustly make

them equal, and after a most strange manner there is in no state of life lesse difference made betwixt the worst men, and the best, then in that state which you term honourable Is it not then a greater honour to be without that honour, and to be esteemed of according to our genuine worth, and sincere carriage, then according to the false gloss of promiscuous, deceiving honours?

And these very things (how big soever they look) what fleeting and frail appearances are they? We have seen of late men eminently honourable, seated upon the very spires, and top of dignity, whose incredible treasures purchased them a great part of the world, their successes exceeded their own desires, and their prodigious fortunes amazed their very wishes But these I speak of were private prosperities Kings themselves with all their height and imperiousnesse, with all their triumphs and glory shined but for a time Their cloathings were of wrought gold, their diadems sparkled with the various flames, and differing relucencies of precious stones, their Palaces were thronged with Princely attendants, their roofs adorned with gilded beams, their Will was a Law, and their words were the rules and coercive bounds of Mankind But who is he, that by a temporal felicity can lift his head above the stage of humane chances? Behold now, how the vast sway and circumference of these *mighty* is no where to be found! their riches and precious things too are all gone, and they themselves the possessors and masters of those royal treasures! most late, and most famous Kingdoms (even amongst us) are now become a certaine fable All those things which sometimes were reputed here to be very great, are now become none at all

Nothing I think, nay I am sure, of all these riches, honours, powers went along with them from hence All they took with them was the pretious substance of their faith and piety These onely (when they were deprived of all other attendants) waited on them, and like faithfull, inseparable companions, travelled with them out of this world With this provision are they now fed, with these riches, and with these honours are they adorned In these they rest, and this goodnesse is now their greatnesse

Wherefore, if we be taken at all with honours and riches, let us be taken with the true and durable ones Every good man exchangeth these earthly dignities for those which are celestiall, and earthen treasures for the heavenly He layes up treasure there, where a most exact and inconfused difference is made

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betwixt the good and the bad, where that which is once gotten shall be for ever enjoyed, where all things may be obtained, and where nothing can be lost

But seeing we are fallen into a discourse of the frailty of temporal things, let us not forget the frail condition of this short life What is it, I beseech you, what is it? Men see nothing more frequently then death, and minde nothing more seldome Mankind is by a swift mortality quickly driven into the *West*, or setting point of life, and all posterity by the unalterable Law of
 10 succeeding ages and generations follow after Our fathers went from hence before us, we shall goe next, and our children must come after As streames of water falling from high, the one still following the other, doe in successive circles break and terminate at the banks, so the appointed times and successions of men are cut off at the boundary of death This consideration should take up our thoughts night and day, this memoriall of our fraile condition should keep us still awake Let us alwayes thinke the time of our departure to be at hand, for the day of death, the farther we put
 1 off, comes on the faster, and is by so much the nearer to us Let
 20 us suspect it to be near, because we know not how far Let us, as the *Scripture* saith, *make plain our wayes before us* .

If we make this the businesse of our thoughts, and meditate still upon it, wee shall not be frighted with the fear of death Blessed and happy are all you who have already reconciled your selves unto *Christ*! no great fear of death can disturb them, who desire to be dissolved that they may be with *Christ*, who in the silence of their own bosomes, quietly, and long since prepared for it, expect the last day of their pilgrimage here They care not much how soon they end this temporal life, that passe from
 30 into life eternal

Let not the populacy and throng of loose livers, or hypocriticall time-pleasers perswade us to a neglect of life, neither be you induced by the errours of the *many* to cast away your particular salvation What wil the multitude in that day of Gods judgement avail us, when every private person shall be sentenced, where the examinations of works, and every mans particular actions, not the example of the common people shall absolve him? Stop your ears, and shut your eyes against such damnable Precedents that invite you to destruction It is better to sow in tears, and to plant
 40 eternal life with the few, then to lose it with the multitude Let not therefore the number of sinfull men weaken your diligence of not sinning, for the madnesse of those that sin against their

own soules, can be no authority unto us, I beseech you look
alwayes upon the vices of others as their shame, not your example

If it be your pleasure to look for examples, seek them rather
from that party, which though the least, yet if considered as it is
a distinct body, is numerous enough Seek them (I say) from that
party, wherein you shall find those ranged, who wisely understood,
wherefore they were born, and accordingly while they lived, did
the businesse of life, who eminent for good works, and excelling
in virtue, pruned and drest the present life, and planted the future
Nor are our examples (though of this rare kind) only copious, but 10
great withall, and most illustrious

For what worldly nobility, what honours, what dignity, what
wisdom, what eloquence, or learning have not betaken themselves
to this heavenly warfare? what sovereignty now hath not with all
humility submitted to this easie yoke of *Christ*? And certainly it
is a madness beyond error and ignorance for any to dissemble
in the cause of their salvation I could (but that I will not be
tedious to you) out of an innumerable company produce many by
name, and shew you what eminent and famous men in their times
have forsaken this World, and embraced the most strict rules of 20
Christian Religion And some of these (because I may not omit
all,) I shall cursorily introduce

Clement the *Roman*, of the stock of the *Cæsars*, and the Antient
Linage of the Senatours, a person fraught with Science, and most
skillfull in the liberall *Arts*, betook himself to this path of the
just, and so uprightly did he walk therein, that he was elected to
the Episcopal dignity of *Rome*

Gregorie of *Pontus*, a Minister of holy things, *Gregorius Thaumaturgus*
famous at first for his humane learning and
eloquence, became afterwards more eminent by those Divine 30
Graces conferr'd upon him For (as the Faith of Ecclesiastical
History testifies,) amongst other miraculous signes of his effectual
devotion, he removed a Mountain by prayer, and dried up a deep
lake

Gregory Nazianzen, another holy Father, given also at first to
Philosophie and humane literature, declined at last those Worldly
rudiments, and embraced the true and Heavenly Philosophy To
whose industry also wee owe no meaner a person then *Basil* the
Great, for being his intimate acquaintance, and fellow-student
in secular Sciences, he entred one day into his *Auditory*, where 40
Basilus was then a Reader of *Rhetorick*, and leading him by the
hand out of the School, dissuaded him from that imployment with

this gentle reproofe, *Leave this Vanity, and study thy Salvation* And shortly after both of them came to be famous and faithfull Stewards in the house of God, and have left us in the Church, most usefull and pregnant Monuments of their Christian learning

Thou hast his life annexed to this Epistle as a precedent after these precepts *Paulinus* Bishop of *Nola*, the great Ornament and light of *France*, a person of Princely revenues, powerfull eloquence, and most accomplish'd learning, so highly

approved of this our profession, that *choosing for himself the better* *part*, he divided all his Princely Inheritance amongst the poor, and afterward filled most part of the World with his elegant and pious writings

Hilarius of late, and *Petronius* now in *Italie*, both of them out of the fulnesse of Secular honours and power, betook themselves

** Hilarius about this time (which was 435 years after Christ) did lead a monastical life but upon the death of Honoratus, he was elected his successour in the Bishoprick of Orleans, in which dignity he continued not long, for being addicted to solitarie, he resigned it, and turned into the Wildernesse.*

St Augustine

to this Course, the one entring ** into the religion*, the other into the Priesthood And when shall I have done with this great cloud of witnesses, If I should bring into the field all those eloquent Contenders for the Faith, *Firminianus, Minutius, Cyprian, Hilary, Chrysostome and Ambrose?* These I believe spoke to themselves in the same words which ** another of our*

profession used as a spurre to drive himselfe out of the Secular life into this blessed and Heavenly vocation, They said, I believe *What is this? The unlearned get up, and lay hold upon the Kingdome of Heaven, and we with our learning, behold where we wallow in flesh and blood* This (sure) they said, and upon this consideration they also rose up, and tooke

30 the Kingdome of Heaven by force Having now in part produced these reverend witnesses, whose zeal for the Christian faith hath exceeded most of their successours, though they also were bred up in secular rudiments, perswasive eloquence, and the Pomp and fulnesse of honours, I shall descend unto Kings themselves, and to that head of the World, the *Roman Empire*. And here I think it not necessary that those Royal, religious Antients of the old World should be mentioned at all Some of their posterity, and the most renowned in our *Sacred Chronicles* I shall make use of, as *David* for Piety, *Josiah* for Faith, and *Ezechias* for Humility The later times also have
40 been fruitfull in this kinde, nor is this our age altogether barren of pious Princes, who draw near to the Knowledge of the onely true

and Immortal King, and with most contrite and submissive hearts acknowledge and adore the Lord of Lords The *Court*, as well as the *Cloyster*, hath yeelded Saints, of both Sexes And these in my opinion are more worthy your Imitation, then the mad and giddy Commonalty, for the examples of these, carry with them in the World to come Salvation, and in the present World, Authority.

You see also how the dayes and the years, and all the bright Ornaments and Luminaries of Heaven, do with an unwearied duty execute the commands and decrees of their Creatour, and in a constant, irremissive tenour continue obedient to his ordinances 10 And shall wee (for whose use these lights were created, and set in the firmament,) seeing we know our Masters will, and are not ignorant of his Commandements, stop our ears against them? And to these Vast members of the Universe it was but once told, what they should observe unto the end of the World, but unto us line upon line, precept upon precept, and whole volumes of Gods Commandements are every day repeated Adde to this, that man (for this also is in his power) should learn to submit himself to the will of his Creator, and to be obedient to his Ordinances, for by paying his whole duty unto God, he gives withall a good 20 example unto men

But if there be any that will not returne unto their maker and be healed, can they therefore escape the Arme of their Lord, in whose hand are the Spirits of all flesh? Whither will they fly, that would avoyd the presence of God? What Covert can hide them from that *Eye* which is every where, and sees all things? Let them heare thee, holy *David*, let them heare thee

Psalm 139

Whither shall I go from thy presence, or whither shall I flee from thy Spirit? 30

If I ascend up into Heaven, thou art there if I make my bed in Hell, behold thou art there

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the Sea,

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me

If I say, surely the darknesse shall cover me even the night shall be light about thee

Yea the darknesse hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day the darkness and the light are both alike to thee 40

Therefore (willing or unwilling) though they should absent themselves from the Lord of all the world by their Wills, yet shall they never be able to get their persons out of his Jurisdiction and Supreme right They are absent from him indeed in their love and affections But he is present with them in his prerogative and anger So then being runagates, they are shut up, and (which is a most impious madnesse) they live without any consideration or regard of God, but within his power And if these being earthly Masters, when their servants run away from them, with a furious
 10 and hasty search pursue after them, or if they renounce their service, prosecute them for it, and become the assertours of their owne right over them, why will not they themselves render unto their Master which is in Heaven his most just right? Why will they not stay in his Family, and freely offer themselves unto his service, and be as impartial Judges in the cause of God as in their own?

Why with so much dotage do we fixe our Eyes upon the deceitfull lookes of temporal things? Why do we rest our selves upon those thornes onely, which wee see beneath us? Is it the
 20 Eye alone that wee live by? Is there nothing usefull about us but that wanderer? We live also by the eare, and at that Inlet wee receive the glad tydings of Salvation, which fill us with earnest grones for our glorious liberty and the consummation of the promises, Whatsoever is promised, whatsoever is preached unto us, let us wait for it with intentive wishes, and most eager desires That faithfull one, the blessed Author of those promises assures us frequently of his fidelity and performance, let us covet earnestly his best promises

But notwithstanding this which hath been spoken, if a sober
 30 and virtuous use were made of the Eye, we might by that very faculty be drawn to a certaine sacred longing after Immortality, and the powers of the World to come, if that admiration, which by contemplating the rare frame of the World wee are usually filled with, were returned upon the glorious Creatour of it, by our praises and benediction of him, Or if we would meditate what a copious, active and boundlesse light shall fill our eyes in the state of Immortality, seeing so fair a luminary is allowed us in the state of corruption Or what transcendent beauty shall be given to all things in that eternall World, seeing this transitory one is so full
 40 of Majesty and freshnesse, There can be no excuse for us, if we sollicite the faculties of these members to abuse and perversenesse. Let them rather be commodiously applied to both lifes, and so

minister to the use of the temporall, as not to cast off their duty to the Eternal

But if pleasure and love delight us, and provoke our Senses, there is in Christian Religion, a love of infinite comfort, and such delights as are not nauseous and offensive after fruition There is in it, that which not onely admits of a most vehement and overflowing love, but ought also to be so beloved, namely, God, blessed for evermore, the onely beautifull, delightfull, immortal and Supreme good, whom you may boldly and intimately love as well as passionately, if in the room of your former earthly affections, you entertain Heavenly and holy desires If you were ever taken with the magnificence and dignity of another person, there is nothing more magnificent then God If with any thing that might conduce to your honour and glory, there is nothing more glorious then him If with the splendour and excellencie of pompous shewes, there is nothing more bright, nothing more excellent If with fairnesse and pleasing objects, there is nothing more beautifull If with verity and righteousness, there is nothing more just, nothing more true If with liberality, there is nothing more bountifull If with incorruption and simplicity, there is nothing more sincere, nothing more pure then that Supreme goodnesse Are you troubled that your treasure and store is not proportionable to your mind? The Earth and the fullnesse thereof are under his lock Do you love any thing that is trusty and firm? There is nothing more friendly, nothing more faithfull then him Do you love any thing that is beneficial? There is no greater benefactor Are you delighted with the gravity or gentleness of any object? there is nothing more terrible then his Almightynesse, nothing more mild then his goodnesse Do you love refreshments in a low estate, and a merry heart in a plentiful? Joy in prosperity, and comforts in adversity are both the dispensations of his hand Wherefore it stands with all reason, that you should love the giver more then his gifts, and him from whom you have all these things, more then the things themselves Riches, Honours, and all things else, whose present lustre attracts and possesseth your heart, are not onely with him, but are now also had from him

Recollect your dispersed, and hitherto ill-placed affections, employ them wholly in the Divine service Let this dissolute love and complance with worldly desires become chaste piety, and wait upon sacred affaires Call home your devious and runnagate thoughts, which opinion and custome have sadly distracted, and having suppress old errors, direct your love to his proper object,

bestow it wholly upon your Maker For all that you can love now is his, his alone, and none else For of such infinitenesse is he, that those who do not love him, deale most injuriously because they cannot love any thing, but what is his

But I would have an impartial judgement to consider, whether it be just for him to love the work, and hate the Workman, and having cast by, and deserted the Creator of all things, to run and seize upon his creatures every where, and without any difference, according to his perverse and insatiable lust Whereas it behoved
 10 him rather to invite God to be gracious and loving to him, by this very affection to his works, if piously layd out And now man gives himself over to the lusts and service of his own detestable figments, and most unnaturally becomes a lover of the Art, and neglects the Artificer, adores the Creature, and despiseth the Creator

And what have we spoken all this while of those innumerable delights which are with him? or of the infinite and ravishing sweetnesse of his ineffable Goodnesse? the sacred and inexhaustible treasure of his Love? or when will it be that any shall be able
 20 to expresse or conceive the dignity and fulnesse of any one Attribute that is in him? To love him then is not onely delightfull, but needfull For not to love him, whom even then when we love, we cannot possibly requite, is impious, and not to returne him such acknowledgements as we are able, whom if we would, we can never recompence, is most unjust For what shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards us? What shall we render unto him for this one benefit, that he hath given salvation to man by faith, and ordained that to be most easie in the *fact*, by which he restored hope to the subjected world, and
 30 eternal life unto lost man?

And that I may now descend unto those things which were sometimes out of his Covenant, I mean the Nations and Kingdomes of the Gentiles, doe you think that these were made subject to the *Roman* power, and that the dispersed multitude of Mankind were incorporated (as it were) into one body under one head for any other end, but that (as Medicines taken in at the mouth are diffused into all parts of the body) so the Faith by this means might with more ease be planted and penetrated into the most remote parts of the world Otherwise by reason of different
 40 powers, customs, and languages, it had met with fresh and numerous oppositions, and the passage of the Gospel had been much more difficult Blessed *Paul* himself describing his course

in planting the Faith amongst this very people, writes in his Epistle to the *Romans*, *That from Hierusalem and round about to Illyricum he had fully preached the Gospel of Christ* And how long (without this preparation in the fulnesse of time) might this have been in doing, amongst Nations, either innumerable for multitude, or barbarous for immanitie? Hence it is that the whole earth now from the rising of the Sun unto the going down thereof, from the farthest North and the frozen sea breaks forth into singing, and rings with the glorious name of *Jesus Christ* Hence it is, that all parts of the world flock and run together to ¹⁰ the Word of Life The *Thracian* is for the Faith, the *African* for the Faith, the *Syrian* for the Faith, and the *Spaniard* hath received the Faith A great argument of the divine clemency may be gathered out of this, that under *Augustus Cæsar*, when the *Roman* power was in the height, and *Acme*, then the Almighty God came down upon the earth and assumed flesh Therefore that I may now make use of those things, which you also are versed in, it may be clearly proved (if any skilled in your Histories would assert the truth) that from the first foundation of the *Roman* Empire (which is now one thousand one ²⁰ hundred and eighty five years ago) what ever *This letter was written in the year* additions and growth it gathered either in the *of our Lord 435* reign of their first *Kings*, or afterwards under the administration of *Consuls*, all was permitted by the onely wise, and almighty God to prepare the world against the coming of *Christ*, and to make way for the propagation of the Faith

But I return thither, from whence I have digrest *Love not the world* (saith *St John*) *neither the things that are in the world*, for all those things with delusive, insnaring shews, captivate our sight, and will not suffer us to look upwards Let not that faculty of ³⁰ the eye which was ordained for light, be applyed to darknesse, being created for the use of life, let it not admit the causes of death Fleshly lusts (as it is divinely spoken by the Apostle) war against the soul, and all their accoutrements are for the ruin and destruction of it A vigilant guard doe they keep, when they are once permitted to make head, and after the manner of forraign and expert enemies, with those forces they take from us, they politickly strengthen and increase their own.

Thus hitherto have I discoursed of those splendid allurements, which are the chieftest and most taking baits of this subtile world, ⁴⁰ I mean Riches and Honours And with such earnestnesse have I argued against them, as if those blandishments had still some

force But what beauty soever they had, when cast over heretofore with some pleasing adumbrations, it is now quite worn away, and all that paint and couzenage is fallen off The world now hath scarce the art to deceive Those powerfull and bewitching lookes of things, beautiful sometimes even to deception, are now withered, and almost loathsome In former times it laboured to seduce us with its most solid and magnificent glories, and it could not Now it turnes cheat, and would entice us with toyes, and slight wares, but it cannot Reall riches it never had, and now it
 10 is so poor, that it wants counterfeits It neither hath delectable things for the present, nor durable for the future, unlesse wee agree to deceiwe our selves, the world in a manner cannot deceive us

But why delay I my stronger arguments? I affirm then that the forces of this world are dispersed and overthrown, seeing the world it self is now drawing towards its dissolution, and pants with its last gasps, and dying anhelations How much more grievous and bitter will you think this assertion, that for certain it cannot last very long? What should I trouble my self to tell you that all
 20 the utensils and moveables of it are decayed and wasted? And no marvell that it is driven into these defects, and a consumption of its ancient strength, when now grown old and weary it stoopes with weaknesse, and is ready to fall under the burthen of so many ages

These latter years and decrepitness of time are fraught with evils and calamities, as old age is with diseases Our forefathers saw, and we still see in these last dayes the plagues of famine, pestilence, war, destruction, and terrours All these are so many acute fits and convulsions of the dying world Hence it is that such frequent signs are seen in the firmament, excessive Ecclipses,
 30 and faintings of the brightest Luminaries, which is a shaking of the powers of heaven, sudden and astonishing Earthquakes under our feet, alterations of times and governments, with the monstrous fruitfulnessse of living creatures, all which are the prodigies, or fatall *symptomes* of time going indeed still on, but fainting, and ready to expire Nor is this confirmed by my weak assertions onely, but by sacred authority and the Apostolical Oracles For there it is written, that *upon us the ends of the world are come*, 1 Cor
 10 11 Which divine truth seeing it hath been spoken so long agoe, what is it that we linger for, or what can we expect? That day,
 40 not onely ours, but the last that ever the present world shall see, calls earnestly for our preparation Every hour tels us of the

coming on of that inevitable hour of our death, seeing a double danger of two finall dissolutions threatens every one in particular, and all the world in generall Wretched man that I am! the mortality of this whole frame lyes heavily upon my thoughts, as if my own were not burthensome enough Wherefore is it that we flatter our selves against these sure fears There is no place left for deviation A most certain decree is past against us, on the one side is written every mans private dissolution, and on the other the publick and universal

How much more miserable then is the condition of those men 10 (I will not say, in these out-goings, or last walks of time, but in these decayes of the worlds goodly things) who neither can enjoy ought that is pleasant at the present, nor lay up for themselves any hope of true joyes hereafter They misse the fruition of this short life, and can have no hope of the everlasting They abuse these temporal blessings, and shall never be admitted to use the eternall Their substance here is very little, but their hope there is none at all A most wretched and deplorable condition! unless they make a virtue of this desperate necessity, and lay hold on the onely soveraign remedy of bettering their estate, by 20 submitting in time to the wholesome rules of heavenly and saving reason Especially because the goodliest things of this present time, are such rags and fragments, that he that loseth the whole fraught, and true treasure of that one precious life which is to come, may be justly said to lose both

It remaines then, that we direct and fixe all the powers of our minds upon the hope of the life to come Which hope (that you may more fully and clearly apprehend it) I shall manifest unto you, under a type or example taken from temporal things. If some man should offer unto another five peeces of silver this day, but 30 promise him five hundred peeces of gold, if he would stay till the next morning, and put him to his choice, whither he would have the silver at present, or the gold upon the day following, is there any doubt to be made, but he would chuse the greater sum, though with a little delay? Goe you and doe the like Compare the Crummes and perishing pittance in this short life, with the glorious, and enduring rewards of the eternall And when you have done, chuse not the least and the worst, when you may have the greatest and the best The short fruition of a little is not so beneficial, as the expectation of plenty. But seeing that all the fraile goods 40 of this world are not onely seen of us, but also possessed by us It is most manifest that hope cannot belong unto this world, in

which we both see and enjoy those things we delight in For
Hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man seeth, why doth he
yet hope for? Rom 8 *ver* 24 Therefore however hope may be
 abused, and misapplied to temporal things, it is most certaine
 that it was given to man and ordained for the things that are
 eternal, otherwise it cannot be called hope, unlesse some-
 thing bee hoped for, which as yet (or for the present life) is
 not had Therefore the substance of our hope in the world to
 come is more evident and manifest, then our hope of substance
 10 in the present

Consider those objects which are the clearest and most visible,
 when we would best discern them, we put them not into our eyes,
 because they are better seen and judged of at a distance It is
 just so in the case of present things and the future For the
 present (as if put into our eyes) are not rightly and undeceivably
 seen of us, but the future, because conveniently distant, are most
 clearly discerned

Nor is this trust and Confidence wee have of our future happi-
 nesse built upon weak or uncertain Authors, but upon our Lord
 20 and Master *JESUS CHRIST*, that almighty and faithfull wit-
 nesse, who hath promised unto the just, a Kingdome without end,
 and the ample rewards of a most blessed eternity Who also by
 the ineffable Sacrament of his humanity, being both God and
 Man, reconciled Man unto God, and by the mighty and hidden
 mystery of his passion, absolved the World from sinne For
 which cause he was manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit,
 seen of Angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed upon in the
 World, and received into glory Wherefore God also hath highly
Philp Chap 2 exalted him, and given him a name which is
 30 *ver 9, 10* above every name that at the name of *JESUS*
 every knee should bow, of things in Heaven, and things in
 Earth, and things under the Earth And that every tongue
 should confesse that the Lord *JESUS* is in glory, both God
 and King before all ages

Casting off then the vaine and absurd precepts of Philosophy,
 wherein you busie your selfe to no purpose, embrace at last the
 true and saving Knowledge of Christ You shall find even in that,
 imployment enough for your eloquence and wit, and will quickly
 discern how far these precepts of piety and truth surpasse the
 40 conceits and delirations of Philosophers For in those rules
 which they give, what is there but adulterate virtue, and false
 wisdom? and what in ours, but perfect righteousness and

sincere truth? Whereupon I shall Justly conclude, that they indeed usurpe the name of Philosophy, but the substance and life of it is with us For what manner of rules to live by could they give, who were ignorant of the first Cause, and the Fountain of life? For not knowing God, and deviating in their first principles from the Author, and the Wel-spring of Justice, they necessarily erred in the rest Hence it happened, that the end of all their studies was vanity and dissention And if any amongst them chanced to hit upon some more sober and honest Tenets, these presently ministred matter of pride and Superstitiousnesse, so that 10 their very Virtue was not free from vice It is evident then, that these are they, whose *Knowledge is Earthy, the disputers of this world, the blind guides*, who never saw true justice, nor true wisdom Can any one of that School of *Aristippus* be a teacher of the truth, who in their Doctrine and Conversation differ not from swine and unclean beasts, seeing they place true happinesse in fleshly lusts? whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame Can he be a Master of Sobriety and Virtue, in whose School the riotous, the obscene, and the adulterer are Philosophers? But leaving these blind leaders, I shall come 20 againe to speak of those things which were the first motives of my writing to you

I advise you then, and I beseech you, to cast off all their *Axioms*, or general *Maxims* collected out of their wild and irregular disputations, wherein I have knowne you much delighted, & to imploy those excellent abilities bestowed upon you in the study of holy Scripture, & the wholsom instructions of Christian Philosophers There shall you be fed with various and delightfull learning, with true and infallible wisdom There (to incite you to the Faith) you shall hear the Church speaking to you, though 30 not in these very words, yet to this purpose, *He that believes not the word of God, understands it not* There you shall hear this frequent admonition, *Feare God, because he is your Master, honour him because he is your Father* There it shall be told you, *that the most acceptable Sacrifice to God are justice and mercy* There you shall be taught, that, *If you love your self, you must necessarily love your neighbour, for you can never do your selfe a greater Courtesie, then by doing good to another* There you shall be taught, that, *there can be no worldly cause so great, as to make the death of a man legal or needfull* There you shall hear this precept against 40 unlawfull desires *Resist lust as a most bitter enemy, that useth to glory in the disgrace of those bodies he overcommeth* There it will

be told you of Covetousnesse, *That it is better not to wish for those things you want, than to have all that you wish* There you shall hear, that *he that is angry, when he is provoked, is never not angry, but when not provoked* There it will be told you of your Enemies, *Love them that hate you, for all men love those that love them* There you shall hear, that *he laies up his treasure safest, who gives it to the poor, for that cannot be lost which is lent to the Lord* There it will be told you, that *the fruite of holy marriage is chastity* There you shall hear, that *the troubles of this World*
 10 *happen as well to the just, as the unjust* There it will be told you, that *it is a more dangerous sicknesse to have the mind infected with vices, then the body with diseases* There to shew you the way of peace and gentlenesse you shall hear, that *amongst impatient men, their likenesse of manners is the cause of their discord* There to keepe you from following the bad examples of others, it will be told you, *That the wise man gains by the fool, as well as by the prudent the one shewes him what to imitate, the other what to eschew* There also you shall hear all these following precepts
 20 *That the ignorance of many things is better then their Knowledge, and that therefore the goodnesse or mercy of God is as great in his hidden will, as in his revealed* That you should give God thanks as well for adversity, as for prosperity, and confesse in prosperity, that you have not deserved it That there is no such thing as Fate, and for this let the Heathens examine their owne Lawes, which punish none but willfull and premeditating offenders There to keep you stable in faith, it will be told you, *That he that will be faithfull, must not be suspitious, for we never suspect, but what wee slowly believe* There also you shall hear, that *Christians when they give any attention to the noyse and inticements of their passions,*
 30 *fall headlong from Heaven unto Earth* It will be also told you there, that *seeing the wicked do sometimes receive good things in this world, and the just are afflicted by the unrighteous, those that believe not the final Judgement of God after this life, do (as far as it lies in them) make God unjust, and far be this from your thoughts* There it will be told you about your private affaires, that *what you would have hidden from men, you should never do, what from God, ye should never think* There you shall here this rebuke of deceivers, It is lesser damage to be deceived, then to deceive Lastly you shall hear this reproofe of self-conceit, or a fond
 40 opinion of our owne worth, flye vanity, and so much the more, the better thou art all other vices increase by viciousnesse, but vanity is oftentimes a bubble that swims upon the face of Virtue

These few rules, as a tast and invitation, I have (out of many more) inserted here for your use

But if you will now turn your Eyes towards the sacred Oracles, and come your self to be a searcher of those Heavenly treasures, I know not which will most ravish you, the *Casket*, or the *Jewell*, the *Language* or the *Matter* For the Booke of God, while it shines and glitters with glorious irradiations within, doth after the manner of most pretious gems, drive the beholders Eyes into a strong and restlesse admiration of its most rich and inscrutable brightnesse But let not the weaknesse of your Eyes make you ¹⁰ shun this Divine light, but warme your Soul at the beames of it, and learne to feede your inward man with this mystcal and healthfull foode

I doubt not but (by the powerful working of our mercifull God upon your heart,) I shall shortly find you an unfeyned lover of this true Philosophie, and a resolute opposer of the false, renouncing also all worldly oblectations, and earnestly coveting the true and eternall For it is a point of great impiety and imprudence, seeing God wrought so many marvellous things for the Salvation of man, that he should do nothing for himself and see- ²⁰ ing that in all his wonderfull works he had a most speciall regard of our good, we our selves should especially neglect it Now the right way to care for our Soules, is to yeld our selves to the love and the service of God For true happinesse is obtained by contemning the false felicities of this World, and by a wise abdication of all earthly delights, that we may become the Chast and faithfull lovers of the Heavenly Wherefore henceforth let all your words and actions be done either to the glory of God, or for Gods sake Get Innocence for your Companion, and she is so faithfull, that she will be also your defendresse It is a worthy enterprise to ³⁰ follow after Virtue, and to perform something while we live, for the example and the good of others nor is it to be doubted, but the mind by a virtuous course of life, will quickly free it selfe from those intanglements and deviations it hath been formerly accustomed to That great Physition to whose cure and care we offer our selves, will daily strengthen and perfect our recovery

And what estimation or value (when in this state) can you lay upon those glorious remunerations that will be laid up for you against the day of recompence? You see that God, even in this life, hath mercifully distributed unto all (without any difference) ⁴⁰ his most pleasant and usefull light The pious and the impious

are both allowed the same Sunne, all the creatures obediently submit themselves to their service And the whole Earth with the fullnesse thereof is the indifferent possession of the just and unjust. Seeing then that he hath given such excellent things unto the impious, how much more glorious are those things which he reserves for the pious? he that is so great in his free gifts, how excellent will he be in his rewards? He that is so Royal in his daily bounty, and ordinary magnificence, how transcendent will hee be in his remunerations and requittalls? Ineffable and beyond
 10 all conception are those things which God hath prepared for those that love him, And that they are so is most certain For it is altogether incomprehensible, and passeth the understanding of his most chosen vessels to tell, how great his reward shall be unto the just, who hath given so much to the unthankfull and the unbelieving.

Take up your Eyes from the Earth, and look about you, my most dear *Valerian*, spread forth your sailes, and hasten from this stormy Sea of Secular negotiations, into the calme and secure harbour of Christian Religion This is the onely Haven into
 20 which we all drive from the raging Surges of this malicious World This is our shelter from the lowd and persecuting whirlwinds of time Here is our sure station and certain rest Here a large and silent recess, secluded from the World, opens and offers it selfe unto us Here a pleasant, serene tranquillity shines upon us Hither when you are come, your weather-beaten Vessell (after all your fruitlesse toiles) shall at last find rest, and securely ride at the Anchor of the *Cross*

But it is time now that I should make an end Let then (I beseech you,) the truth and the force of Heavenly Doctrine
 30 Epitomized here by me, be approved of and used by you to the glory of God and your own good These are all my precepts at present pardon the length, and acknowledge my love

Gloria tibi mitissime Jesu !

Primitive Holiness,
Set forth in the
L I F E
of blessed
PAULINUS,
The most Reverend, and
Learned BISHOP of
NOLA.

Collected out of his own Works,
and other Primitive Authors by

Henry Vaughan, Silurist

2 Kings cap 2 ver 12
*My Father, my Father, the Chariot of
Israel, and the Horsmen thereof*

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* at
the *Prince's Armes* in St Paul's
Church-yard 1654

TO THE READER

If thou lovest Heaven, and the beauty of Immortality, here is a guide will lead thee into that house of light The earth at present is not worth the enjoying, it is corrupt, and poisoned with the curse I exhort thee therefore to look after a better country, an inheritance that is undefiled and fadeth not away If thou doest this, thou shalt have a portion given thee here, when all things shall be made new In the mean time I commend unto thee the memorie of that restorer, and the reward he shall bring with him in the end of this world, which truly draws near, if it be not at the door

10 *Doat not any more upon a withered, rotten Gourd, upon the seducements and falshood of a most odious, decayed Prostitute, but look up to Heaven, where wealth without want, delight without distast, and joy without sorrow (like undefiled and incorruptible Virgins) sit cloathed with light, and crowned with glory Let me incite thee to this speculation in the language of Ferarius Desine tandem aliquando prono in terram, vultu, vel præter naturam brutum animal, vel ante diem silicernium videri Cælum suspice, ad quod natus, ad quod erectâ staturâ tuendum tenendumque*

20 *esse Cœli flores existimato nostratibus Amaranthis diuturniores Farewel, and neglect not thy own happiness*

THE LIFE OF HOLY PAULINUS, THE BISHOP of NOLA

Ben Sirach finishing his Catalogue of holy men (to seal up the summe, and to make his list compleat) brings in *Simon* the Sonne of *Onias* And (after a short narration of his pious care in repairing and fortifying the Temple) hee descends to the particular excellencies, and sacred perfections of his person Which to render the more fresh and sweet unto posterity, he adorns with these bright and flowrie *Encomiums*

1 *He was as the Morning-star in the midst of a cloud, and as the Moon at the full*

2 *As the Sunne shining upon the temple of the most high, and 10 as the Rain-bow giving light in the bright clouds*

3 *As the flower of Roses in the spring of the year, as Lilies by the rivers of waters, and as the branches of the Frankincense-tree in the time of summer*

4 *As fire and Incense in the Censer, and as a vessel of beaten gold set with all manner of precious stones*

5 *As a fair Olive-tree budding forth fruit, and as a Cypress tree which groweth up to the clouds*

6 *When he put on the robe of honour, and was cloathed with the perfection of glory, when he went up to the holy Altar, he made the 20 garment of holinesse honourable*

Most great (indeed) and most glorious Assimilations, full of life, and full of freshnesse¹ but in all this beauty of holinesse, in all these spices and flowers of the Spouse, there is nothing too much, nothing too great for our most great and holy *Paulinus* The Saints of God (*though wandring in sheep-skins, and goat skins, in caves, and in mountains*) become eminently famous, and leave behind them a more glorious and enduring memory, then the most prosperous tyrants of this world, which like noysome exhalations, moving for a time in the Eye of the Sun, fall afterwards to the earth, where they rot and perish under the chaines of darkness The fame of holy men (like the *Kingdome of God*) is

340 *Primitive Holiness, set forth in*

a seed that grows secretly, the dew that feeds these plants comes from him, that sees in secret, but rewards openly They are those trees in the Poet,

*Which silently, and by none seen,
Grow great and green*

While they labour to conceal, and obscure themselves, they shine the more And this (saith *Athanasius* in the life of *Antoine* the great) is the goodnesse of God, who useth to glorifie his servants, though unwilling, that by their examples he may condemn the world, and teach men, that holinesse is not above the reach of humane nature Apposite to my present purpose is all this prolusion, both because this blessed Bishop (whose life I here adventure to publish) was a person of miraculous perfections and holynesse, and because withall he did most diligently endeavour to vilitie his own excellent abilities, and to make himselfe of no account. But Pearls, though set in lead, will not lose their brightness, and a virtuous life shines most in an obscure livelyhood

In the explication of his life I shall follow first the method of *Nature*, afterwards of *Grace* I shall begin with his *Birth*, Education, and *Maturitie*, and end with his *Conversion*, *Improvements*, and *Perfection* To make my entrance then into the work, I finde that he was born in the City of *Burdeaux* in *Gascoyne*, in the year of our Lord three hundred and fifty three, *Constantius* the *Arian* reigning in the East, and *Constans* in the West, and * *Liberius* being Bishop of *Rome* In

* He subscribed to the damnable heresie of Arius, as both Hierome and Athanasius testifie against him

a Golden Age, when Religion and Learning kissed each other, and equally flourished So that he had the happines to shine in an age that loved light, and to multiply his own by the light of others It was the fashion then of the *Roman* Senatours to build them sumptuous houses in their Country-livings, that they might have the pleasure and conveniency of returing thither from the tumult and noyse of that great City, which sometimes was, and would be yet the head of the World Upon such an occasion (without doubt) was *Burdeaux* honoured with the birth of *Paulinus*, his Fathers estate lying not far off, about the town of *Embrau*, upon the River *Garumna*, which rising out of the *Pyrene* hills washeth that part of *Guenne* with a pleasant stream, and then runs into the *Aquitane* sea By this happy accident came *France* to lay claime to *Paulinus*, which she makes no small boast of at this day But his Country indeed (if we follow his descent, which is the right way to find it) is *Italie*, and *Rome* it self, his Ancestors

were all *Patricians*, and honour'd (by a long succession) with the Consular *purple* His Patrimonies were large, and more becoming a Prince than a private man, for besides those possessions in the City of *Burdeaux*, and by the River *Garumna*, he had other most ample Inheritances in *Italy* about *Narbone* and *Nola*, and in *Rome* it self And for this we have a pregnant testimony out of *Ausonius*, who labouring to dissuade him from *Evangelical poverty*, and that obscure course of life (as he is pleased to term it) layes before him (as the most moving arguments) the desolation of his ancient house, with the ruin and *sequestration* (as it were) of his large possessions, his words are these

Ne raptam sparsamq; domum, &c

*Let me not weep to see thy ravish'd house
All sad & silent, without Lord or Spouse,
And all those vast dominions once thine owne,
Torn 'twixt a hundred slaves to me unknown*

But what account he made of these earthly possessions, will appeare best by his own words in his fifth Epistle to *Severus* *Ergo nihil in hunc mundum inferentibus substantiam rerum temporalium quasi tonsile vellus apponit, &c* “God (saith he) layes 20
“these temporal accommodations upon us that come naked into
“this world, as a fleece of wooll which is to be sheared off He
“puts it not as a load to hinder us, whom it behoves to be born
“light and active, but as a certain matter which rightly used may
“be beneficial And when he bestoweth any thing upon us, that
“is either dear or pleasant to us, he gives it for this end, that by
“parting with it, it may be a testimonial, or token of our love and
“devotion towards God, seeing we neglect the fruition of our best
“present things for his sake, who will amply reward us in the
“future 30

He had conferred upon him all the ornaments of humane life which man could be blest with He was nobly born, rich, and beautiful of constitution slender and delicate, but every way fitted for virtuous imployment, of an excellent wit, a happy memory, and, which sweeten'd all these gracious concessions, of a most mild and modest disposition To bring these seeds to perfection, his Father (having a care of him equall to his degree) caused him to be brought up under the regiment of *Dectus magnus Ausonius*, a famous *Poet* and *Oratour*, who at that time kept a School of *Grammar* and *Rhetorick* in the City of *Burdeaux* The Ingenuity 40 and sweetnesse of *Paulinus* so overcame and ravished *Ausonius*, that he used all possible skill and diligence, to adorne and perfect

those natural abilities which he so much loved and admired in this hopefull plant The effect was, that he exceeded his Master *Ausonius* upon this being called to the Court by the old Emperor *Valentinian*, *Paulinus* gave himselfe to the study of the *Civil Law*, and the acute and learned pleadings of that age, wherein he was so excellent, that the Emperor taking notice of his Abilities, took order for his Election into the *Senate*, and this a very long time before his *Tutor* attained to that honour This precedence

* *Cedimus ingenio* of eloquence and honour * *Ausonius* himself
 10 *quantum præcedi-* confesseth, but having a greater witnesse, I
mus ævo, Assurgit shall leave his testimony to the *Margin*, to make
Musæ nostra Ca- room for the other Take then (if it please you)
mana tua Sic & the Judgement of that glorious and Eloquent
fastorum titulo pri- Doctour Saint *Hierome*, for thus he writes in his
or, & tua Romæ thirteenth Epist to *Paulinus*, *O si mihi liceret*
Præcessit nostrum
sella curulus ebur

1 *istiusmodi ingenium non per Aonios montes & Heliconis vertices, ut*
poetæ canunt, sed per Sion, &c “O that I were able (saith he) to
 “extoll and publish your ingenuity and holy learning, not upon
 “the *Aonian* hills, or the tops of *Helicon* (as the Poets sing) but
 20 “upon the Mountaines of *Sion* and *Sinai*, that I might preach
 “there what I have learnt from you, and deliver the sacred
 “mysteries of Scripture through your hands, I might then have
 “something to speak, which learned *Greece* could never boast of
 “And in another place, A most pregnant wit you have, and an
 “infinite treasure of words, which easily and aptly flow from you,
 “and both the easinesse and the aptness are judiciously mixt

To these Divine favours already conferred upon him, God added another great blessing, the Crown of his youth, and the Comfort of his age, I meane *Therasia*, a Noble *Roman* Virgin,
 30 whom he tooke to wife in the midst of his honours, and who afterwards (of her owne free will) most joyfully parted with them all, and with her own pleasant possessions to follow *Christ* in the regeneration

At this height of honours, & growing repute, he was employ'd (upon some concernments of the *Empire*) into *Italy*, *France*, and *Spain*, Where he was detained (together with his dear consort) for the space of almost fifteen years, during which time, he secretly laboured to make himself acquainted with the glorious *Fathers* of that age, and (the Spirit of God now beginning to
 40 breath upon him) hee was strongly moved to embrace the *Christian* Faith In these travells of his, it was his fortune to

arrive at *Millaine*, where Saint *Augustine*, and *Alypius*, the Bishop of *Tagasta* in *Africk*, did then Sojourne, here by accident he was known of *Alypius*, though unknown to him, as we see it often fall out, that great persons are known of many, which to them are unknown

Much about this time (which was the eight and thirtieth year of his age,) he retired privately with his wife into the City of *Burdeaux* And the hour being now come, that *the singing of birds should be heard, and the lips which were asleep should speak* Hee was there by the hands of holy *Delphinus* (who then sate Bishop in the *Sea* 10 of *Burdeaux*.) publickly baptized, from which time forward he renounced all his Secular acquaintance, associating himself to the most strict and pious livers in that age, especially to Saint *Ambrose* the Bishop of *Millan*, and Saint *Martin* the Bishop of *Tours* That he was baptized about the eight and thirtieth yeare of his age, is clear by his owne words in his first Epistle to Saint *Augustine*, *Nolo in me corporalis ortus, magis quam spiritalis exortus ætatem consideres, &c* "I would not (saith he) that you consider my "temporall age, so much as my spiritual, my age in the flesh is "the same with that Cripple, who was healed in the beautifull gate 20 "by the power of Christ working by his Apostles, but my age in "the regeneration is the same with the blessed Infants, who by "the wounds intended for Christ himself, became the first fruits "unto Christ, and by the losse of their innocent blood, did fore- "shew the slaughter of the Lamb, and the passion of our Lord Now for the first, Saint *Luke* tells us, *That the Cripple upon whom this miracle of healing was shown, was above forty years of age* (Acts Chap 4 ver 22) and for the Infants, the *Evangelists* words are, that *Herod sent forth his messengers, and slew all the Male Children that were in Bethlem, and the Coasts thereof, from two years old and under* 30 So that considering all the Circumstances which offer themselves for the clearing of this point, it will evidently appear, that he was baptized (as I have said before) in the eight and thirtieth year of his age The onely Instrument which God was pleas'd to ordain, and imploy upon the Earth for his Conversion, was his dear and Virtuous Wife *Therasia*, Which makes me conjecture, that she was borne of Christian parents, and had received the faith from her infancie This *Ausonius* his old Tutor, (who was scarce a good Christian,) forgat not to upraid him with in most injurious termes, calling her *Tanaquil*, and the *Imperatrix* of her Husband 40 To which passionate passages (though sadly resented) *Paulinus*

replied with all the humanity and sweetnesse which language
could expresse Thus *Ausonius* barks at him

*Unde istam meruit non felix Charta repulsam ?
Hostis ab hoste tamen, &c*

———— how could that paper sert,
That luckless paper, merit thy contempt?
Ev'n foe to foe (though furiously) replies ,
And the defied, his Enemy defies
Amidst the swords and wounds ther's a Salute
10 Rocks answer man, and though hard, are not mute
Nature made nothing dumb, nothing unkind
The trees and leaves speak trembling to the wind
If thou doest feare discoveries, and the blot
Of my love, *Tanaquil* shal know it not

To this Poetical fury, *Paulinus* reposeth with that Native mild-
nesse, which he was wholly composed of

*Continuata meæ durare silentia linguæ,
Te nunquam tacito memoras, placitamq; latebris
Desidiam exprobras, neglectæq; insuper addis
20 Crimen amicitia, formidatamq; jugalem
Objicis, & durum iacis in mea viscera versum, &c*

Obdurate still, and tongue-tyed you accuse
(Though yours is ever vocall) my dull muse ,
You blame my Lazie, lurking life, and adde
I scorne your love, a Calumny most sad ,
Then tell me, that I fear my wife, and dart
Harsh, cutting words against my dearest heart
Leave, learned Father, leave this bitter Course,
My studies are not turn'd unto the worse ,
30 I am not mad, nor idle , nor deny
Your great deserts, and my debt, nor have I
A wife like *Tanaquil*, as wildly you
Object, but a *Lucretia*, chaste and true

To avoid these clamours of *Ausonius*, and the dangerous sollici-
tations of his great kindred and friends, he left *Burdeaux* and
Nola, and retyred into the Mountanous and solitary parts of
Spaine, about *Barcanoe* and *Bilbilis* upon the River *Salo* Two
journeyes he made into *Spain*, this last, and his first (before his
baptism) upon the Emperours affairs , he Sojourned then in new
40 *Castile*, in the City of *Complutum* now called *Alcala de henares*,
where his wife *Therasia* was delivered of her onely Son *Celsus*,
who died upon the eighth day after his birth Holy *Paulinus* in
his *Panegyrick* upon the death of *Celsus* the Son of *Pneumatius*,

by his Wife *Fidelis*, takes occasion to mention the early death of this blessed infant,

*Hoc pignus commune superno in lumine Celsum
Credite vivorum lacte favusq; frui
Aut cum Bethlæis infantibus in Paradiso
(Quos malus Herodes percussit invidiâ,)
Inter odoratum ludit nemus, &c*

This pledge of your joint love, to Heaven now fled,
With honey-combs and milk of life is fed
Or with the *Bethlem-Babes* (whom *Herods* rage 10
Kill'd in their tender, happy, holy age)
Doth walk the groves of Paradise, and make
Garlands, which those young Martyrs from him take
With these his Eyes on the mild lamb are fixt,
A Virgin-Child with Virgin-infants mixt
Such is my *Celsus* too, who soon as given,
Was taken back (on the eighth day) to Heaven,
To whom at *Alcala* I sadly gave
Amongst the Martyrs Tombes a little grave
Hee now with yours (gone both the blessed way,) 20
Amongst the trees of life doth smile and play,
And this one drop of our mixt blood may be
A light for my *Therasia*, and for me

These distant and obscure retirements he made choice of, because he would not be known of any, nor hindred in his course, Which at *Nola*, and the adjacent parts of *Rome* (where his Secular honours and antient descent made all the people obsequious to him) could not possibly be effected Besides very few in those *Western* parts (especially of the Nobility) had at that time received the *Christian* Faith, for they look'd upon it as a most degenerate, 30 unmanly profession such a good opinion had those rough times of peace and humility This made him lesse looked after by the Inhabitants of those parts, and his own friends not knowing what became of him, began to give him over, and not onely to withdraw from him in their care, but in their affections also, giving out that he was mad, and besides himself But all this moved him not he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, he counted all things dung that he might gaine his Saviour, and hee fainted not, but endured, as seeing him that is invisible The first step to Christianity (saith Saint *Hierome*) is to contemne the 40 censures of men This foundation he laid, and *St Hierome Ep 26* upon this he built, he had given himselfe wholly to Christ, and rejected the world, he tooke part with that man of sorrowes, and suffered the scoffs and reproaches of these men of mirth The

people are the many waters, he tun'd their froth and fome into pearls, and wearied all weathers with an unimpaired *Superstition* Hee was founded upon that Rock, which is not worne with time, but wears all that oppose it Some dispositions love to stand in raine, and affect wind and showers beyond Musick *Paulinus* sure was of this temper, he preferred the indignation and hatred of the multitude to their love, he would not buy their friendship with the losse of Heaven, nor call those Saints and propagators, who were Devils and destroyers What courage he had in such
 10 tempests, may be seen in every line almost of his workes, I shal insert one or two out of his 6th Epistle to *Severus* *Utinam, frater mi, digni habeamur qui maledicamur, & notemur, & conteramur, atque etiam interficiamur in nomine Jesu Christi, dum non ipse occidatur Christus in nobis* &c "I would (saith he) my dear
 "brother, that we might be counted worthy to suffer reproach, to
 "be branded and troden upon, Yea, and to be killed for the
 "name of Christ, so that Christ be not killed in us Then at last
 "should we tread upon the Adder, and the Dragon, and bruise
 "the head of the old Serpent But (alas!) wee as yet relish this
 20 "World, and do but pretend to love Christ, we love indeed to be
 "commended and cherished for professing his name, but wee love
 "not to be troubled and afflicted for his sake And in his first
 "Epistle to *Aper*, O blessed displeasures (saith he) to displease
 "men by pleasing Christ! Let us take heed of the love of such,
 "who will be pleased without Christ It is an observation of the
 Readers of Saint *Cyprian*, *quod in ejus scriptis singula propè verba*
Martyrium spirant, that through all his writings, almost every
 word doth breath Martyrdome His expressions are all Spirit and
 30 anguish of his sufferings into his writings I dare not say so much
 of *Paulinus*, nor of any other Father of the Church, but I fear
 not to say that *Paulinus* both durst, and (had he beene called to
 it) would have laid downe his life for the love of Christ.

Four yeares hee spent in these remote parts of *Spain*, during
 which time, he did lead a most solitary and austere life, labouring
 by all meanes to conceale and vilifie himself But a City that is
 built upon a hill cannot be hidden, his holinesse and humilrty had
 so awaked the Common people dwelling about the place of his
 abode, that they would not rest again till they had him for their
 40 Minister This most honourable and sacred charge he would by
 no meanes adventure to undergo, judging himselfe a most unworthy
 vile sinner, not fit to deale in holy Scripture, much lesse to handle

and administer the mystical Elements of life But God, who had ordained him for it, would not suffer this For the people (not without violence and some rudeness,) carried him away to *Barcanoe*, where holy *Lampius*, then Bishop of that Sea, did upon *Christmasse* day by the laying on of his hands, consecrate him a faithfull steward and learned dispenser of the Mysteries of God This passage we have fully related in his sixth Epistle to *Severus*, *Nos modo in Barcinonensi (ut ante Scripseram) civitate consistimus*, &c

"I live now (saith he) as I formerly writ to you in the City of *Barcanoe*, where (since the last letters received from you) I was by 10

"the violence of the people (God, I believe, having foreordained

"it) compell'd to enter into holy Orders upon that day in which

"our Lord was born I confesse it was done against my will, not

"for any dislike that I have to the place (for Christ is my witnesse,

"that my highest desire was to begin my employment in his house

"with the office and honour of a door keeper) but having designed

"my selfe (as you know) * elsewhere, I was * For *Nola*

"much terrified with this sudden and unexpected

"pleasure of the Divine will However I refused it not, but

"submitted with all humility, and have put my necke into the 20

"Yoke of Christ, though altogether unworthy and unable I see

"now that I have medled with things that are too wonderful for

"me, I am made a Steward of the Secrets of the Almighty, and

"honoured with the dispensation of Heavenly things, and being

"called nearer to my Master, I am exercised about the Body,

"about the Spirit, and the glory of Jesus Christ The narrownesse

"of my understanding cannot comprehend the signification of

"this high and sacred dignity, and I tremble every minute (when

"I consider my own infirmities) to thinke of the great burthen

"that is laid upon me But he that gives wisdom to his little 30

"ones, and hath perfected praise out of the mouths of babes and

"sucklings, is able to finish what he begun in me, that by his

"mighty working, I may be made worthy, who was most unworthy

"to be called The Priesthood is an Office belonging to the

Kingdome of Heaven It is an honour that is ranged upon holy ground, and by it selfe Worldly dignities, which are but humane inventrons, are, and may be acquired (with lesse offence) by humane meanes, as bribery, ambition, and policie But to take hold of this white robe with such dirty hands, is nothing lesse then to spit in the face of *Christ*, and to dishonour his Ordinance 40

He that doth it, and he that permits it to be done, agree like *Herod* and *Pilate*, to dispise and crucifie him They that

Countenance and ratifie such disorders, take care to provide so many *Judasses* to betray Christ, and then vote the treason to be lawfull Every man can speak, but every man cannot preach Tongues and the gift of tongues are not the same things The wisdom of God hath *depth* and *riches*, and *things hard to be spoken*, as well as *milk*, and *the first principles of his Oracles* Wee have amongst us many builders with *hay and stubble*, but let them, and those that hired them, take heed how they build, The tryal will be by fire, and by a consuming fire The *hidden things of*
 10 *dishonesty, the walking in Craftinesse, and the handling deceitfully of the word of God* they are well versed in, but true sanctitie, and the Spirit of God (which Saint *Paul* thought he had) I am very sure they have not

A modest reader would now thinke that *Paulinus* had removed himselfe farre enough from the elaborate temptations, and clamorous pursuits of *Ausonius*, But even in this will he be deceived. For at the fourth years end, did the Incantations of this busie and obstinate Charmer find him out God (no doubt) providing for the security of his servant all that while, by delaying them in severall
 20 regions, or else by concealing the abode of his beloved votary, from this pursuer of Soules For with all the artifice and strength of wit, did he set upon him in this last letter, which the divine providence suffered not to come into his hand, till he had set both his *hands to the plough*, and seald his conformation with that indelible Character And now having set a hedge about his beloved, he suffered this *Fowle* of the Evening to fly over, which chattered to him in these melodious numbers

Vertisti, Pauline, tuos dulcissime mores? &c
Sweet Paulinus, is thy nature turn'd?
 30 *Have I so long in vaine thy absence mourn'd?*
Wilt thou, my glory, and great Romes delight,
The Senates prop, their oracle, and light,
In Bilbilis and Calagurris dwell,
Changing thy Ivorie chair for a dark Cell?
Wilt bury there thy Purple, and contemn
All the great honours of thy noble stem?

To this *Roman Magick*, and most pernicious Elegancy, *Paulinus* replyed with a certain sacred and serene simplicity, which proved so piercing, and powerful, that he was never after troubled with
 40 the Poetry of *Ausonius*

——— *Revocandum me tibi credam,*
Cum steriles fundas non ad divina precatus?
Castalidis supplex averso numine musis, &c

Shall I beleeeve you can make me return,
 Who pour your fruitless prayers when you mourn,
 Not to your Maker? Who can hear you cry
 But to the fabled Nymphs of *Castalie*?
 You never shall by such false Gods bring me
 Either to *Rome*, or to your company,
 As for those former things you once did know,
 And which you still call mine, I freely now
 Confesse, I am not he, whom you knew then,
 I have dyed since, and have been borne agen
 Nor dare I think my sage instructor can
 Believe it errorr, for redeemed man
 To serve his great redeemer I grieve not,
 But glory so to erre Let the wise knot
 Of worldlings call me fool, I slight their noise,
 And heare my God approving of my choice
 Man is but glass, a building of no trust,
 A moving shade, and, without *Christ*, meer dust
 His choice in life concerns the Chooser much
 For when he dyes, his good or ill (just such
 As here it was) goes with him hence, and staires
 Still by him, his strict Judge in the last dayes
 These serious thoughts take up my soul, and I
 While yet 'tis day-light, fix my busie eye
 Upon his sacred Rules, lifes precious sum,
 Who in the twilight of the world shall come
 To judge the lofty looks, and shew mankind
 The diff'rence 'twixt the ill and well inclin'd
 This second coming of the worlds great King
 Makes my heart tremble, and doth timely bring
 A saving care into my watchfull soul,
 Lest in that day all vitiated and foul
 I should be found That day, times utmost line,
 When all shall perish, but what is divine
 When the great Trumpets mighty blast shall shake
 The earths foundations, till the hard Rocks quake,
 And melt like piles of snow, when lightnings move
 Like hail, and the white thrones are set above
 That day, when sent in glory by the Father,
 The Prince of life his blest Elect shall gather,
 Millions of Angels round about him flying,
 While all the kindreds of the earth are crying,
 And he enthron'd upon the clouds shall give
 His last just sentence, who must die, who live
 This is the fear this is the saving care,
 That makes me leave false honours, and that share
 Which fell to mee of this fraile world, lest by
 A frequent use of present pleasures I
 Should quite forget the future, and let in
 Foul Atheism, or some presumptuous sin

Now by their loss I have secur'd my life,
 And bought my peace ev'n with the cause of strife
 I live to him, who gave me life & breath,
 And without feare expect the houre of death
 If you like this, bid joy to my rich state,
 If not, leave me to *Christ* at any rate

Being now ordained a Minister of holy things, and a feeder of the flock of *Christ*, that he might be enabled to render a joyfull account at the appearance of the great Shepherd, he resolved
 10 with all convenient expedition to sell and give away all his large and Princely Possessions in *Italy* and *France*, which hitherto he had not disposed of, for he looked upon his great Patrimones as matters of distraction and backsliding, the thoughts and solicitousnesse about such vast revenues disturbing his pious affections, and necessarily intruding into his most holy exercitations Upon this rare resolution he returnes with his faithfull Consort into *France*, leaving *Barcanoe* and holy *Lampius* in much sorrow for his departure For though hee had entred there into the Ministry, yet was he no member of that Diocesse And here (saith *Uranus*, who was his Presbyter,
 20 and wrote a brief narration of his life) did he open his Treasures to the poor and the stranger He did not only refresh his neighbours, but sent messengers into other remote parts to summon the naked, and the hungry to this great Feast, where they were both fed and cloathed with his own hands He eased the oppressed, freed the captives, payd the debts of whole families, and redeemed divers persons that were become bondslaves to their creditors Briefly, he sold all that he had, and distributed the money amongst the poor, not reserving one penny either for himself, or his dear *Therasia* Saint *Ambrose* in his thirtieth Epistle to *Sabinus* con-
 30 firmeth this relation *Paulinum splendore generis in partibus Aquitaniae nulli secundum, venditis facultatibus tam suis quam etiam conjugalibus, &c* "*Paulinus* (saith he) the most eminent for "his Nobility in all the parts of *Aquitane*, having sold away all his "patrimones, together with the goods of his wife, did out of pure "love to Jesus Christ divide all that vast Summe of Money amongst "the poor, and he himself from a rich Senator is become a most "poor man, having cast off that heavy secular burthen, and forsaken "his own house, his country, and his kindred, that he might with "more earnestnesse follow Christ His Wife also, as nobly de-
 40 "scended, and as zealous for the Faith as himself, consented to all "his desires, and having given away all her own large possessions, "lives with her husband in a little thatch'd cottage, rich in

"nothing but the hidden treasures of Religion and holinesse
 Saint *Augustine* also in his first book *de Civitate Dei*, and the tenth
 Chapter, celebrates him with the like testimony "Our *Paulinus*
 " (saith hee) from a man most splendidly rich, became most poor
 " most willingly, and most richly holy He laboured not to adde
 field unto field, nor to inclose himself in Cedar and Ivory, and the
 drossie darke gold of this world, but to enter through the gates
 into the precious light of that City, which is of *pure gold like unto*
cleare glasse He left some few things in this world, to enjoy all in
 the world to come A great performance certainly, and a most 10
 fair approach towards the Kingdom of heaven He that fights
 with dust, comes off well, if it blinds him not To slight words,
 and the names of temptations, is easie, but to deale so with the
 matter, and substance of them, is a task Conscience hath
 Musick, and light, as well as discord and darknesse And the
 triumphs of it are as familiar after good works, as the Checks of it
 after bad It is no heresie in devotion to be sensible of our small-
 est Victories over the World But how far he was from thinking
 this a Victory, may be easily gathered out of his owne words in
 his second Epistle to *Severus*, *Facile nobis bona*, &c "The 20
 "goods (saith he) I carried about me, by the slipping of my skirt
 "out of my hand, fell easily from me And those things which
 "I brought not into this World, and could not carry out of it, being
 "only lent me for a time, I restored again I pulled them not
 "as the skin off my back, but laid them by, as a garment I had
 "sometimes worne But now comes the difficulty upon me,
 "when those things which are truly mine, as my heart, my Soul,
 "and my works must be presented and given a living Sacrifice
 "unto God The abdication of this World, and the giving of our
 "temporall goods amongst the poore, is not the running of the race, 30
 "but a preparing to run, it is not the end, but the beginning, and
 "first step of our Journey Hee that striveth for masteries, shall
 "not be crowned, except he first strive lawfully, And he that is
 "to swimme over a River, cannot do it by putting off his
 "cloathes onely, he must put his body also into the stream, and
 "with the motion of his armes, his hands and feete, passe through
 "the violence of the Brook, and then rest upon the further side
 "of it And in his 12th Epistle, he cries out, "O miserable and
 "vaine men! Wee believe that wee bestow something upon the
 "poor wee trade and lend, and would be counted liberall, when 40
 "we are most covetous The most unconscionable usersers upon

"Earth are not so greedy as we are, nor their interest and exactions
 "so unreasonable as ours We purchase Heaven with Earth,
 "happinesse with misery, and immortality with rust and röttern
 "nesse Such another Divine rapture is that in his Poems

——— *Et res magna videtur,
 Mercari propriam de re pereunte salutem?
 Perpetuis mutare caduca? &c*

10 ——— And is the bargain thought too dear,
 To give for Heaven our fraile subsistence here?
 To change our mortall with immortall homes,
 And purchase the bright Stars with darksome stones?
 Behold! my God (a rate great as his breath!)
 On the sad crosse bought me with bitter death,
 Did put on flesh, and suffer'd for our good,
 For ours, (vile slaves!) the losse of his dear blood

Wee see by these *Manifesto's* what account he made of this great deed, so great, that none now adades thinke of doing it *Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor*, is a corn mandement, as well as, *take up the Crosse and follow me*. This last
 20 cannot be done, but by doing the first Wee sell oftentimes, but seldome give and happily that is the reason we sell so often He that keeps all to himselfe, takes not the right way to thrive. The Corn that lies in the Granarie will bring no harvest It is most commonly the foode of vermine, and some creatures of the night and darknesse Charity is a relique of Paradise, and pittie is a strong argument that we are all descended from one man He that carries this rare Jewell about him, will every where meete with some kindred He is quickly acquainted with distressed persons, and their first sight warms his blood I could believe, that the
 30 word *stranger* is a notion received from the posterity of *Cain*, who killed *Abel* The *Hebrewes* in their own tribes, called those of the farthest degree, *brothers*, and sure they erred lesse from the law of pure Nature, then the rest of the Nations, which were left to their owne lusts The afflictions of man are more moving then of any other Creature, for he onely is a stranger here, where all things else are at home But the losing of his innocency, and his device of Tyranny have made him unpittied, and forfeited a prerogative, that would have prevailed more by submission, then all his posterity shall do by opposition Not to give to one that lacks, is
 40 a kind of murther Want and famine are destroyers as well as the sword, and rage very frequently in private, when they are not

14 suffer'd] suffe'd 1654 18 whatsoever] whatsover 1654 20
 Wee M Well 1654 We'll G Gu

thought of in the Publick The blessed *JESUS* who came into the World to rectifie Nature, and to take away the inveterate corruptions of man, was not more in any of his precepts, then in that which bids us *Love one another* This is the cement not onely of this World, but of that other which is to come *Blessed are the mercifull*, and, *give to him that asketh thee*, proceeded from the same lips of truth And in his description of the last judgement, he grounds the sentence of condemnation pronounced against the wicked upon no other fact, but because they did not *cloath the naked, feed the hungry, and take in the stranger Love covers a multitude of sins, and God loves the chearfull giver* But this is not our whole duty though we give our bodies to be burnt, and give all our goods unto the poor, yet *without holinesse we shall never see the face of God* Darknesse cannot stand in the presence of light, and *flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdome of God* The great difficulty then (as our holy Bishop here saith) is to become a living sacrifice, and truly the next way to it, is by an Evangelical disposing of these outward incumbrances, this will open and prepare the way before us, though it takes nothing from the length of it The Hawke *proines* and *rouseth* before she flies, but that brings her not to the *mark* Preparations, and the distant flourishes of *Array* will not get the field, but action, and the pursuance of it

His Estate in *France* being thus disposed of, he retyred into *Italy*, where having done the like to his Patrimonies there, hee came to *Millaine*, and was honourably received by holy *Ambrose*, then Bishop of that *Sea* But these gay feathers of the World, being thus blown off him, by the breath of that Spirit which makes *the dry tree to become green, and the spices of the Garden to flow out*, all his kindred and former acquaintance became his deadly Enemies Flies of estate follow Fortune, and the Sun-shine, friendship is a thing much talked off, but seldome found, I never knew above two that loved without selfe-ends That which passeth for love in this age, is the meere counter to it, It is policie in the cloathes of love, or the hands of *Esau* with the tongue of *Jacob* These smooth Cheats the World abounds with There is *Clay enough for the potter, but little dust whereof commeth Gold* The best direction is Religion, find a true Christian, and thou hast found a true friend He that fears not God, will not feare to do thee a mischief

From *Millaine* he came to *Rome*, where he was honourably entertained by all, but his own kindred, and *Sirraus* the great Bishop It was the ill Fortune of this zealous Pope, to be offended

not onely with *Paulinus*, but with that glorious Father Saint *Hierome* It was a perillous dissolutenesse of some Bishops in that Century, to admit of Lay-men, and unseason'd persons into the Ministry This rash and impious practice *Siricius* had, by severall strict Sanctions or decrees, condemned and forbidden, and it is probable that the reason of his strange carriage towards *Paulinus* and *Hierome* was, because he would not seem to connive at any persons that were suddenly ordained, though never so deserving, lest he should seeme to offend against his own edicts It is a sad truth that
 10 this pernicious rashnesse of Bishops (fighting *ex diametro* with the Apostolical cautions) hath oftentimes brought boars into the Vineyard, and Wolves into the sheep-fold, which complying afterwards with all manner of Interests, have torne out the bowels of their Mother Wee need no examples Wee have lived to see all this our selves Ignorance and obstinacie make *Hereticks* And ambition makes *Schismaticks*, when they are once at this-passe, they are on the way toward *Atheisme* I do not say that *Ecclesiastical polity* is an inviolable or sure fense against Church-rents, because there is a necessity that *offences must come*, though *wo to*
 20 *them by whom*; but rules of prevention are given, and therefore they should not be slighted The Bridegroom adviseth his-spouse to take these foxes while they are little

In a pleasant field halfe a mile distant from *Nola* lies the Sepulcher of the blessed Martyr *Felix* To this place (which from his youth hee was ever devoted to,) did *Paulinus* now retire It was the custom of holy men in that age, not onely to live neare the Tombs of the Martyrs, but to provide also for their buriall in those places, because they were sure, that in the Resurrection, and the terrours of the day of Judgement God would descend upon
 30 those places in the soft voyce, that is to say in his love and mercies *Eusebius* in his fourth Book, and the sixth Chapter of the life of *Constantine* tells us, how that great Emperour gave strict order for his buriall amongst the Tombes of the Apostles, and then adds, Ὡφέλειαν ψυχῆς ὀνησιφόρον τὴν τῶνδε μνήμην ποιεῖσθαι αὐτῶ πιστεύειν Saint *Chrysostome* in that homilie which hee writ to prove that *Christ is God*, gives the same relation, Καὶ ἐν τῇ Κωνσταντίνου πόλει δε, &c The Emperors of *Constantinople* (saith he) esteeme it for a great honour, if they be buried not within the shrines of the Apostles, but at the Gates of their
 40 Temple, that they may be the door-keepers of those poor fishers So *Marcellina*, descended from the consular Nobility of *Rome*,

refused to be buried amongst her Ancestors, that she might sleepe at *Millaine* with her great Brother Saint *Ambrose*, where shee lies under this *Epitaph*

*Marcellina, tuos cum vita resolveret artus,
Sprevisti patrus, &c*

Life, *Marcellina*, leaving thy faire frame,
Thou didst contemne those Tombes of costly fame,
Bult by thy Roman Ancestours, and lyeest
At *Millaine*, where great *Ambrose* sleeps in Christ
Hope, the deads life, and faith, which never faints, 10
Made thee rest here, that thou may'st rise with Saints

To this place therefore near *Nola* in *Campagna* (a Country lying within the Realm of *Naples*, and called now by the Inhabitants *Terra di Lavoro*.) as to a certain Harbour and recess from the clamours of their friends, and the temptations of the World, did *Paulinus* and *Therasia* convey themselves *Paulinus calls him*
His affection to this holy Martyr was very *a Martyr, quia*
great for frequenting *Nola*, when he was yet *multa pro Christo*
a youth, he would oftentimes steale privately to *passus, etsi non oc-*
visit his Sepulcher and he loved the possessions which his 20
Father had left him in those parts above any other, because that under pretence of looking to his estate there, he had the convenience of resorting to the Tombe of *Felix*, where he took in his first love, and in the seaven and twentieth year of his age, made a private vow to become a Servant of *Jesus Christ* This *Felix* was by descent a *Syriqn*, though born in *Nola*, where his Father (trafficking from the *East* into *Italie*.) had purchased a very fair estate, which he divided afterward betwixt him and his Brother *Hermias*, but *Felix* following *Christ*, gave all to his brother The frequent miracles manifested at his Tombe, made 30
the place famous, and resorted to from most parts of the world. Saint *Augustine*, upon a Controversie betwixt his Presbyter *Boniface*, and another fellow that accused him, when the truth of either side could not be certainly known, sent them both from *Hippo* to *Nola*, to have the matter decided upon Oath, before the Tombe of *Felix*, and in his 137th Epistle, hee sets down the reason, why he sent them so farre His words are these *Multis*
notissima est sanctitas loci, ubi Felix Nolensis corpus conditum est,
quod volui ut peragrent, quia inde nobis facilius fideliusque scribi
potest, quicquid in eorum aliquo divinitus fuerit propalatum "The 40
holnesse (saith he) of that place where the body of *Felix* of

1 (note) *Paulinus*] *Paulinus* 1654 15 temptations] t mptations 1654 (?)
27 *Italie*], *Italie*, 1654

"*Nola* lies interred, is famously knowne to many, I have therefore sent them thither, because that from thence, I shall be more easily and truly informed about any thing that shall be miraculously discovered concerning either of them

Paulinus had not lived very long in this place, but it pleas'd God to visit him with a very sharpe and tedious sicknesse Hee had now (upon Earth) no Comforter but *Therasia*, His Estate was gone, and his contempt of that made the World contemne him In this solitude and poverty, he that tries the reines and
 10 the heart, begins to take notice of this his new servant, and the first favour he conferred upon him was a disease Good Angels doe not appeare Without the Ecstasie and passion of the Seere without afflictions and trialls God will not be familiar with us Fruit-trees, if they be not pruned, will first leave to beare, and afterwards they will dye Nature, without she be drest by the hand that made her, will finally perish He that is not favour'd with visitations, is (in *Saint Pauls phrase*) a bastard, and no Son of the Superiour *Jerusalem* *Paulinus* had put from him all occasions of worldly sorrowes, but he wanted matter for Heavenly
 20 Joyes Without this disease, hee had not known so soone, how acceptable his first Services were unto his Master This sicknesse was a pure stratagem of love, God visited him with it for this very purpose, that he himselfe might be his Cordial

Man and the *Eagle* see best in the day-time, they see by the light of this World but the *night-Raven*
 * *Paulinus* will have the word which is commonly used in the Latin, to be *Nicticorax*, from *νύξ* and *χορὰ*, which signifies the apple or candle of the eye, and not from *χορὰ* And
 30 this he saith was told him by a holy man, that had lived a long time in the deserts of Egypt, where he observed the nature of this bird of night, and the *Pelican*

is a bird of *Mysterie*, and sees in the darke by a light of her own *Paulinus* thought now (like the servant of *Elisha*) that hee had not a friend in all the World to be of his side, but God removes the mist from his Eyes, and shewed him a glorious Army of *Saints* and *Confessours*, who during the time of his sicknesse, did so throng and fill up his Cottage, and the fields about it, that neither his Palace in *Rome*, nor his house in *Burdeaux* could ever boast of such a number These Comforters he hath recorded with his own pen in his first Epistle to *Severus*, *viderant pueri tui*, &c "Your men (saith he) that
 40 "were here with me, have seen, and can tell you with what
 "constant diligence all the Bishops, and my brethren the Clergy,
 "with the common people my neighbours, did minister unto me

8 (note) *χορὰ*] *χορὰ* 1654 14, if] if, 1654 27 thought] hought 1654

"all the time of my sicknesse Unto you, who are unto me as
 "my own soul, I take leave to boast and glory in this mercy of
 "the Lord, whose goodnesse it is, that I am so plentifully
 "comforted There is not one Bishop in all *Campania* that did
 "not come personally to visit me, and those whom either a farther
 "distance, or their own infirmities would not permit to travel,
 "fail'd not to visit me by their Presbyters & letters The Bishops
 "of *Africk* also with the beginning of the spring, sent their
 "particular letters and messengers to comfort me Thus *he that*
forsakes houses and brethren, and lands to follow Christ, shall 10
receive an hundred fold even in this World, and in the world to
come life everlasting •

As touching the letters, or Embassage rather of the *African*
 Bishops to *Paulinus*, it happened on this manner *Alypius*, the
 Bishop of *Tagasta* in *Africk*, had at *Millum* (as I intimated
 before) taken speciall notice of *Paulinus* And the rumour of his
 Conversion (as the actions of eminent and noble personages passe
 quickly into the most distant regions,) had filled with joy not
 onely the Churches of *Africk*, but the most remote corners of
 Christianity, even the very wildernesses and the scattered Isles, 20
 which in those daies were more frequented by Christians, then
 populous Continents and splendid Cities *Alypius* upon this
 (because he would not loose so fair an opportunity to ground his
 acquaintance,) dispatcheth a letter from *Tagasta* to *Paulinus*, to
 gratulate his conversion to the Faith, encouraging him withall
 to hold fast his Crown, and for a token, sent him five of Saint
Augustines bookes against the *Manicheans*, which in that age
 (when the Invention of the *Presse* was not so much as thought
 of,) was a rich present *Paulinus* was so taken with the reading
 of these Volumes, that he conceived himself not onely engaged to 30
Alypius, but to *Augustine* also Whereupon he sent his servant
 from *Nola* with letters full of modestie and sweetnesse to them
 both, and with particular commendations to other eminent lights
 of the Church then shining in *Africk* These letters received by
Augustine and *Alypius*, and communicated by them to the other
 Bishops, and the *African* Clergy, were presently Copied out by
 all, and nothing now was more desired by them, then a sight of
 this great Senatour, who was turned a poor Priest, and a fool (as
 Saint Paul saith) for Christ his sake, and the off-scouring of the
 World But above all, the Soules of holy *Augustine* and *Paulinus* 40
 (like *Jonathan* and *David*, or *Jacob* and *Joseph*) were knit together,

7 fail d] far'd 1654

and the life of the one was bound up in the life of the other The perfect love and union of these two, can by none be more faithfully, or more elegantly described, then it is already by Saint Augustine himself I shall therefore insert his own words, the August Epistol 22 words of that tongue of truth and Charity, *O ad Paulin* bone vir, O bone frater! latebas animam meam, & ei dico ut toleret, quia adhuc lateo oculos meos, & vix obtemperat, immo non obtemperat Quomodo ergo non doleam quod nondum faciem tuam novi, hoc est, domum animæ tuæ, quam sicut meam
10 novi? legi enim literas tuas fluentes lac & mel, præferentes simplicitatem cordis, in quâ quæris dominum, sentiens de illo in bonitate, & afferens ei claritatem & honorem Legerunt fratres & gaudent, infatigabiliter & ineffabiliter tam uberibus & tam excellentibus donis dei, bonis tuis Quotquot eas legerunt, rapiunt, quia rapiuntur, cum legunt Quam suavis odor Christi, & quam fragrat ex eis? dici non potest, illæ literæ cum te offerunt ut videaris, quantum nos excitant ut quæraris nam et perspicabilem faciunt, & desiderabilem Quamto enim præsentiam tuam nobis quodammodo exhibent, tantò absentiam nos ferre non sinunt Amant te omnes in eis, &
20 amari abs te cupiunt Laudatur & benedicitur deus, cujus gratiâ tu talis es Ibi excitatur Christus, ut ventos & Maria tibi placare tendenti ad stabilitatem suam dignetur Ibi conjux excitatur, non dux ad mollitiem viro suo, sed ad fortitudinem redux in ossa virtutis suæ quam in tuam unitatem redactam, in spiritualibus tibi tantò firmiteribus quantò castioribus nexibus copulatam, officiis vestræ sanctitati debitis in te, uno ore salutamus Ibi cedri Libani ad terram depositæ, & in arcæ fabricam compagne charitatis erectæ, mundi hujus fluctus imputribiliter secant Ibi gloria ut acquiratur, contemnitur, & mundus, ut obtineatur, relinquitur Ibi parvuli, sive etiam grandiusculi
30 filij Babylonis eliduntur ad petram, vitia scilicet confusionis, superbiciæque secularis Hæc atque hujusmodi suavissima & sacratissima spectacula literæ tuæ præbent legentibus, literæ illæ, literæ fidei non fictæ, literæ spei bonæ, literæ puræ charitatis Quomodo nobis anhelant sitim tuam, & desiderium defectumque animæ tuæ in atria domini? Quid amoris sanctissimi spirant? Quantam opulentiam sinceri cordis exæstuant? Quas agunt gratias deo? Quas impetrant à deo? blandiores sunt, an ardentiores? luminosiores, an ferundiores? Quid enim est, quod ita nos mulcent, ita accendunt,

5 So Vita Misprinted in 1654 as follows O bone vir, O bone frater! Ibi dico ut toleret, quia adhuc lateo oculos meos, latebas animam meam, & & vix obtemperat immo,

32 legentibus, literæ illæ, Vita legentibus, 1654

ita compluunt, & ita serenæ sunt? Quid est, quæso te, aut quid tibi pro eis rependam, nisi quia totus sum tuus in eo, cujus totus es tu? si parùm est, plus certè non habeo “O good man, O good
 “brother! you lay hidden from my Soul, and I spoke to my
 “Spirit, that it should patiently bear it, because you are also
 “hidden from my Eyes, but it scarce obeys, yea it refuseth to
 “obey How then shall I not grieve, because I have not as yet
 “knowne your face, the habitation of your Soul, which I am as
 “well acquainted with as my owne? For I have read your letters
 “flowing with milk and honey, manifesting the simplicity of your 10
 “heart, in which you seek the Lord, thinking rightly of him, and
 “bringing him glory and honor Your brethren here have read
 “them, and rejoyce with an unwearied and unspeakable Joy, for
 “the bountifull and excellent gifts of God in you, which are your
 “riches As many as have read them, snatch them from me,
 “because when they read them, they are ravished with them
 “How sweet an Odour of Christ, and how fragrant proceeds from
 “them? It cannot be exprest how much those letters, while they
 “offer you to be seen of us, excite us to seek for you They
 “make you both discerned and desired For the more they 20
 “represent you unto us, wee are the more impatient of your absence
 “All men love you in them, & desire to be beloved of you God
 “is blessed and praised by all, through whose grace you are such
 “There do we find that Christ is awaked by you, and vouchsafeth
 “to rebuke the winds and the Seas, that you may find them calme
 “in your Course towards him There is your dear wife stirred
 “up, not to be your leader to softnesse and pleasures, but to
 “Christian fortitude, becomming Masculine again, and restored
 “into the bones of her Husband whom we all with one voice
 “salute and admire, being now united unto you, serving you in 30
 “spiritual things, wherein you are coupled with mutuall embraces,
 “which the more chaste they be, are by so much the more firm
 “There do, we see two Cedars of *Libanus* fell’d to the Earth,
 “which joynd together by love, make up one Arke, that cuts
 “through the Waves of this World without detriment or putre-
 “faction There glory, that it may be acquired, is contemned,
 “and the World, that it may be obtained, is forsaken There the
 “Children of *Babylon*, whither litle ones, or of Maturer age,
 “I mean the Evils of Confusion and secular pride, are dashed
 “against the stones Such sacred and delightfull spectacles do 40
 “your letters present unto us O those letters of yours! Those

"letters of an unfained faith, those letters of holy hope, those letters
 "of pure Charity! How do they sigh and gaspe with your pious
 "thirst, your holy longings, and the Ecstatical faintings of your Soul
 "for the Courts of the Lord? What a most sacred love do they
 "breath? with what treasures of a sincere heart do they abound?
 "How thankfull to God? How earnest for more grace? How
 "mild? How zealous? How full of light? How full of fruite?
 "Whence is it that they do so please us, and so provoke us, so
 "showre and raine upon us, and yet are so calm and so serene?
 10 "What is this I beseech you? or what shall I returne unto you
 "for these letters, unlesse I tell you, that I am wholly yours in
 "him, whose you are altogether? If this be too little, in truth
 "I have no more

These were the first effects of *Paulinus* his letters, but shortly
 after, St *Augustine* sent him others, nothing inferiour to this first,
 either in affection, or Piety. And the year following, being
 elected by *Valerius* to sit his Coadjutor in the Sea of *Hippo*, where
 he afterwards succeeded him, It was resolved by them all, namely
 by *Valerius*, *Augustine*, *Alypius*, *Severus*, and *Profuturus*, the
 20 *African* Bishops, that a messenger should be dispatched into
Campania to present *Paulinus* with their several letters, and the
 sincere gratulations of their respective Clergy, which accordingly
 was performed

In the beginning of this year, which was the three hundred
 ninety and fifth after *Christ*, *Theodosius Augustus* the first,
 a most pious Emperour, and a *Nursing Father* of the Church
 departed this life. The *Ethnick* writers hating his memory as
 virulently as his person, laboured with all manner of lyes and
 Libels to render him odious and detestable to posterity. Holy
 30 *Endelechius* awaked with these scandalous clamours, and the
 insolent aspersions cast upon so religious an Emperour, writes
 earnestly to *Paulinus*, and prevailes with him, to imploy those
 excellent abilities bestowed on him, in the defense of this faithfull
 Souldier of *Jesus Christ*, and Champion of his Spouse. This task
Paulinus performed, as appears by his owne words in his 9th
 Epistle to *Severus*, to whom hee sent a Coppy of his learned
Panegyrick, however posterity have suffered in the losse of it. But
 we want not another witnesse. That learned Father, and happy
 translator of the booke of God in his thirteenth Epistle to *Paulinus*,
 40 gives us a very fair and full account of it. *Librum tuum quem*
pro Theodosio principe prudenter ornateque, &c. "Your booke
 7 light? light?? 1654. 8 so showre Gu to showre 1654. 37 *Panegyrick*]
Panegyrick 1654. 41 booke] Book catchword 1654

“(saith he) which elegantly and judiciously you composed in the
 “defense of the Emperour *Theodosius*, and sent to me by a *Vigi-*
 “*lanti*, I have with much delight read over ^{a He proved after-}
 “What I admire in it, is your Method For ^{wards a most detes-}
 “having excelled all other writers in the first parts, ^{table Heretick.}
 “you excell your selfe in the last Your stile is compact and
 “neat, and with the perspicuity and purenesse of *Cicero*, and yet
 “weighty and sententious, for that writing which hath nothing
 “commendable in it, but words, is (as one saith) meer prating
 “The consequence besides is very great, and the coherence exact 10
 “What ever you infer, is either the confirmation of the antece-
 “dent, or the inchoation of the subsequent Most happy *Theo-*
 “*dosius*, to be vindicated by such a learned Oratour of *Christ*!
 “You have added to the glory of his Imperial robe, and made the
 “utility of his just lawes sacred to posterity But this rare peece,
 with many more mentioned by *Gennadius*, either through the
 envie of the Heathen, or the negligence of our own, are unfortu-
 nately lost, especially a *Volume of Epistles* written to his Sister,
 with some *controversial peeces* against the *Ethnick* Philosophers,
 mentioned also by Saint *Augustine* in his four and thirtieth 10
 Epistle, and a most learned *Treatise of true Repentance*, and the
glory of Martyrs

Much about this time, the name of *Paulinus* began to be
 famous in the *East*, and not onely there, but in all parts of the
Christian World It is almost incredible (especially in this age
 of Impieties and Abominations) how much the example of this
 one man prevailed over all The Course he ran, drew another
 wealthy and noble *Roman* (I mean *Pammachius*) from the Senate
 to the Cell, and all the Fathers of that age, when they prest any
 to holy living, and a desertion of the World, brought in *Paulinus* 30
 for their great exemplar, and a star to lead them unto *Christ*
 St *Augustine* propounds him to *Romanianus* & *Lucentius*, Saint
Hierome to *Julian*, and the Daughters of *Geruntius*, and Saint
Chrysostome in his thirteenth homily upon *Genesis*, sets him
 downe for a pattern to the husbands, and *Therasia* to the wives The
 reverend Bishop of *Hippo* did very earnestly sollicite him to come
 over into *Africk*, & he gives his reason for it in these words. *Non*
imprudenter ego vos rogo, & flagito, & postulo, &c “Not un-
 “advisedly doe I intreat and earnestly desire, and require you to
 “come into *Africk*, where the Inhabitants labour more now with 40
 “the thirst of seeing you, then with the famous thirstnesse of the

"Climate God knowes, I ask it not for my private satisfaction, nor
 "for those onely, who either by my mouth, or by the publick fame
 "have heard of you, but for the rest, who either have not heard,
 "or else having heard will not believe so great a change, but when
 "they themselves shall see the truth, they will not onely believẽ,
 "but love and imitate *It is for their sakes therefore, that I desire
 "you to honour these parts with your bodily presence Let the Eyes
 "of our flocks also behold the glory of Christ in so eminent
 "a Couple, the great exemplars to both Sexes, to tread pride under
 10 "their feet, and not to despaire of attaining to perfection And in
 his fifty ninth Epistle to *Paulinus*, when (according to the custome
 of those holy times) hee had sent his Presbyter to him to be
 instructed, *he cannot* (saith he) *profit more by my Doctrine, then he*
can by your life Saint *Hierome* useth the same Engine to bring
 down the high thoughts of *Julian* "Art thou (saith he) nobly
 "descended? So were *Paulinus* and *Therasia*, and far nobler in
 "Christ Art thou rich and honourable? So were they and from
 "the height of honours and worldly riches became poor and
 "inglorious, that they might gain Christ Dearly did *Anastasius*,
 20 who succeeded *Sircaus* in the Sea of *Rome*, affect this holy
 Bishop, as appears by his owne words in his sixteenth Epistle to
Delphinus the Bishop of *Burdeaux*

But amidst all these triumphs of the Church of God, for the
 conversion of so eminent a person, and the frequent gratulations
 of learned men, exprest by their letters or personall visits, there
 were none that raged with so much hatred and malice against him
 as his own kindred, and former acquaintance *A Prophet hath*
no honour in his own Country, and those of his owne house will be
his Enemies There are no such persecutors of the Church, as
 30 those that do it for selfe ends, and their private advantage
 Sweetly doth he complain of these bitter, unnatural dealings in
 his fifth Epistle to *Severus* *Potiore mihi parente germanus es,*
quam illi quos caro tantum & sanguis mihi sociat, &c. "You
 "are my Brother now by a greater Father, then those who are
 "tyed to me by flesh and blood onely For where is now my
 "great affinity by blood? Where are my old friends? where is my
 "former acquaintance? I am become as a dream before them all,
 "and as a stranger to my owne brothers, the Sons of my Mother
 "My kinsmen and my friends stand looking upon me afar off, and
 40 "they passe by me like hasty floods, or the streames of a brook
 "that will not be stay'd They convey themselves away, and are

“ashamed of me, who displeased them by pleasing God And in
 “his first Epistle, I beseech you (saith he) If I shall have need
 “(for now my servants, and those I made free men, are become
 “my desprers,) that you would take care to send the old Wine,
 “which I beleive I have still at *Narbon*, hither unto me, and to
 “pay for the carriage Do not fear, dear brother, to make the
 “poor your debtor, &c The Noble Spirit is the bravest bearer of
 indignities and certainly extraction and a virtuous descent (let
 popular flatterers preach what they will to the contrary,) is
 attended with more Divinity, and a sweeter temper, then the
 indiscrete Issue of the multitude There is an eminent difference
 betwixt flowers and weedes, though they spring from the same
 mould The Ape contending with the Lyonesse, told her, that
 she was a very fair creature, but very barren For you (said the
 Ape) bring forth but one at a birth, and I bring six, or more,
 ‘Tis true (replyed the Lyonesse,) but thy six are six Apes, and my
 one is a Lyon The greatest part of men, which we commonly
 terme the populacy, are a stiffe, uncivill generation, without any
 seed of honour or goodnesse, and sensible of nothing but private
 interest, & the base waies of acquiring it What Virtue, or what
 humanity can be expected from a *Raymond Cabanes*, a *Massnello*,
 or some Son of a Butcher? They have one barbarous shift, which
 Tigers and Beares would blush to commit They will cut the
 throats of their most generous and Virtuous Benefactours, to com-
 ply with times, and advantage themselves, Yea, they will rejoyce
 to see them ruined, and like inhumane Salvages, insult over their
 innocent and helplesse posterity I could compare those fawning
 Hypocrits, that waite not upon men, but upon their Fortunes, to
 that smiths bitch in the *Apologues* of *Locmannus* the *Persian*,
 which sleeping in the forge, could not be awaked with all the
 noise of the hammers, the Anvile, and the Bellowes but if the
 smith would offer to stirre his teeth to eat, shee would start up
 presently, and attend upon him with all officiousnesse. She would
 share with him in the fruits of his labours, but would not watch
 and look to the shop one minute while he laboured

Paulinus had now first lost these false friends, but was loaded
 for it with the love and commendations of true ones, And I know
 not which offended him most, to be despised by the first, or
 commended by the last He had (like Saint *Paul*,) great heavi-
 nesse, and continuall sorrow of heart, to see that his brethren and
 kinsmen according to the flesh, hated him because he loved

Christ And on the other side, his humility would not suffer him to beare the *labour of love*, I meane the generall applause and sincere commendations conferred upon him by his Christian friends *Severus* in one of his Epistles written to him (after hee had spent some lines in the commendation of his zeale and constancie,) contrary to the custome of that plaine age, subscribed himself, his Servant To the first he replied, *Te multa dilectio ad mendacii peccatum traxit* that *his excessive love had drawn him to the sin of untruth* And the last he desired him to
 10 desist from, for this reason, *Cave ergo ne posthac*, &c “Have
 “a care hereafter (saith he) that you who are a Servant of Christ,
 “called unto liberty, terme not your self the servant of a sinner,
 “and of one that is not worthy to be called your fellow-servant
 “The virtue of humility will not excuse the vice of flattery Thus
Gregorie the great, when Pope *Anastasius* had exceeded towards
 him in his laudatory elocutions, blasted them all with this humble
 reply, *Quod verò me os domini, quod lucernam*, &c “Your
 “calling me the mouth of the Lord, a shining light, and a strong
 “helper, is nothing else but an augmentation of my iniquity, for
 20 “when I deserve to be punished for my sins, then do I instead of
 “punishment receive praise *Severus*, in another of his Epistles to
Paulinus, earnestly intreated him to suffer his picture to be taken
 by a limner, which he had sent to him for that purpose, that he
 might have it to set up, together with the picture of Saint *Martin*,
 before the sacred font in a fair Church which *Severus* was then in
 building This friendly motion *Paulinus* was very much offended
 with, and would by no means consent unto, telling *Severus*, *that too*
much love had made him mad, And in his eighth Epistle, reasoning
 with him about this request, *What kind of picture* (saith he) *would*
 30 *you have from me, the picture of the earthly, or the Heavenly man?*
I know you love onely that incorruptible image, which the King of
Heaven doth love in you I am ashamed to picture what I am, and I
dare not picture what I am not But *Severus* resolving to force it
 from him, would not be satisfied with any other returne, wherupon
 he sent it to him, with these following verses, the elegant expresse
 of his unfained humility The first copy relates to the *pictures*,
 and the latter to the *Font*

*Abluitis quicunq; animas & membra lavacris,
 Cernite propositas ad bona facta vias, &c.*

40 You that to wash your flesh and Soules draw near,
 Ponder these two examples set you here

Gerat *Martin* shewes the holy life, and white,
Paulinus to repentance doth invite
Martins pure, harmlesse life tooke Heaven by force,
Paulinus tooke it by teares and remorse
Martin leads through victorious palms and flowers,
Paulinus leades you through the pooles and showres
 You that are sinners, on *Paulinus* look,
 You that are Saints, great *Martin* is your book
 The first example bright and holy is,
 The last, though sad and weeping, leads to blisse

10

The verses relating to the *Font*, were these

Hic reparandarum generator fons animarum
Vivum viventi lumine flumen agit, &c

Here the great well-spring of wash'd Soules, with beams
 Of living light quickens the lively streams,
 The Dove descends, and stirs them with her wings,
 So weds these waters to the upper springs,
 They strait conceive A new birth doth proceede
 From the bright streams by an immortall seed
 O the rare love of God ! sinners wash'd here,
 Come forth pure Saints, all justified and clear
 So blest in death and life, man dyes to sins,
 And lives to God, Sin dies, and life begins
 To be reviv'd Old *Adam* falls away,
 And the new lives, born for eternal sway

20

Nor did the manners of holy *Paulinus* differ from his mind all
 his Garments, all the Utensils of his poor Cot, were so many
 emblems and memento's of humility Grace is an Elixir of a
 contrary Nature to the Philosophers stone, it turn'd all the gold
 and Silver vessells of this great Senatour into earthen dishes and
 wooden spoons Righteousnesse and honesty are alwaies poor
 In his first Epist to *Severus*, he presents him with some of this
 innocent furniture, *Misimus testimonialem divitiarum scutellam*
buxeam, &c "I have sent you (saith he) a platter made of a box-
 "tree, for a testimoniall of my riches, receive it as a pledge or
 "earnest of Evangelicall poverty, and let it be an example to you,
 "if as yet you will make use of any Silver platters To this he
 addes, that he was very desirous to be supplied with some more
 earthen dishes, which (saith he) *I do very much love*, and then
 subscribes his reason, *quod secundum Adam cognata nobis sint, &c*
domini thesaurum in talibus vasis commissum habeamus, because they
 are near kin to us by *Adam*, and because the treasure of the Lord
 is committed to our care in such vessells Certainly poverty (as

40

man is now to be considered) is his best, and his true estate Riches, though they make themselves wings, yet do they not fly to Heaven The home or house of gold, is the heart of the Earth, and mineralls are a fuel of hell-fire Poverty was the Inauguration of the first man, who was made naked, and all his posterity are born so * *This onely have I found* (saith Solomon) *that God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions* By Covetousnesse we loose our uprightness Wee come here light and easie, but we load our selves afterwards with unnecessary
 10 burthens *Perditio tua ex te*, these weights that we take up, sink us down Our temporall misery as well as the Eternal is from our

selves The merriest creature that I can see, is the * *Sparrow* This makes me think, that hee is not troubled with forethoughts, which are the hands of covetousnesse What man and beasts scatter and leave behind them, is his provision his table is laid every where, and the first bush he meets with, is his bed Oui
 20 Saviour, who knew the nature and thoughts of all created things, was pleased to send us to school to the birds They are alwaies full of Musical livenessse, and a certain bright freedome, which descends not so low as men and beasts Spirits, when they have businesse upon Earth, must assume bodies Clarity and purification is a kind of poverty it is a state

that hath cast off dregs & burthens Divine is that saying of

20 *Gr Psides*

Τὸ πτωχὸν ἡθὺς οὐρανόδρομον φύσει.

Poor habits are naturally heaven-seekers

But *Paulinus*, though he was poor, yet was he charitable, and withall liberall The widowes mite is more then the rich mens abundance In the four hundred and tenth year after *Christ*, when the *Goths* raged in *Italy*, and had sackt *Nola*, *Paulinus*
 120 *I de Crociate* (amongst many others,) was taken prisoner by
 des them, And thus (saith Saint *Augustine*) as I
 afterwards learnt from him, did he then pray in his heart.

40 Domine, ne excrucier propter aurum & argentum; ubi enim

11 as the] at the 1654

2 (note) mystically G mystically 1654

4 (note) in viis] n viis 1654

29 hath Gu have 1654

omnia mea sunt, tu scis *O Lord suffer me not to be troubled with the losse of Gold & Silver, for thou knowest where all my riches are laid up*. His treasure was laid up in Heaven, where he commanded us to lay it, who foretold, that these calamities should come upon the World. And God (without doubt) had regard unto his prayer, for the barbarous enemies leading all the rest into captivity, he onely was left behind. But amongst all these plunderings and outward afflictions, hee never failed in his daily almes to the poor, nor was the hand of his faithfull *Therasia* any way shortned. At last his store failing, and no more provision ¹⁰ being left, then onely one loafe of bread, A poor man comming to the door for reliefe, *Paulinus* commands it should be given him. But *Therasia* (arguing with her selfe, that no begger could be poorer then *Paulinus* now was, and that it was as much charity to keepe it for him, as to give it to another,) conceal'd the loafe, and suffered the poor man to go without it. A day or two after, some men that were sent with reliefe to *Paulinus*, from his friends, arrive at *Nola*, and tell him that they had been there much sooner, had not one of the ships, which was loaden with corn, been cast away almost in the Harbour, the rest that were fraught with Wine and ²⁰ other Victualls, being come safe to shore. Whereupon *Paulinus* turning towards *Therasia*, put her in mind of her overmuch carefullnesse, with these words, *Understand now Therasia, that this great ship full laden with Corne, was cast away for that one loafe of bread which thou didst steale from the poore man*.

But passe we now to his *Episcopall* dignity. In his own Workes we have not one line that mentions this Ecclesiasticall honour, nor any other passage of his life, that might but seem to conduce to his own glory. They breath nothing but humility, nothing but self deniall and dedignation. Wee must be guided then through ³⁰ this part of his life by other Authors, and such faithfull records as are come unto us, from the hands of learned and publick persons, who either, upon the generall interest and concernments of the Church, or their own private merits, and not by reflection were acquainted with him. The first that offers himself to us, is *Uranus*, his own Presbyter, who in that short narration which he wroté of his life, sets him forth to posterity in this following Character, *Cum autem ad summum sacerdotij gradum, &c* "When he was. honoured (saith he) with the highest degree in "the Priesthood, he did not shew himself such a Bishop that ⁴⁰ "desired to be feared, but one that endeavoured to be beloved, "He was never so farre angry, as not in his anger to shew mercy,

"Nor could that man indeed be angry, for he regarded not
 "calumnies, and he avoyded hatred. He never sate in Judge-
 "ment, but mercy sate close by him. He was truly such a Bishop
 "as laboured to get the love of all. For hee lived a Consolation
 "to all, and their great example to make sure their Salvation.
 "Nor is this my voyce onely even the barbarous Nations who
 "knew my Lord *Paulinus* by report onely, will testifie as much.
 "And worthily was hee beloved of all, who was a friend to all.
 "For who was there cast down, and he did not lift him up? who
 10 "ever called to him for help, and was not piously and comfortably
 "answered? For he was pious, tender hearted, humble and
 "courteous, hating none, despising none. He gave to all, he
 "cherished all. he encouraged the fearfull, pacified the violent,
 "those with his words, these with his example, Some he com-
 "forted with his letters, and those that wanted, with his mony.
 "He loved not any riches, nor any treasures, but those which
 "Christ promised to his followers. Gold and Silver, and the
 "other accommodations of life he approved of, if they were liberally
 "given to the poor, not covetously hoorded up. Briefly, he had
 20 "in him all goodnesse, for he loved Christ. Hee had Faith,
 "Meeknesse, love towards his neighbours, a constant care of the
 "poor, compassion upon the weak, and laboured for nothing in
 "his life, but peace and charity. All his endeavours were to make
 "men good, and to save their Soules. What place is there in the
 "World, what solitude, what Seas which acknowledge not the
 "good works of holy *Paulinus*? All men desired his acquaintance,
 "and did extreemly long to have a sight of him. Who ever came
 "to him without joy, or who went from him, but he desired to
 "stay longer? those that could not see him in the body, desired
 30 "to see him in his writings, for he was sweet and gentle in his
 "Epistles, elegant and ravishing in his Poems. What more shall
 "I say? The relations that may be given of him, would be scarce
 "credible, but that his knowne integrity is above falshood.

Nola was at this time a very famous and splendid City, nothing
 inferiour to the best *Emporiums* of *Italie*, and had withall a very
 rich *Sea*, which questionlesse was a great occasion, that the piety
 of this blessed Bishop was so renowned, and so familiarly spoken
 of in the most remote parts of the World. So the just and
 faithfull God exalteth those that humble themselves, and honours
 40 those that honour him. He had beene faithfull in those things
 that were his own, and was therefore intrusted with the treasures
 of the Church. *Prosper* in his second book, *de vitâ Contemplatīvâ*,

and the ninth Chapter, tells us, how hee disposed of them, *Sanctus Paulinus (ut ipsi melius nostis) ingentia prædia quæ fuerunt sua, vendita pauperibus erogavit sed cum postea factus esset Episcopus, non contempsit Ecclesiæ facultates, sed fidelissime dispensavit* "Holy Paulinus (saith he) as you best know, sold all those "princely Possessions" which were his own, and gave of them to "the poor but when he was afterwards consecrated Bishop, he "neglected not the revenues of the Church, but was a most faith "full Steward and dispenser of them So faithfull, that when he lay upon his death bed, hee had not one piece left to relieve him 10 self, but was driven to lay out for some Cloathes which he had given to the poor, a small summe of mony, which God ordained to be sent to him for that very purpose a litle before the hour of his dissolution So that living and dying, he kept to the Apostles rule, and *owed no man any thing but love* Hee was a great lover of learned and holy men, and confesseth in one of his Epistles to *Alypius*, that his affection to Saint *Ambrose*, was the first inducement which he felt to incline him to Christianity His dearest and most intimate friends were Saint *Augustine*, Saint *Ambrose*, Saint *Hierome*, Saint *Martin* the Bishop of *Tours*, *Delphinus* the 20 Bishop of *Burdeaux*, and *Amandus* his Successour, *Alypius* the Bishop of *Tagasta*, *Januarius* the Bishop of *Naples*, afterwards a Martyr, *Victricius* the *Rhotomagensis*, *Aper*, *Severus*, and *Nicetus* of *Dacia* I may say of him as the Scripture saith of *Moses*, he was the meekest man upon the face of the Earth He was not onely obedient and serviceable to these Fathers, and pillars of the Church, but to his own *Presbyters* and *Domesticks* he judged himself the most unworthy, and the most unable of all his brethren *Victor* the Monk, sent from *Severus* to see him (according to the custome of those times) washed his feete This 30 was a ceremony, which in that age of holinesse could not be refused But *Victor* by this did not onely wash his feet, but his face also, for he drew tears from him, because hee might not deny him the performance of that Evangelical service *Servivit ergo mihi peccatori, & vae misero mihi quod passus sum*, he served me a sinner (saith the holy Bishop) and woe is to me because I suffered him But he staid not at tears, for as soone as *Victor* had done washing his feet, to requite his service, he fetched him clean water, and held the bason while he wash'd his hands He was not like that insolent *Abbot* that did cast off his humility with his 40 *Cowle*, and being asked by his brethren, *why he was then so proud, that was formerly such an humble Monk*, made answer, *that in his*

Monachisme, when he went so low, and stooping, he was searching for the keyes of the Abbey, but now having found them, he did hold up his head to ease himself

This true carriage of an Evangelist, made him both honourd and beloved, the Church rejoyced, and glorified God for him, and the Court admired him. Holynesse is a light that cannot be hidden. It is a candle set upon a hill, stars never shine more glorious, then when they are neare black Clouds. In the year of our Lord, four hundred and nineteen (a grievous *Schism* then
 10 happening in the Church,) there was a convention of certain Bishops and Fathers at *Rome*, to quiet those groundlesse perturbations, and stop the breach. But *Honorius* the Emperour, judging by his skil in the temper of those Church-men, that no good would be done without the presence of *Paulinus*, who then lay sick at *Nola*, dispatched his Imperial letter to this holy Bishop, wherein he earnestly intreated him (if possible) to shake off his present indisposition, and to repaire in person to the Synod, lest that great blessing of peace, which he and the Church did earnestly hope and long for, might by his absence unfortunately miscarry
 20 This royall record (because it is a monument of no lesse sincerity then concernment, and discovers unto us much of the face of those times) I shall *verbatim* insert

Sancto & venerabili Patri, *Paulino*,
 Episcopo *Nolensi*

*Tantum fuit apud nos certa sententia, nihil ab his sacerdotibus, qui ad Synodum convenerant, posse definiri, cum beatitudo tua de corporis inæqualitate causata, itineris non potuit injuriam sustinere, ut propter absentiam sancti viri, non quidem obtentura. Interim tamen vitæ gratulantur, cum prava & vetus ambitio, & cum
 30 benedicto viro sanctæq; vitæ diu velit habere certamen, ut contra hæc Apostolicæ institutionis bona, de præsumptis per viri parietibus existimet confidendum. O verè digna causa quam non nisi coronæ tuæ beata vita designat! Dilatum itaq; Judicium nuntiamus, ut divina præcepta ex venerationis tuæ ore promanent, qui ea secutus implesti, nec potest alius eorum præceptorum lator existere, quam qui dignus Apostolicis disciplinis est approbatus. Specialiter itaq; domine sancte, merito venerabilis pater, Justus dei famulus, divinum opus, contempto labore, tributum hoc nobis visitationis tuæ (si ita dicendum est) munus indulge, ut postpositis omnibus, quantum tem-*

perantia his & tranquillitas suffragantur, Synodo profuturus, sine intermissione etiam desideras nostris, & benedictioni quam cupimus, te præstare digneris

. To the holy and reverend Father PAULINUS,
Bishop of Nola •

“Such a firm opinion have we that nothing can be agreed and
“concluded upon by the Bishops met in this Synod, (your Holiness by reason of your bodily indisposition being not able to
“travel hither) that for your onely absence it is not like to continue In the mean time offences triumph and rejoyce at it, and
“the old and wicked sinne of ambition, which of a long time
“desires to contend even with your holynesse and upright life,
“presumes now, and is confident that having forcibly taken the
“wall from us, it will carry you also against the wholesomnesse of
“Apostolicall institution O! a cause truly worthy not to be
“determined, but by your holy life, which is your Crown! we
“therefore declare unto you, that we have suspended our judgement for the present, that we may have the truth of these Divine
“precepts pronounced by your reverend mouth, who have both
“followed them, and fulfilled them For none can be a fit arbiter
“of those rules, but he that hath approved himself worthy and
“conformable to Apostolicall discipline Wherefore, holy Sir,
“worthily reverend Father, the faithfull Servant of God, and his
“Divine work, we intreat you particularly, that slighting the
“troubles of this Journey, you would favour us with this gift and
“tribute (if I may so speak) of your presence and laying aside
“all other concernments (so far as your health and ease will permit,) be in your owne person at this Synod, and vouchsafe to
“lend your assistance to our desires, and that blessing which wee
“earnestly long for

Wee see by this letter in what account hee was with the Emperour, and that his integrity and holynesse were not dissimulations and popular Fables, but experimentall truths so known and so believed, hee was a true Christian, and no Impostour It was not the Custome, but the nature (if I may so say) of those Primitive times to love holy and peacefull men But some great ones in this later age, did nothing else but countenance *Schismaticks* and *seditions raylers*, the *despisers of dignities*, that covered their *abominable villanies* with a pretence of *transcendent holynesse*, and a certain *Sanctimonious excellence* above the Sons of men This
Vaile (which then *cousend* weak eyes) is now fallen off their faces,

and most of their patrons have by an unthought of Method received their rewards The rest without doubt (though they shift themselves into a thousand shapes) shall not escape him, *whose anger is not yet turned away, but his hand is stretched out still* But returne we to *Paulinus* Whose Charity and tendernesse towards the poore, was both inimitable and incredible, This iron age wants faith as well as mercy When he had given them all he had, to the last that begged he gave himself *Gregorie* the great, in the third Book of his *Dialogues*, and the first Chapter, hath
 10 recorded this memorable passage I shall cut it short, and in as few words, as conveniently may be, give you all that is material When the *Vandals* had miserably wasted *Campania*, and carried many of the inhabitants into *Africk*, blessed *Paulinus* gave all that he had both towards his own sustenance, and the reliefe of the poore, amongst the prisoners and Captives The Enemy being departed, and his prey with him, a poor Widow (whose onely Son was (amongst the rest of the Natives) by a Son in law of the King of the *Vandals* carried into Bondage,) comes to petition *Paulinus* for so much Money as might serve to redeem him
 20 *Paulinus* told her that he had nothing then left, either in money or other goods, but promised, if shee would accept of him, to go with her into *Africk*, and to be exchanged for her Son The poore Widow taking this for a meere scoffe, turnes her back to be gone *Paulinus* followes after, and with much adoe made her believe, that he meant it (as he did indeed) in earnest Upon this, they travell'd both into *Africk*, and having opportunity to speake with the Kings Son in Law, the poor widow begged of him first, to have her son restor'd unto her *Grats* but the youthfull and haughty *Vandal* averse to all such requests, would hear her
 30 no farther, whereupon she presents him with *Paulinus*, and petitioned to have her Son set at liberty, and the other to serve in his stead The Prince taken with the comely and reverend countenance of *Paulinus*, asked him, what his occupation, or trade was? *Paulinus* answered, that he never followed any trade, but that he had good skill in dressing of Herbes and Flowers Upon this, the Prince delivered her Son to the Widow, who took him home with her, and sent *Paulinus* to work into his Gardens.

The Prince delighting much in Flowers and Sallets, would very frequently visit *Paulinus*, and took such delight in him, that he
 40 forsook all his Court-associates to enjoy the company of his new Gardiner In one of these visits, *Paulinus* taking occasion to

confer seriously with him, advised him to be very carefull of himselfe, and to consider speedily of some means to secure and settle the Kingdome of the *Vandals*^a in *Mauritania*, for (said he) the King your Father in law will shortly dye The Prince something troubled with the suddain newes, without further delay acquaints the King with it, and tells him withall, that his Gardiner (whose prediction this was) excelled all other men both in wisdom and learning Whereupon the King requested, that he might see him, you shall, replied the Prince, for to morrow when you are at dinner, I will give order that hee shall come in person with the dishes of Sallate to the Table This being agreed upon, and accordingly performed, the old Tyrant upon the first sight of *Paulinus* exceedingly trembled, and speaking to his Daughter, who sate next to him, to call to her husband, he told him, that the prediction of his Gardiner was very true, for yesternight (said he) *I saw in a dream a great tribunal with judges sitting thereon, and amongst them this Gardiner, by whose judgement a scourge which had been formerly put into my hands, was taken from me* But learn of him what his profession is, and what dignity he had conferred upon him in his own Country, for I cannot believe him to be (as he pretends) an inferiour or ordinary person

This was about the year of our L 428 about which time the Vandals after their excursions through Polonia, Italy, Franconia, and Andalusia had settled in Africk, where they continued quietly until the reigne of Justinian, but rebelling against him, they were together with their King Gellimer totally overthrown by the great Capitaine Belisarius An Christi 533

As soon as dinner was ended, the Prince stole from the presence into the Garden, and earnestly intreated *Paulinus* to tell him, who he was, I am (said he) your Gardiner, which you received in exchange for the Widowes Son I know that, replied the Prince, but I desire to know your profession in your own Country, and not the servitude you have put your self in with me for the present, To this *Paulinus* answered, that he was by profession a *Bishop*, and a *servant of Jesus Christ the Son of the living God* At these words the Prince was mightily troubled, and requested him to depart againe into his own Country, assuring him, that before he departed, he would give him any thing that he should please demand *Paulinus* replied, that he would desire nothing, but to have those Captives which were carried out of *Campania*, set at liberty, and transported to their Native Country To this the Prince consented, and for *Paulinus* his sake, furnished them with shipping and all other necessaries for their voyage, and sent them home joyfull in the Company of their blessed and beloved Bishop

^a (note) which] which 1654

Some few daies after, the old Tyrant (as God had foretold by his holy Servant) departed out of this World *into his owne place*, And so that scourge which God had put into his hand, for the punishment of a great part of the Christian World, was taken away, and the instrument cast into the fire Wherefore whoever thou beest, that readest this book, and art a sufferer thy selfe, or doest see and grieve for the calamities of the Church, *the oppression of the poor, & the violent perverting of judgement & justice in a province, do not thou marvel at the matter*, nor vex thy self, *for he that is*
 10 *higher then the highest, regardeth it, and there be higher then they* Envy not the glory of Sinners, *for thou knowest not what will be their end*, but submit thy self under the might^y hand of God, expecting with patience the time of refreshing, and I do assure thee upon my Soul, thou shalt not be deceived

Paulinus, with all his joyfull Captives, was now landed in *Campania*, where all the Inhabitants, as upon a solemne feast day flocked together to welcome him, and to poure their joyes into his bosome, some received their Sonnes, some their brothers, and some their husbands both the receivers and the received were
 20 beholding to *Paulinus* They commended, honoured and admired him He exhorted, encouraged and confirmed them Mutuall Consolations are a double banquet, they are the Churches *Eulogia*, which we both give and take What the *Campanians* most admired in *Paulinus*, was that which the Scripture commends in *Moses* *youthfullnesse in old age* He was now as earnest, as hearty, and as active for the glory of God, as in his most vigorous years *His spiritual force was not abated, nor the Eye of his Soul any way dimmed* Hee did not coole towards his setting, but grew more large, more bright, and more fervent Bearing trees, when their
 30 fruit is ripe, bend their boughes, and offer themselves to the gatherers hands He knew that his time of departure was at hand, and therefore *Moses* like he made his *Doctrine to drop as the raine, and his speech distilled as the dew* Hee poured out his *milk and his Wine, and made them drink abundantly* To labour in the heat of the day, and to give over in the cool, is great indiscretion, the contention should be alwaies hottest towards the end of the race

I am now come to my last *Paragraph*, which all this while I did reserve for his *Works of Piety* And these indeede (if wee consider his unworldlinesse, and religious poverty) were very great and very
 40 sumptuous He repaired and beautified the four old *Basilica's*, or Churches, dedicated to the Martyr *Felix*, and built the *fifth*, which

exceeded them all, both for beauty and largenesse This he dedicated to our Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ* It was adorned with two stately Porches, the one open towards the way of Publick resort, the other was a private *Postern*, and the path leading to it, was through a pleasant *green field* set with *fruit-trees* and other *shady wood*, fenced about with a very high and sumptuous wall, The entrance into this Court was through a fair Marble-Gate, in whose Front were cut these following verses

Cælestes intrate vas per amœna vireta, &c

Through pleasant green fields enter you the way
To blisse, and wel through shades and blossoms may
The walkes leade here, from whence directly lyes
The good mans path to sacred *Paradise*

10

This Church was joynd to the other four, and an entrance made from the one into the other, by high and spatious *Arches*, supported with pillars of Marble Through these pillars (whose height did almost reach to the roof,) as through a *traverse* was to be seene, by those that came from the old Church into the new, the picture of the Crosse, limned in most lively and glorious Colours, and hung with Garlands of palms and flowers, above it shined 20 a cleare and luminous skie, and on the Crosse, which was all Purple, sate perching a flock of white Doves, at the bottome of this *Passage* were written these verses

Ardua floriferæ Cruz, &c

The painfull Crosse with flowers and Palms is crown'd
Which prove, it springs, though all in blood 'tis drown'd
The Doves above it shew with one consent,
Heaven opens onely to the innocent

In the Courts belonging to this Church, were very faire and spatious walks, paved with stone, and covered over head against 30 the violence of weather The outside was supported with Pillars, and the Inner was divided into neat and cleanly Cells, opening towards the Walks, where the people that came thither to celebrate the *Vigils of Felix*, reposed themselves Round about these Courts were great *Cisterns*, and *Lavers* of severall kinds of Marble most curiously polished, whose diverse formes and colours were very delightfull, and much recreated the beholders The Porches, which were very large, and contained within them many private *Oratories*, or places of prayer, were all richly pictured with sacred Histories out of the *Pentateuch*, the book of *Joshuah*, *Judges* and 40 *Ruth*, This Church is fully described in his twelfth Epistle to

376 *Primitive Holiness, set forth in*

Severus, and his ninth *Natalis*, when *Nicetas* came out of *Dacia* to see him

*Ecce vidēs quantus splendor velut æde renatā
Rideat, insculptum camerā crispante lacunar
In ligno mentitur ebur, tectoque superne
Pendentes lychni spiris retinentur ahenis,
Et medio in vacuo laxis vaga lumina nutant
Fimbriis, undantes flammæ levis aura fatigat &c*

10 You see what splendour through the spacious Isle,
As if the Church were glorified, doth smile
The Ivory-wrought beams seem to the sight
Ingraven, while the carv'd rooffe looks curl'd and bright
On brasse hoops to the upmost vaults we tie
The hovering Lamps, which nod and tremble by
The yeelding Cords, fresh Oyle doth still repair
The waving flames, vex'd with the fleeting aire

Having finished this Church, hee built another, not far from *Nola*, in a litle Town called *Fundi*, where his possessions (which he afterwards sold and gave to the poor,) were situate, this also
20 he dedicated to our Lord *Jesus*, whom he used to call the *Saint of Saints, and the Martyr of Martyrs* In this Church in the great Isle leading to the Altar, he caused to be put up another peece of *Limning*, or sacred *Pausage*, which for beauty and excellencie exceeded all the former We have it most lively described and explained in these following verses

*Sanctorum labor & merces sibi rite coherent,
Ardua Crux, pretiumque crucas sublime, corona, &c*

30 The paines of Saints, and Saints' rewards are twins,
The sad Crosse, and the Crowne which the Crosse wins
Here *Christ* the Prince both of the Cross and Crown
Amongst fresh Groves and Lillies fully blown,
Stands, a white Lamb bearing the purple Crosse,
White shewes his purenesse, *Red* his bloods dear losse
To ease his sorrowes the Chast *Turtle* sings,
And fans him swetting blood with her bright wings,
While from a shining Cloud the *Father* Eyes
His Sons sad conflict with his Enemies,
And on his blessed head lets gently down
Eternal glory made into a Crown

40 About him stand two flocks of differing notes,
One of white sheepe, and one of speckled goates,
The first possesse his right hand, and the last
Stand on his left The spotted Goates are cast
All into thick, deep shades, while from his right
The white sheepe passe into a whiter light

20 he dedicated] de deducat 1654

21 Martyr] Martyr 1654

But in all these sacred buildings, our most pious and humble Bishop did not so much as dream of *Merit*. He thought (as blessed Mr *Herbert* did) that they were good works, if sprinkled with the blood of *Christ*, otherwise hee thought them nothing. It will not be amisse, nor perhaps needlesse, to produce his own words in his own defense *Nisi dominus edificaverit domum, vano edificantes labore sudabimus Oremus ergo dominum, ut dum nos illi edificamus domicilia quæ videntur, ille nobis intus ædificet illa quæ non videntur, domum videlicet illam non manufactam* “Unlesse
 “the Lord build the house, wee labour in vaine to build it Let us
 “therefore (saith he) pray to the Lord, that while wee outwardly
 “build unto him these visible buildings, hee would build inwardly
 “in us those which are invisible, that is to say, the house not
 “made with hands How can a servant merit by making use of his
 masters goods? All we do, and all we give are but his concessions
 and favours first given unto us *Cum suis & hic & ibi rebus locupletamur*, in this World, and in the World to come all our
 magnificence is but his munificence But *Paulinus* was not onely
 outwardly pious, but inwardly also He did so abound with
 private devotions, that all the time from his Baptism to his buriall, 20
 may be truly called his *Prayer-time* All that he did think, all that
 he did speak, and all that he did write, was pure devotion Either
 publick or private prayers took up all his time Our Saviour tells
 us, that *Gods Elects cry day and night unto him,* Luk 18
 and Saint *Paul* adviseth us to *pray without*
ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks, for this (saith he) is the
will of God in Christ Iesus concerning you Holy *Paulinus* called
 Saint *Paul* his Master, having made himselfe his Disciple, hee
 would not neglect his commands *If you continue in my word*
 (saith our Saviour) *then are you my Disciples indeed.* 30

To this I shall adde his Conformity and obedience to the Church, a blessing of no small consequence in all ages, especially in this age of *Schismes* and *Heresies*. Hee highly honoured the memory of the Saints of God, and was a most chearfull and devout observer of Sacred Festivals, or holy daies His pious affection to these blessed seasons, together with the necessity and convenience of them, he hath most elegantly and learnedly demonstrated in his Poems

——— *hos per longa morantes*
Tempora, dum tardi splendens rota vertitur anni
Sustineo intentis affecto pectore votis
Quos cupio totis mihi præluce diebus,

*Vel quando veniunt ita compensare moras, ut
 Æstivis possent spatius producere lucem,
 Aut illum pensare diem, qui sistere Jussis
 Syderibus, longo lassavit lumine mundum,
 Humanos duplicans dilata nocte labores*

*Ergo velut cælum stellis, & floribus arva
 Temporibusque annis dominus, sic ipse diebus
 Tempora distinxit festis, ut pigra diurnis
 Ingenia obsequis, saltem discrimine facto,
 Post intervallum reduca sollemnia voto*

10

*Sancta libenter agant, residesque per annua mentes
 Festa parent domino, quia jugiter intemeratos
 Justitiæ servare piget delinquere suetis,
 Parcere peccato labor est decurritur omni
 Valle, per ascensum non est evadere cursu*

*Inde bonus dominus cunctos pietatis ut alis
 Contegat, invalidis niti virtutis ad arcem
 Congrua sanctorum dedit intervalla dierum,
 Ut saltem officis mediocribus ultima Christi
 Vestimenta legant, & eos sacra fimbria sanet*

20

*Primus enim gradus est cælo pertexere cunctos
 Continua bonitate dies, & tempore toto
 Pascha sacrum Christi Cultu celebrare pudico
 Quod si mista seges tribulis mihi germinat, & cor
 Incultum stimulat terrem spina laboris,
 Vel festis domino studeam me offerre diebus,
 Ut vel parte mei tanquam confinia Vitæ,
 Corpore ne toto trahar in Consortia mortis*

Englished thus

Those sacred daies by tedious time delar'd
 While the slow years bright line about is laid,
 I patiently expect, though much distrest
 By busie longing, and a love-sicke brest
 I wish, they may outshine all other daies,
 Or when they come, so recompence delaies
 As to outlast the Summer-hours bright length,
 Or that fam'd day, when stopt by Divine strength,
 The Sun did tyre the World with his long light,
 Doubling mens labours, and adjourning night
 As the bright Skye with stars, the fields with flowers,
 The years with differing seasons, months and houres
 God hath distinguished and mark'd, so he
 With sacred feasts did ease and beautifie
 The working dayes because that mixture may
 Make men (loath to be holy ev'ry day,)

30

40

After long labours with a freer will
 Adore their maker, and keepe mindfull still
 Of holynesse, by keeping holy daies
 For otherwise they would dislike the wayes
 Of piety as too severe To cast
 Old customes quite off, and from sinne to fast
 Is a great work To runne which way we will,
 On plaines is easie, not so up a hill

Hence 'tis our good God (who would all men bring
 Under the Covert of his saving wing,) 10
 Appointed at set times his solemne feasts,
 That by mean services, men might at least
 Take hold of Christ as by the hemme, and steal
 Help from his lowest skirts their Soules to heal
 For the first step to Heaven, is to live well
 All our life long, and each day to excel
 In holynesse, but since that tares are found
 In the best Corn, and thistles will Confound
 And prick my heart with vaine cares, I will strive
 To weed them out on feast-daies, and so thrive 20
 By handfuls, 'till I may full life obtaine,
 And not be swallow'd of Eternall paine

Two places upon Earth were most renowned with the memory
 of our Saviour, *Bethlem* for his *birth*, and mount *Calvarie* for his
passion To extirpate all remembrance of his *Humanity* out of
 these places, *Hadrian* the persecutor caused the Idol of *Jupiter* to
 be set up, and worshiped in *Mount Calvarie*, and in *Bethlem* he
 built a *Mosque* for that *Egyptian* block *Adonis*, which the Idola-
 trous *Jewes* called *Thamuz* Some men amongst us have done the
 like Two *Seasons* in the year were consecrated by the *Church* to 30
 the memory of our *Saviour* The *Feast* of his *Nativity* and
Circumcision, and the *Feast* of his *Passion* and *Resurrection* These
 two they have utterly taken away endeavouring (in my opinion)
 to extinguish the *memory* of his *Incarnation* and *Passion*, and to
 race his blessed name out of those *bright columnes of light*, which
 the *Scripture* calls *daies* They will not allow him two daies in the
 year, who made the dayes and the nights But it is much to be
 feared, that he who hath appointed their daies here, will allow them
 for it long nights

Holy *Paulinus* had now attained a good old age, the fore- 40
 runners (as Master *Herbert* saith) were come, and the *Almond tree*
did flourish hee was all white with years, and worshiped (like
Jacob) *leaning upon the top of his staffe* His virtuous and deare
Therasia had died (I believe) long before this time, God having

ordained him to be hindmost, who was the stronger Vessell, and best able to bear her absence, and the unavoydable disconsolations of flesh and blood And now (having for some time stood gazing after her,) he begins to follow, God visiting him with a strong paine in the side, which in a few daies did set him at liberty to overtake her, by breaking the prison

Three daies before his dissolution, *Symmachus* and *Hyacinthinus*, two Bishops of his acquaintance came to visit him, whereupon hee spoke to *Uranus* his Presbyter, that hee should prepare to attend
 10 him in the administration of the Sacrament, for (said he) I desire to receive it in the company of my brethren, which are now come to see mee This sacred Solemnity was no sooner ended, but suddenly hee began to ask, *where his brothers were?* One that stood by, supposing that he had asked for the two Bishops, answered, *Here they be* I know that, replied *Paulinus*, but I aske
Jannarius was for my brothers * *Januarius* and *Martinus*, who
Bishop of Naples, were here with me just now, and promised to come
and a Martyr, and to me again And having thus spoken, he
Martinus was the looked up towards Heaven, and with a voyce as
 20 *Bishop of Tours in* France cheerfull as his countenance, which seemed to shine and revive with joy, he sung out the one hundred and twentieth Psalme, *I lift up mine Eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help My help commeth from the Lord, who made Heaven and Earth*

This being done *Posthumianus*, another Presbyter that was then present, told *Paulinus*, that there were forty shillings unpaid for the Cloathes which he had given to the poor, before he fell sick To this *Paulinus* replied with a smile, that he remembered it very well and *Son* (said he) take no thought for it, for beleve me, there
 30 is one that will not be wanting to pay the debt of the poor The words were no sooner out of his mouth, but presently there comes in from the parts of *Lucania* (now called *Basiliata*) a Presbyter sent from the holy Bishop *Exuperantius* to visit *Paulinus*, who brought him fifty shillings for a token from the Bishop *Paulinus* receiving the money, blessed God, saying, *I thank thee O Lord, that hast not forsaken them that seek thee* Of these fifty shillings he gave two with his owne hand to the Presbyter that brought them, and the rest he delivered to *Posthumianus* to pay for the Cloathes which were given to the poor

40 The Evening now drawing on, hee remained quiet and well at

20 (note) France] France 1654 27 he fell] he fell 1654 33 Paulinus] Paulinus 1654

ease untill midnight but the paine then increasing in his side, he was troubled with a great difficulty, and shortnesse of breathing, which held him till five in the morning The day beginning to break, he felt the usuall motions of holynesse awaking his Spirit, to which (though weak) he chearfully obeyed, and sitting up in his bed, celebrated *Mattins* himselfe By this time all the *Deacons* and *Presbyters* of his diocesse were gathered together at the door, and came (like the *Sons of the Prophets*) to see the translation of their aged Father After some short exhortations to holynesse and Christian courage, he lifted up his hands and blessed them, 10 mindfull (it seems) of our Saviours carriage at his ascension, whose peace he prayed might rest upon them

Shortly after (the pain still encreasing and prevailing against him) hee became speechlesse, and so continued untill the Evening, when suddenly sitting up (as if hee had been awaked out of his sleep) he perceived it to be the time of the *Lucernarium*, or Evening-Office, and lifting up his hands towards Heaven, he repeated with a low voyce, this verse out of the Psalmes, *Thy word is a Lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths* About the fourth hour of the night, when all that were present sate diligently 20 watching about him, his poor Cottage did suddenly shake with such a strong Earth-quake, that those who kneeled about his bed were something disordered with it, and fell all trembling to their prayers The Guests of Eternal Glory were now entred under that narrow roof, where (after the abdication of his great worldly honours) he had lived so long in all holynesse and humility For in that instant of time (saith *Uranus*) he was dissolved, the blessed Angels testifying that they were present to conduct his happy and glorious Soul into the joy of his Master By the like signe did *Christ* signifie to his Church in *Hierusalem*, that he 30 heard their prayers when they were persecuted by the mercilesse *Jews*. *Gregory* the great, in the place before cited, makes expresse mention of this Earthquake And thus we see after what manner the righteous are taken away, though no man will lay it to his heart

Three daies (saith *Uranus*) before *John* the Bishop of *Naples* departed out of this life, he affirmed that he saw *Paulinus* all clothed with Angelicall brightnesse, which shined like the stars, holding in his hand a kind of Heavenly foode in form like a honey-combe, but white as the light, and speaking to him, *brother John, what do you here? pray, that you may be dissolv'd, & come unto* 40 *us, where we have enough of this provision which you see in my hand*

This pious Bishop did not long survive this vision, for the Sunday following, after he had ended his Sermon, and blessed the people (having the day before celebrated the Communion, and distributed to the poor,) he fell sicke and dyed in the Church. So that I may say of him, *Episcopus Concionantes, & Concionatores stantes mori docuit* Hee taught Bishops to dye preaching, and preachers to die standing

Blessed *Paulinus* departed out of this life in the year of our Lord four hundred and thirty one, in the seaven and seaventieth
 10 year of his age, upon the tenth of the kalends of *Iuly*, which according to our account is the two and twentieth day of *June* His body was carried from *Nola* to *Rome*, and decently interred in the Church of St *Bartholomew*, neare the Apostles own Tombe where they both lye expecting the second comming of our Lord and Saviour *JESUS CHRIST*, which of his great mercy I earnestly beseech him to hasten, and to appeare himselfe the onely faithfull Judge, and most just Determiner of *Right* and *Wrong*, of *Truth* and *Falshood*

Gloria tibi mitissime Jesu !

St *Paulinus* to his Wife

Therasia

*Come my true Consort in my Joyes and Care !
 Let this uncertaine and still wasting share
 Of our fraile life be giv'n to God You see
 How the swift dayes drive hence incessantly,
 And the fraile, drooping World (though still thought gay,)
 In secret, slow consumption weares away
 All that we have, passe from us and once past
 Returne no more, like clouds, they seeme to last,
 And so delude loose, greedy mindes But where
 Are now those trim deceits ? to what darke sphere
 Are all those false fires sunck, which once so shin'd
 They captivated Soules, and rul'd mankind ?
 He that with fifty ploughes his lands did sow,
 Will scarce be trusted for two Oxen now,
 His rich, lowd Coach known to each crowded street
 Is sold, and he quite tir'd walkes on his feet
 Merchants that (like the Sun) their voyage made
 From East to West, and by whole sale did trade,*

little St] Saint catchword 1654 5 (poem) gay LL Gu gry 1654

Are now turn'd Sculler-men, or sadly sweet
 In a poore fishers boat with line and nett 20
 Kingdomes and Cities to a period tend,
 Earth nothing hath, but what must have an end
 Mankind by plagues, distempers, dearth and warre,
 Tortures and prisons dye both neare and farre,
 Furie and hate rage in each living brest,
 Princes with Princes, States with States contest,
 An Vniversall discord mads each land,
 Peace is quite lost, the last times are at hand,
 But were these dayes from the last day secure,
 So that the world might for more yeares endure, 30
 Yet we (like hirelings) should our terme expect,
 And on our day of death each day reflect
 For what (Therasia!) doth it us availe
 That spacious streames shall flow and never faile,
 That aged forrests live to tyre the Winds,
 And flowers each spring retorne and keepe their kinds?
 Those still remaine but all our Fathers dyed,
 And we our selves but for few dayes abide

This short time then was not giv'n us in vaine,
 To whom tyme dyes, in which we dying gaine, 40
 But that in time eternall life should be
 Our care, and endlesse rest our industrie
 And yet, this Taske which the rebellious deeme
 Too harsh, who god's mild lawes for chaines esteem
 Suites with the meeke and harmelesse heart so right
 That 'tis all ease, all comfort and delight
 "To love our God with all our strength and will,
 "To covet nothing, to devise no ill
 "Against our neighbours, to procure or doe
 "Nothing to others, which we would not to 50
 "Our very selves, not to revenge our wrong,
 "To be content with little, not to long
 "For wealth and greatnesse, to despise or jeare
 "No man, and if we be despised, to bear,
 "To feede the hungry, to hold fast our Crown,
 "To take from others naught, to give our owne,
 These are his precepts and (alas!) in these
 What is so hard, but faith can doe with ease?
 He that the holy Prophets doth beleeve,

And on Gods words relies, words that still live 60
And cannot dye, that in his heart hath writ
His Saviour's death and tryumph, and doth yet
With constant care, admitting no neglect,
His second, dreadfull comming still expect
To such a liver earthy things are dead,
With Heav'n alone, and hopes of heav'n hee's fed,
He is no Vassall unto worldly trash,
Nor that black knowledge, which pretends to wash,
But doth defile A knowledge, by which Men
With studied care loose Paradise agen 70
Commands and titles, the vaine worlds devies,
With gold, the forward seed of sin and vice,
He never minks his Ayme is farre more high,
And stoopes to nothing lower than the skie,
Nor grieve, nor pleasures breede him any pain,
He nothing feares to loose, would nothing gaine,
What ever hath not God, he doth detest
He lives to Christ, is dead to all the rest
This Holy one sent hither from above
A Virgin brought forth, shadow'd by the Dove, 80
His skin with stripes, with wicked hands his face,
And with foule spittle soyl'd and beaten was,
A Crown of thornes his blessed head did wound,
Nayles pierc'd his hands and feet, and he fast bound
Stuck to the painefull Crosse, where hang'd till dead
With a cold speare his hearts deat blood was shed
All this for man, for bad, ungratefull Man
The true God suffer'd! not that sufferings can
Add to his glory ought, who can receive
Accesse from nothing, whom none can bereave 90
Of his all fullnesse but the blest designe
Of his sad death was to save me from mine,
He dying bore my sins, and the third day
His early rising rais'd me from the clay
To such great mercaes what shall I preferre,
Or who from loving God shall me deterre?
Burne me alive, with curious, skilfull paine
Cut up and search each warme and breathing vaine
When all is done, death brings a quick release,
And the poore mangled body sleepes in peace 100
Hale me to prisons, shut me up in brasse

*My still free Soule from thence to God shall passe ,
Banish or bind me, I can be no where
A stranger, nor alone , My God is there
I feare not famine , how can he be sed
To sterue, who feedes upon the living bread ?
And yet this courage springs not from my store,
Christ gave it me, who can give much, much more ,
I of my selfe can nothing dare or doe,
He bids me fight, and makes me conquer too 110
If (like great Abrah'm,) I should have command
To leave my fathers house and native Land,
I would with joy to unknown regions run,
Bearing the Banner of his blessed Son
On worldly goods I will have no designe,
But use my owne, as if mine were not mine ,
Wealth I le not wonder at, nor greatnesse seeke,
But chuse (though laugh'd at,) to be poore & meeke
In woe and wealth I le keepe the same stay'd mind,
Griefe shall not breake me, nor joyes make me blind 120
My dearest Jesus I le still praise, and he
Shall with Songs of Deliverance compasse me
Then come my faithfull Consort ! joyne with me
In this good fight, and my true helper be ,
Cheare me when sad , advise me when I stray ,
Let us be each the others guide and stay ,
Be your Lords Guardian give joynt ayde and due ,
Helpe him when falne , rise, when he helpeth you ,
That so we may not onely one flesh be,
But in one Spirit, and one Will agree 130*

FINIS